

Chatelaine

JUNE, 1947

FIFTEEN CENTS

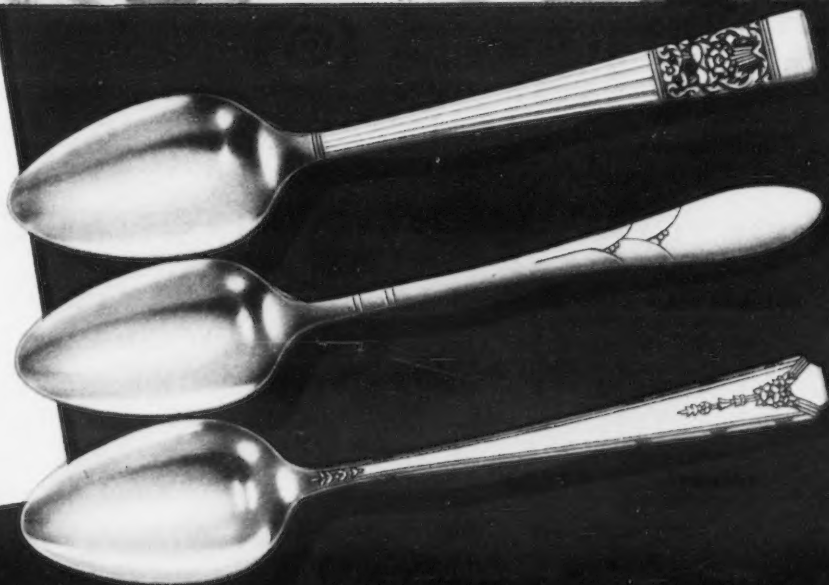
The Canadian Woman's Magazine



"LET'S MAKE IT FOR KEEPS"

This, yes, this is the moment . . . this is forever . . .
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For keeps, too, through a glowing lifetime,
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Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



Build That Block

SHE WAS the best-groomed woman in the room, and the most serene. A small black hat gave accent to her sleek white hair. One look at her made the bellowed fussiness of the other hats, bobbing around in the exhilaration of all the woman-talk in the room, seem a bit sad. Theirs were so ambitious. Hers was so assured.

She had reason to be as assured as her hat. During the week-long conference of international organizations, I had been told repeatedly of her reputation as a magnificent leader.

This was a New York party—one of the side-eddies of business sessions on how the women of the world could help in uniting the world.

"Well, Miss Sanders," she said. "You're heading back to Canada tonight, aren't you? How do you feel about it all?"

"Pretty discouraged," I said. "The problems are so vast. The chance of making them real to the average man and woman so hopeless. Most people would like to help, if they knew what to do. But there's so little which can be done in the face of all that needs to be done."

"My grandmother," said the lady, "used to sit for days and weeks working with thousands of little scraps of colored material. You never saw such confusion around her chair as she sat making blocks . . . But then, one day, she put them all together and made a quilt! Don't worry. People are hard at work in every community building their blocks. One day, we'll put them all together. You'll see."

It was a homely simile for such a setting. But it made sense. A Canadian woman made it still more sensible when I told her of the incident. "At our house, we used to make quilts too. Only they were called crazy quilts!" she said.

WE NEED the pattern as well as the energy. Democracy is designing a pretty good one, on the whole. The difficulty is for us to remember that not only do we create our government, but we have to keep pushing that government in the way we want it to go. Otherwise, sooner than any of us dream possible, we may be the ones who are pushed around in directions we don't want to go.

The desire to build to a pattern is evident enough. Talk to anyone these days, and you'll find a vague wish to help in the puzzling task of building the peace. It is evident that women's leadership can mean a great deal. Women are the educators of the nation, not only through the homes, but through organizations they have established. Women have the leisure; the material to work with; the womanpower. It is the happy occasion of the time and the place and the girl.

LOOK ACROSS Canada, this beautiful May month. Thousands upon thousands of organizations are holding their last meeting for the season.

What opportunities they represent for block-building in the years ahead!

Yet what usually happens?

There is a small attendance for one thing. Those who are there too often witness the sorry spectacle of one woman after another "begging off" the responsibility of office. Too busy. Too tired. Too inexperienced. Either that, or one sees the other extreme. The same old slate of officers is returned to office again and again.

How can we get the brightest and best women in the community to accept leadership? When we have discovered that home-grown secret, won't we be well on our way to persuading our brightest and best men and women to accept leadership in our legislature?

Without such leadership, we're too prone to build crazy quilts out of the good intentions evident in every individual and community. Much of the secret of getting good leadership has to do with promising active support and partnership before the leaders take office. Then implementing that promise.

I WISH it were possible, in this momentous month, for my attractive friend from New York to appear at every organization's last meeting of the year, to tell the story of her grandmother's quilt. It would make sense to thousands of women who fear there is so little that they can do, in the face of the tremendous task of active education which must be accomplished.

But if she can't be at your meeting, you can. If you get a chance, will you tell the story?

Byrne Hope Sanders

Chatelaine

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CONTENTS FOR MAY 1947

Cover: Natural color photograph by Pagano

FICTION

Green is for Awakening.....	Mildred North Slater	5
The Black Sedan.....	Kalman Phillips	6
Aunt Kristina and the Monk Vladimir.....	Eva-Lis Wuorio	8
Love is Lightning.....	Whitin Badger	15
The Bargain.....	Chesley Kahmann	16

GENERAL FEATURES

Foreword and Footnotes.....		2
What's the Matter with Father?.....	Timothy Fraser	10
Honeymoon Town.....	Lotta Dempsey	11
Your Wedding Portrait.....	Adele White	18
Helen Campbell's Page.....		21
Strange Women in Our Midst.....	Margaret Ecker Francis	22
Young Couple on Two Pay Envelopes.....	Lillian D. Millar	24
Fan Fare.....		27
Brief Encounter: Gabrielle Roy.....		65
Getting Married: The New Etiquette.....		68
Back Chat.....		102
Build That Block.....	Byrne Hope Sanders	104

FASHION

Your Shining Hour.....	Evelyn Kelly	17
Add or Subtract.....		30
Fashion Shorts from New York.....		32
For a Lovely Wedding (patterns).....		34
Get Ready to Play (patterns).....		36
Accents on Romance.....	Evelyn Kelly	46
Cutwork for the Table.....	Marie LeCerc	51
Have a Heart! (handicrafts).....		57
Summer Carry-All.....	Marie LeCerc	97

BEAUTY

Economize on These.....	Adele White	70
Beauty Brevities.....		72

HOME PLANNING

Garden Reminders.....	Frances Steinhoff Sanders	59
Decorating Ideas for Walls and Floors.....		74

HOUSEKEEPING

The Bride-to-be Entertains.....	Jane Monteith	88
Good Eating in Hindu.....		89
Give Him a Man's Breakfast.....	Jacqueline Roy	90
How to Follow a Recipe.....	Jane Monteith	92
Meals of the Month.....		93

CHILD HEALTH AND TRAINING

Summer Camps.....	Dr. William E. Blatz	98
Weaning Your Baby.....	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.	100

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"Heaven send me patience!"

"Why does Bobby's mother go on makin' him *drink* all his milk when she knows perfectly well how all kids go for rennet-custard desserts? Thank goodness my mommy gives me rennet-custards, 'cause I love 'em!"

Rennet-custards are all milk, and they're fun to eat with a spoon when children tire of *drinking* milk. And the rennet enzyme makes rennet-custards even easier to digest than plain milk. Why not serve a tempting, tasty rennet-custard dessert tonight? The whole family will enjoy it!

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder—six popular flavors, already sweetened. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Dept. M-4, Toronto, Canada, for free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.



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81-46

BACK CHAT . . .

A correspondence department for readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

Distressed!

Dear Editor: As a subscriber to Chatelaine, may I be permitted to comment on the story, "Crack Down," by Dorothy Curnow Handley, featured in the March issue? This bit of fiction repels and distresses and does not warrant the space it occupies.

There may be well-grown boys of 15 who will calmly undress, put on pyjamas and lie across a bed for their mother to thrash until she is "spent and worn," but heaven forbid that we have to read about them and their sadistic mothers.

The bit of love interest thrown in to round out the story makes it worse instead of better.

It surprises me that your staff would make use of such material. Please spare us further efforts from the pen of Dorothy Curnow Handley.

Incidentally, the article on "Race Hatred" is most interesting. I have cut it out and pinned it up for all who come in to see and discuss.—V. E. Grafton, Ottawa.

Impressed!

Dear Editor: . . . In enjoying the contents (of the March issue) I am especially impressed with the story, "Crack Down," and think Dorothy Curnow Handley has done a good piece of work.—I. S. Stovall, Washington, D.C.

Watch That Kettle!

Dear Editor: I have just finished the article in your paper, "Safety in the Kitchen," (March issue) and would like to point out one important fact that was omitted. My hobby for the past few years has been studying and collecting pictures of kitchens, and in all my studying I have only found one picture showing a tea-kettle on the stove with the spout turned to the *back* of the stove. They are always turned toward the one who is working around the stove. This has always been a most dangerous practice and I find most of the women around here do just as the pictures

show. This makes an easy temptation for a toddler to grab the out-turned spout, pulling the kettle off, and pouring the water on himself, as mine did. Also, it can be an easy catch for mother's arm or clothing as she whisks by. Not only that, but when the water is boiling and steam pouring out—well, need I say more as to dangers? I have wanted to write about this so often and saw such a golden opportunity after reading your article.—(Mrs.) M. Ogram, Ontario.

About Having Babies

Dear Editor: Now—about *not* having babies, as the first of your three women writers on this subject of reproduction sees it in April Chatelaine.

May I tell you how deeply thankful I am—and I am sure my sentiment will be echoed by thousands of Canadian mothers—that your anonymous career woman and her upper-bracket-salaried husband have made their voluntary decision to have no children? So often one's heart aches for women who should have had children and can't, or for children who should have had parents (in the best sense of the word) and didn't. Here is a case where a woman shouldn't have children and won't. May her shadow never grow more.

I am the first to agree that every argument she makes can be substantiated by the facts of life today. Your standard of living is almost certain to nose-dive when you must pay for hospitals, obstetricians, orthodontists for those baring sets of second teeth, sitters, music lessons and the thousand and one other things children require or deserve. It depends on what you consider a good investment for your life's earnings. Tomorrow's race seems a good buy to me, even in today's market.

There is just one fallacy about this author's arguments. They apply, with equally telling point, to all the adventures into living and production. Especially to the personal relations in which we give anything of ourselves, because all human relationships in-

Z. B. T. protects Tom against "ACID-MOISTURE"



Tommy's comfortable—and grateful. With Z.B.T. he's guarded from the sting and burn of "acid-moisture." Your baby, too, needs Z.B.T.'s gentle all-over protection. Z.B.T. resists "acid-moisture" better—helps make baby diapers slide, not stick.

Z.B.T.

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At leading drug and department stores.

THANKS, BUT I'M ALREADY GETTING A LIFT WITH TONIK WHEAT GERM!

ONLY TONIK WHEAT GERM KEEPS FRESH

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ALL WHEAT GERM

THE RIGHT WAY TO TAKE WHEAT GERM



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involve risk and the possibility of disillusionment. Creating a life is the greatest of all human adventures, and the one reserved for women.

Who is to define satisfactory living? (For this is her greatest point—that children interfere with satisfactory living of the individual.) I don't know but I think it has something to do with expanding the narrow germ of awareness from its narrow beginnings in us, to deep and rich and full experience. From your own point of view, children enlarge that capacity for awareness, expand you from the very marrow of your being. They enlarge your capacity to enjoy and feel and to suffer. They make you a part of the incredible human chain that reaches, slender as a man's body, tenuous as the clasp of one hand in another, along the ways of the world.

But your writer is right in saying that women are gypped in trying to live normal lives as mothers today. They will continue to be gypped until a large part of society, such as she represents, have recognized the importance of making a place and a welcome for our most vital national product.—(Mrs.) F. J. Ifler, Montreal.

Chatelaine Consumer Council

Day by day, membership cards for Chatelaine's new Consumer Council are being received from every province. There is general warmth and interest in the idea. Here are some of the typical comments made by women who will represent you on the Council.

... It is indeed splendid that Chatelaine is planning to carry on the good work of Consumer education, and from the experience of war years with the Prices Board, I know that it will be interesting. Anything that I am able to do, I shall consider a pleasure and a privilege. It is my contention that to get a general picture of things, it is necessary to have views and opinions of different sections—and then weld them together. If I can fill a little corner I shall be delighted.—Mrs. E. H., Hamilton.

... At last I find an opportunity to perhaps aid myself and others in "letting off steam" with some constructive ideas, over postwar doings relative to the housewife.

I am a normal everyday variety of housewife, with two small boys, and a dog, and, of course, a returned-from-service husband.

Many and many a time I find myself facing a problem—"Why don't They?" With the aid of your excellent department, I'll be happy to assist in any manner as a member of the Council, to help others muddle through the postwar fog that seems to be bogging us down.—Mrs. P. P. J., Victoria.

... I would like to express my confidence in your new plan of a Consumer Council, also my appreciation of the opportunity of being a member of it. Your Council will not only be a means of getting a cross-section of public opinion, but will also be a means of influencing public opinion.

Although I am not at present a subscriber of your magazine I have never missed reading one copy since it first came out. I think you are doing a splendid job of welding Canadian opinion into National opinion. Good luck to you!—Mrs. D. W. M., Saskatchewan.

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protects the skin from sun and wind on the golf course. That dried up feeling disappears. A complete, beautifying cream for day and evening events.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan



"Whoa, Mom! Can't you take it?"



BABY: Shame, Mom! You said you'd like to have a baby's easy life—but now that we've changed places, you fuss!

MOM: D'you blame me, lamb? These straps! This wriggling around! If I'm uncomfortable, how does your tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mommy, I'm miserable! And now you know, too, why babies need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Honey I'll get 'em—quick! Then what do I do?

BABY: Just this, Mom. After my bath,

protect my skin all over with pure gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. And don't forget to use it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation!"

Other times, I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away! It's borated too.

MOM: I haven't been a careful mother, have I? Watch me reform!



BABY: Watch *me* reform too! With Johnson's to take care of my skin, I won't have half as many howls coming!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder



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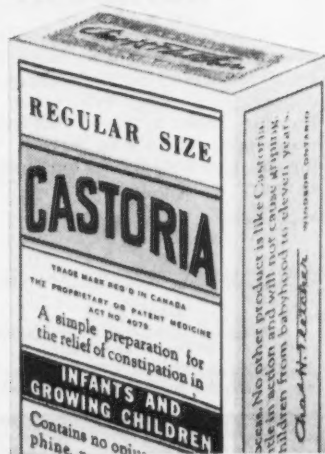
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CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative
made especially for children

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Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.



Child Health Clinic



Weaning Your Baby

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

ACCURATELY speaking, weaning begins when a baby is first given cereal which is usually done when he is between three and five months old. Actually, though, when we talk of weaning we mean the process by which a baby is changed over from breast milk to a cow's milk mixture. Nowadays this process is generally begun when he is seven or eight months of age. However, if your baby is sick or is recovering from an illness or if the weather is very hot, it is permissible to nurse him a month longer. On the other hand, if sufficient care is taken in the preparation of his artificial feedings it is quite allowable to wean him in hot weather, if he is not doing well on the breast.

Gradual Weaning

This method is more comfortable for you and is safer for your baby. It is also less disturbing to him emotionally. Let us say that you are going to start weaning him when he is seven months old. On the first day you should give him a bottle, instead of nursing him, after he has had his cereal at his 10 a.m. feeding time. If he is trained to drink from a cup, as he may well be, you can give him his milk in that way. Actually if you use some of his formula to mix with his cereal, there is not so very much left for him to drink. Most babies are willing to drink from a cup before they are seven months old and if you have trained him to do this before you wean him, it will save you the trouble of teaching him to take a bottle.

Seven days after beginning the weaning, you should give him the cow's milk formula at both his 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. feedings. After another interval of seven days, he receives the cow's milk mixtures at 6 a.m., 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Seven days later again, this change is made at all but his 10 p.m. feeding. Some mothers find that they can then just omit the 10 p.m. nursing. Others find that it, too, must be replaced by the formula, preferably given in a bottle. Your baby will decide this question for you, either by sleeping through the night or by waking up and demanding food.

Cow's milk differs in many ways from breast milk. In order to accustom your

baby gradually to his new feeding, he should be given a weaker mixture of cow's milk at first than would be given to a bottle-fed baby of the same age. Your physician will tell you what his formula should be. This weak formula will no doubt reduce his rate of gain in weight or even stop it temporarily but that is of no consequence. Your aim is to get him established on his new feeding without any upset. You should keep your baby on this relatively weak feeding for four to five days after he is completely weaned. Then if all is well, as it usually is, your doctor will tell you how to increase the strength of the feeding, until it is sufficient to meet his requirements.

Sudden Weaning

Some breast-fed babies absolutely refuse to take milk from a bottle as long as they are being nursed at all. Of course if they will take it from a cup you can still wean them gradually, but if that is not possible these babies have to be weaned suddenly. You should always consult your doctor before undertaking this type of weaning and you should keep in contact with him during the process. The practice of regularly giving a nursing baby one to three bottles per week, from the age of three to four weeks on, may prevent this trouble at weaning. Young nursing babies will take bottles without any protest. Also it is a good plan to teach someone else besides yourself to give him his bottle, so that he becomes used to taking it from other hands.

To explain the sudden weaning: You will probably have tried the scheme of giving him a bottle after his cereal previously and found that he refused it. Consequently you know you are going to have trouble. Therefore you should nurse him for the last time, using both breasts in order to empty them as completely as possible and apply a binder (for details see below). Then get someone else to offer him a bottle at the beginning of his meal when he is hungriest. If he refuses point blank to take it, do not give him his cereal, egg or vegetable. Give him only sweetened, warm boiled water until his next feeding.

"George is untidy"



JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and
mother of three of the kind of
children you'd like to know

"He's 12 and the dirtiest boy you ever saw!" says Mrs. L. "He rushes in at the last minute for his meals, with never a thought for his dirty hands and face. And in the morning!—I just CAN'T get him to wash before school."

After all these years—can't George look after himself NOW, keep himself clean?"

George is being a normal boy, Mother! And you should have started MANY YEARS AGO to train him for cleanliness and neatness. It's far easier to teach GOOD HABITS to children during the first 3 or 4 years of life—than it is when they are almost in their teens!

But there are two things you can do now—be firm with young George . . . and be patient and good-natured! And remember, a few years from now he'll have his first girl—then he'll take to grooming himself till his hands beg for relief from scrubbing, and his plastered-down hair pleads for mercy!

In the meantime, refuse to let him come to a meal unless he is thoroughly clean—he probably has a normal boy's hungry appetite and the idea of missing his food WON'T appeal to him! Don't upset the family by waiting for George—start your meal on time and let him take what's left when he passes inspection. It shouldn't take very much of this treatment to have your boy clean and on time. You mention that George gets a weekly allowance—have him earn this money by keeping his room tidy . . . by laying out his own clean clothes and putting soiled ones in the laundry hamper. This may take some training—but you'll find it CAN be done.

Now, I'll repeat my earlier advice—be FIRM about this with George, but keep PATIENT, knowing he will improve!

Breakfast-time Troubles

Children who are fussy and gloomy at breakfast need a cereal that is ATTRACTIVE and AMUSING. Give them Kellogg's Rice Krispies—they'll want MORE when they hear the merry Snap—Crackle—Pop that Rice Krispies make when you pour on milk or cream. "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Get some tomorrow!

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-27, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My two girls were cry-babies!"
writes Mrs. Luke

"Every morning when it was time to do their hair, my daughters cried and yelled. Then I gave each of them a comb and brush (letting them pick the colour they liked best!) and told them to comb out the tangles. It worked perfectly—there was no fuss when THEY did the pulling themselves! Then of course I did the parting and braiding for them."

To make this, add two level tablespoonfuls of white sugar to a pint of water and bring it to the boil. He should be given this sweetened water either by bottle, cup or spoon at the rate of about 1½ ounces per hour. In other words he should take about six ounces of it every four hours. The sugar is given to prevent his developing acidosis, which results from his using up some of the fat in his body when he is starving. The water is given to keep him from becoming dried out or dehydrated. Both of these conditions can make a baby seriously ill, and therefore it is important to get the sweetened water into him by some means. Some babies capitulate after eight or 12 hours of starvation, but may refuse the milk for 24 hours or even longer. If your baby refuses his formula for 18 hours you should have your doctor take full charge as the danger of acidosis increases as the time goes on.

For the Mother

You will suffer considerable discomfort during sudden weaning, due to the engorgement of your breasts. As we mentioned before, you should put a binder on after the last nursing, in which you used both breasts. A firm towel folded to about 10 by 40 inches in size serves very well as a binder. To apply it, first powder your breasts generously with talcum powder, then lie down on your back with the binder underneath you. Then lift your breasts up and toward the midline and pin the binder together securely, using several safety pins for this purpose. If someone is available to help you, it will be considerably easier. You should then reduce the amount of fluids that you drink as much as possible, and you should take one tablespoonful of Epsom salts every morning. The latter increases the amount of fluids lost by the body.

The binder should not be removed for three days and then only to be replaced by a clean one. It is usually necessary to wear a tight binder for eight to 12 days. An ice bag applied over the breasts will relieve the discomfort to some extent and if you suffer from severe pain you can express a little of the milk. This, however, is rarely necessary.

As you can see, sudden weaning is no fun for anybody, and you should therefore make sure to teach your baby to drink from a cup as soon as he is able. Most babies can begin to learn this when they are five or six months old. Start off with only a tablespoonful or so in the cup and tilt it very gently so that he can suck it in and not get his mouth too full. Orange juice or water are good fluids on which to train him. Of course if much of the orange juice is spilled, you will give him more to replace it.

Your Question Box. Dr. Robertson will be glad to answer questions on child care and training. Send your letters to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Dr. Robertson has also prepared two helpful booklets, Preparing for Baby, Bulletin No. 601, price 5 cents, and also Baby's First Year, No. 602, price 5 cents, which may be obtained from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave. Toronto, Ont.



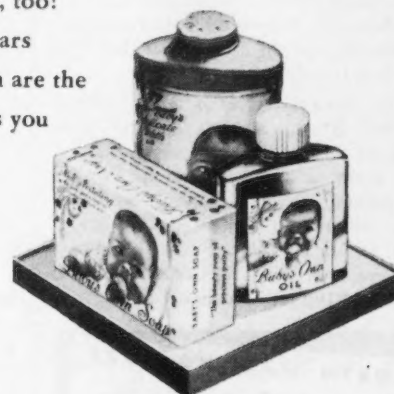
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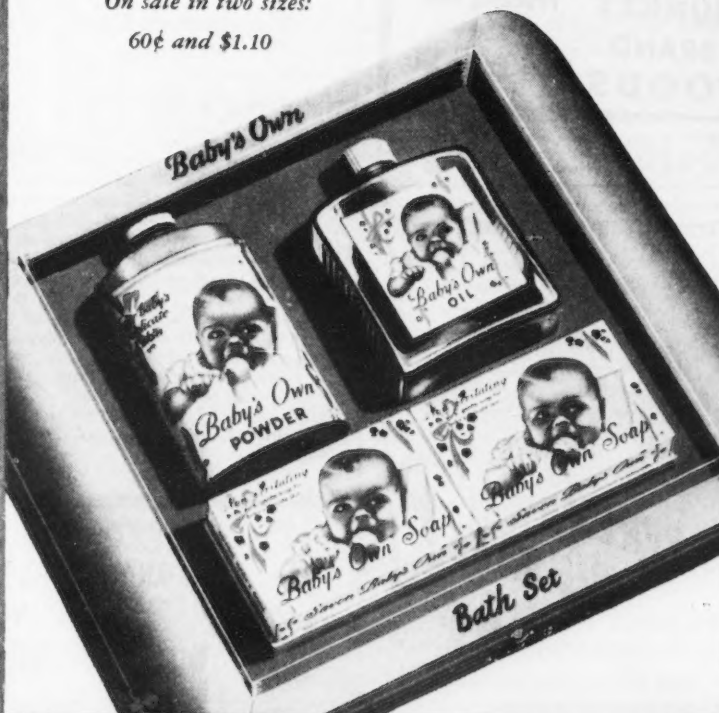
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If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to harsh laxatives—which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition.



Lemon and Water is Probably all you need!

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily first thing on arising—insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system regulate itself.



And it's good for you!

Lemon and water has other positive health values. Lemons are an excellent source of Vitamin C. They alkalize, aid digestion. Surveys show that over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.



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Juice of one lemon



In a glass of water



First thing on arising

California Sunkist



Keep regular the *Healthful* way!

LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

TRAINING YOUR CHILD, a department conducted by Dr. William E. Blatz, Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto

SUMMER CAMPS

PARENTS throughout the land are asking themselves the perennial questions: "Should Johnny go to camp?" "Is Mary old enough to go to camp?" "Are camps necessary?" "What is a good camp?" and so on.

Let us dispose of the rather insidious canard that crops up every spring, perpetuated by fussy old maids and Nosy Parker uplifters, namely, that camps are founded in order that parents may get rid of their children. Summer camps are an essential part of the educational system. It is just as important for children to get away from their parents as it is for parents to be freed for a time from the immediate proximity of their own children. For parents, sending children to camp is far more difficult than keeping them at home, not only from the point of view of material preparations in the way of clothes, equipment, jackknives, flashlights, rubber sheets, etc., but because most parents are far too prone to think that their child can't get along without them and find the emotional weaning far too poignant to look forward with any degree of complacency to the short separation. In other words, we feel that a period of camping is as essential as our formal educational opportunities, and what country has been more blessed with ideal camping grounds than Canada? Every province, from coast to coast, is richly endowed with space and trees and rivers and mountains, easily accessible, waiting to be enjoyed.

Let us state briefly the place of summer camps in the economy of child development. First and foremost, children need change just as urgently as do adults. No matter how exciting (sic) is school, no matter how emotionally satisfying is the home, dullness can only be relieved by change. Even in Roman times circuses were considered as important as bread.

Secondly, from the health standpoint it seems that especially in our crowded cities, as well as in rural villages and farm houses, the opportunity for sleeping in the open and living for a time almost continuously in the fresh air is limited. To sleep with only a roof or a tent over one's head is a luxury indeed, especially in a country like Canada.

And, thirdly, the congregation in groups other than the family circle, the presence of new faces, new authorities, new rules, new regulations, new freedoms, is an essential part of our social education.

Camps are not luxuries for children, but necessities.

AT WHAT age should a child go to camp? In our opinion, children under seven or eight are not ready for camp life or separation from the family for a sufficiently long period to become

adjusted to camp life. And so, except in untoward circumstances, it is far better for the parents of younger children to keep them at home and arrange for their change by taking them on short excursions such as outdoor picnics. From ages eight to 10, camp periods should not extend beyond three weeks, but should not be shorter than two weeks. From 10 on, the period may be extended, but it is a question whether eight weeks, which is the usual camping period, is not too long for children to be away from home, especially children who attend boarding schools. Such turnover in the camp, of course, is not welcomed by those who administer private camps, but we are discussing the problem from the point of view of children, and since we are considering all children, the logical conclusion is that summer camping opportunities should be provided for all children through state-owned camps.

Whatever the program in a camp, it should be based on the fundamental fact that children are happier when they are busy. Hence the necessity for a degree of regimentation, which is not resented by campers unless it is too obtrusive. The handicraft section can be made one of the most effective and appealing activities to campers of any age, but especially to the younger. There are, however, two activities which in our opinion contribute more to the development of children than any others, namely, swimming and sailing. A child who has learned to control himself in the new medium of water has acquired a skill which tends more toward the development of self-confidence than any other activity. One would not consider a camp to be adequately providing for the children if the swimming instructor and opportunities were not of a high order. Sailing develops in the child resource, ingenuity and a philosophical attitude. In this day and age, when we simply press a button and the car or motor or airplane does the work, it is increasingly more difficult to train children to use their own resources and the natural phenomena about them as a means of adventure. An enthusiastic sailing instructor is a major asset to any camp.

Regimentation to some degree is essential in any community, and a camp is no exception. There should be options in choosing an activity, but idleness on the part of campers is an indication of lack of enthusiastic direction. The most effective way to relieve the routine of the camp is by the provision in any good camp for overnight canoe trips or longer, in the case of older campers. In fact, with campers of 15, 16 and 17, a "trip" camp provides the most opportunities for adventure, self-reliance and camaraderie.

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courses, fees and
College life, write
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REOPENS SEPTEMBER 10th

When parents are making out applications for their children to attend camps, they are often a little puzzled at the many questions asked. They should be, instead, a little impressed and not irritated by such questions, because the more completely the camp studies the background of the child the better they are likely to understand him. But there is no reason why the parents cannot turn the tables on the camp and send in a questionnaire of their own. Parents should be acquainted with the answers to the following questions before they are willing to place their children in the camp's care:

1. How well trained are the counselors and what is the proportion of counselors to campers? A counsellor should have had at least two and preferably three years as counsellor-in-training in a recognized camp. With children from ages seven to 10 there should be a counsellor for each six campers. The proportion may be less for older children.

2. What form of discipline is employed in the camp? This is a difficult question to answer on paper and the parents' curiosity can be best satisfied by a personal visit to the camp to see whether the discipline is unobtrusive but effective. Parents would be well advised not to take literally the descriptions which the child sends back in his weekly letter. A parent should be very suspicious of a camp that places too much emphasis on prizes, rewards and trophies.

3. A parent should ask for a copy of the menu and also find out whether there is a dietitian in charge of the catering.

4. What provisions are made for maintaining health standards in the way of sanitation and medical inspection, first aid and fire precautions?

5. The parents should find out about the opportunities for crafts, sports, and get some indication of the day's routine.

A boy or girl who has the opportunity of spending some time in the same camp for succeeding years will be able to choose whether he or she will go into training as camp counsellor. There is no other situation that provides as many opportunities for a boy or girl to learn the responsibility for supervising other human beings. It is always a source of great satisfaction to anyone in the field of child education to see the resource, the self-confidence, the consideration and the loyalty which is inspired by a good camp counsellor. Through the production of such leaders one can see the camp as one of the most satisfying institutions for the training in and preserving of democracy. *

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For expert advice on your gardening problems, order these two Chatelaine bulletins today:

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Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept.,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont

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GINGER POUND CAKE

Measure 2 cups once-sifted Maple Leaf Cake Flour. Sift three times with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Cream together 5 tablespoons soft butter, 5 tablespoons shortening. Gradually blend in 1 cup fine granulated sugar.

Beat until very thick and light... 4 eggs. Add to butter mixture, combining well. Sift in dry mixture, a third at a time, combining after each addition and including with the last of the flour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped candied ginger.

Turn into greased and floured tube angel-cake pan. Bake in slow oven, 300°, about 70 minutes. This cake has a slightly sugary crust when fresh and requires no frosting—keeps well if stored, closely covered, in cool dry place. Serve with fruits, ice cream or afternoon tea.



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PRESTO Cooked foods are ready to serve not in hours, but in mere minutes. For example, with proper temperature reached, PRESTO Cooking time for asparagus, peas, spinach is only 1 to 2 minutes. A 4 pound pot roast is deliciously tender in 35 minutes. Soups and desserts are ready in a "jiffy".

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Leading food authorities everywhere recommend pressure cooking as the ONLY SAFE method for canning all non-acid foods, vegetables, meats, fowl and fish.

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sort of—bargain between us, you might call it."

She didn't seem to want an answer. She just talked on quietly. Nobody could be exactly what Pat's father had been to her, because no two persons were the same, but father was a fine person and they liked the same things, and there might be a good many years ahead of them.

"And your father feels the same way," she said.

"He does?" said Cella. They'd discussed that, had they? It was pretty surprising, and she couldn't imagine father—

But it wouldn't be enough, Adrienne was saying, just marrying father, fond though she might be of him, unless she knew it would be all right between her and Cella.

Even then she didn't give Cella a chance to answer. She just kept on, and next thing they weren't talking about what they'd started out to, at all. They'd oozed into movies and then a teen-age fashion show that was coming, and then they were on dogs.

There was a noise out in the kitchen. "Goodness! Aggie's back already!" Adrienne said.

Aggie came into the living room to say she was home and thanks for cleaning up the kitchen.

After Adrienne had gone, Cella went upstairs in a sort of daze.

"She wouldn't want me to forget you, Mom! She'd be—just—well, pinch-hitting. Not taking your place."

She undressed slowly, still in a state of dream.

"—and if you should come across Pat—Well, I think it might be kind of nice if you'd—"

There was still something very strange about the whole thing. Adrienne was facing things the way mother would have. She was—And how had father been so sure she would fit in? She remembered father's saying he knew mother would approve. How did he know?

"Oh, Mom!" she finally said. "It's finally sunk in! You—you've been on the job all this time—working through father!"

It was just too amazing. And father probably didn't even realize it.

She went over to her desk. Something seemed to guide her hand into *Dear Adrienne*—

There wasn't a tinge of guilt, and somehow or other she knew she should call her Adrienne to her face.

It is a bargain. Cella.

Of a sudden, she knew. It was all right with mother.

In bed, she lay awake a while, listening to the darkness.

"Oh, adorable, adorable!"

Again, an arm had slipped around her, and she slept. +

How to Plan a Wedding

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 404—
Price 15 cents.

If there's an important wedding coming up in your family soon, you'll breathe a sigh of relief when you read Chatelaine's new bulletin, "How to Plan a Wedding." It covers all the important details of invitations, announcements, trousseau, reception, etc., whether it's to be a big church wedding or an intimate family affair.

Order from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept.,
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New
**RECIPE
BOOK**
*on mustard
magic*



FREE

LONG recognized as one of the finest of condiments, mustard is now being used more and more widely in cooking—to impart to a host of dishes that added "tang"—that "something" so characteristic of mustard. In many ways, the modern "artists" of cookery, use mustard as one of their most reliable and interesting flavour "tones".

We have prepared a new and beautifully illustrated Recipe Book "Culinary Art" which is just off the press. There is a wide variety of recipes in which mustard is used to add flavour and to bring out flavour.

This book gives you many fresh hints on cooking, preparing and serving food attractively and delightfully. It is one thing to prepare good food—it is another to serve it so it pleases the eye—an art which adds to the enjoyment of eating.

The Recipe Book is Free

This recipe book has been prepared for you. Write today to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for your copy of "Culinary Art". You will be delighted with the recipes it contains.

Ask for Keen's D.S.F. Mustard

When buying always insist on Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, made only from the finest mustard seed obtainable and packed to retain its uniform freshness and quality.

348



KEEN'S
D.S.F.
MUSTARD

Honeymoon Town

Continued from page 35

here all my life. The Falls still get me—the Power and the Glory, that's what it is. Then there's 35 miles of the finest Parks human ever set eye on, alongside the river. The Oakes Gardens here are a wonderful sight too. And the Tunnels—under Table Rock House—poking right in beneath the Falls themselves; and the Spanish Aero Car to swing you up over the Whirlpool by cable for thrills—and all the rest of it."

He paused dramatically and grunted. "And do you know what they'll do? They'll sit in the back seat and hold hands and giggle while they're paying to be shown and told all about it. And he'll look at her and he'll say something like 'Darling! I never realized until this minute that you have the loveliest tiniest dimple in the curve of your little left cheek.'"

Then there's another thing. The newlyweds are always in new clothes. Those trousseaus, tenderly assembled, are now in wear. One grinning bellhop explained, "Watch 'em come in to register and you'll notice their shoes have scarcely been worn. Especially the soles. Hardly even smudged."

Customs men on the bridges and the trains know by their luggage.

"Brand-new," one of the old-timers smiled. "Her things all neatly packed in one, his in the other. When they come back another year she'll have her stuff in both bags and he'll be lucky with a collar box."

"Don't have much trouble with them,"

he went on, "they're too busy with each other to do much shopping. Often when we ask the driver for his license, he'll probably fumble around and hand you the marriage certificate. Another thing—he has the money. After they're married a while, he'll say—if you ask them—'How much we got, dear?'"

Often the honeymoon trip is the first really big jaunt either of the two have taken. Registering is sometimes a problem, and may produce signatures like "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and wife" or "Edward Smith and friend." But that's excitement as much as anything. Sometimes they don't know that it's perfectly okay to have breakfast served in their room.

They buy films—thousands of rolls—and ask drivers or bystanders to take their picture together. They mail a million postcards out of Niagara (Ontario) in July and August, spend an average of \$50 each, and stay from two days to a week.

Only one thing the brides and grooms themselves have asked for. Or rather, two.

They'd like a great big registry of some kind somewhere so they could sign a Bridal Book.

Then—the American couples especially—they want a Mountie. A shining red-coated tall - dark - and - handsome, standing at the Canadian entrance to the bridge.

Considering everything else that's been done for them—with even the great airliners dipping and saluting the Falls as they fly by—we bet they get their man, too. +

Summer Carry-all

YOU'LL enjoy making — and using — this good - looking bag, smart and casual enough for any of your summer outfits, designed to save your arms and your energy! It's of deep ecru peasant linen, stamped ready for working in a simple, quickly-done motif. The new larger and deeper size of this bag makes it a slick substitute for a shopping bag . . . and if you like to carry your knitting along, there's plenty of room for all the assorted yarns of your diamond socks!

The bag is fully lined, to give it a firm body, and two wooden bars at each side of the top closing hold it in shape. A cord runs through to form handle, and keeps bag firmly closed.



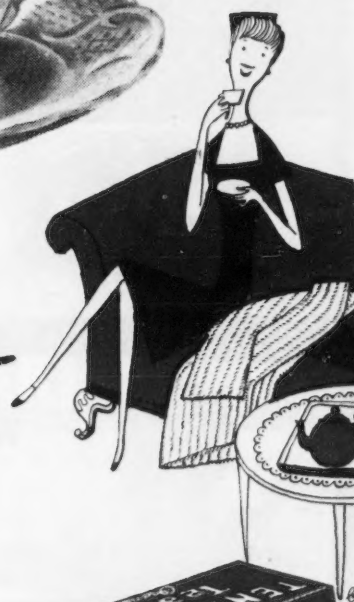
TO ORDER: No. 146 C (bag, lining, cord and wooden bars), \$1.50; cottons for working, 30 cents.
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And it tastes simply wonderful! Rich, fragrant, Tender Leaf Tea has been famous for flavor for years. At your grocer's . . . in convenient size packages . . . and in "filter-type" tea balls. (These different, finer tea balls filter your tea. Never any specks in the cup—and no stray leaves either.)

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Don't endure crawling flies and insects on your vacation! Get set to spray the cottage walls and inside surfaces with Shelltox DDT! You create an invisible 'film of death' which few insects can cross and live. And one spraying lasts such a long time! Won't hurt your fabrics, furniture, wallpaper.

If you prefer, you can also attack an invasion of insects—and kill them quickly—with regular Shelltox.



A FILM OF DEATH
for flies and insects
SHELLTOX DDT

The Bargain

Continued from page 86

couldn't you have kept her away from us?" Then, starting to undress, "You said—you said you'd be our guardian angel, and—"

But maybe things weren't the way mother had thought they would be. Maybe a person couldn't be a guardian angel just because she wanted to. Maybe—oh, horrible thought! Maybe mother couldn't get through to this earth, any more, the way she had at first. Or maybe she didn't want to, any more, on account of Adrienne.

She buried her face in the pillow and cried.

NEXT MORNING came the session with father.

"We've been pals too long to end it now," father began. He'd thought she had understood about Adrienne, after all his talking about her. Adrienne had insisted she hadn't. If she hadn't, he was sorry; he wouldn't have anything but uprightness between them.

So they'd discussed her, had they?

Yes, he did think of marrying Adrienne, father admitted. But his first responsibility was to his daughter, and he wanted to make it plain that he never would marry unless convinced that the three of them would be happy together. And he was sure they could.

"How could we be after—mother?" Cella burst out.

Father didn't even wince.

It had nothing to do with mother, he said brazenly. No one could ever take mother's place. She should know that. But mother was practical. Mother would want him to provide a normal home for her daughter—someone sympathetic to oversee the household, and—

"Oh!" thought Cella, horrified. How dare he say that?

Basically, father continued, Adrienne had many of mother's good qualities. She wasn't stupid; she was kind; she had a sense of humor—

You shouldn't keep catching me at it came to mind.

The world began to whirl. She, too, had seen that in Adrienne. Were they both under a spell?

"But I'm over it now," she thought, "and father's not. Father's—"

Cella stared at him. He was someone she didn't know. He was not only weak, as Al had said, but he no longer could think straight. He'd let Adrienne upset his mind.

Yet there he was, suddenly looking at her with pity, as if she were the one off balance! And he was saying, "Look, Cella! You and I—we can't stand still, you know. We can't let the past get us down, and—"

After that he went out to the garden and hoed so energetically that he wore himself out completely and had to take a nap right after lunch.

At dinner he carried the conversation alone. Afterward he went over accounts with Aggie, and gave her extra money for the coming week, when he would be away, so Cella could have some friends over for meals if she wanted to. He thought maybe they needed new kitchen curtains. What did Cella think? And what did she think about a fixture for the light outside the back door? He was in a terribly consulting mood.

Then he enquired into school affairs. He complimented her geometry note-

"There's no secret
about my
shiny floors!"



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book, read through five horrible themes and said they were good.

To Cella, it was simply disgusting.

Sunday morning, he kissed her goodbye while she was still half asleep.

During the afternoon several of the gang dropped in. Crain Philipps appropriated the porch swing. Irene took charge of the piano and Bets and Fran compared French notes in the dining room. Finally Al corralled everybody to the porch. They were trying to drum up some activity outside of homework when a dark shiny car stopped out in front.

"For crying out loud!" Al complained. "You're getting company!"

"Adrienne!" Cella gasped. To herself, "What nerve!"

"Does that mean we all float off into space?" Crain asked.

"No!" Cella said. "You don't budge, see?"

Adrienne had come for the compact. Naturally, Cella asked her in. The moment she came through the door, she pressed a package into Cella's hands, obviously candy from the shape. There wasn't anything to do but accept it, with, "Thanks, but you shouldn't have—"

Inside, Adrienne met everybody, of course. And she made a point of the fact that she'd attended a bridge party at Crain's house, and then it came to Crain that it was she his parents had been talking about being such a whizz of a bridge expert.

When Cella came down with the compact Adrienne had become the centre of attention. Someone had put up a card table and dealt out four hands. Adrienne was giving a sort of lecture on bidding, with Al and Bets cutting in every two seconds with questions.

"She's going to give us a bridge lesson!" Irene said. "Gee, imagine!"

Irene got another table and more cards.

Already Al was at the telephone, and Cella heard him asking Jim Nerney across the street to come right over if he wanted to get in on something hot and bring Sam Edwards. When they arrived, there were two tables, with Adrienne left over to go around and give impersonal suggestions in bidding. Cella opened her candy and everyone dug in.

"That's it. Bid it."

"One diamond."

"Three clubs."

"No, not enough strength. Bid this."

Cella was dummy first thing. Adrienne paused by her chair, whispering, "If Aggie wants to go out, I'm here, you know, and—if you wanted her to, it's all right." Then, "After all, a maid these days is pretty precious."

Aggie, just finishing the dishes, was delighted to go out, of course. In her gratefulness she showed Cella where she'd hidden a whole tin of cup cakes, and said she could have all the milk except a pint. And if anybody required more, she could take whatever she found in the icebox, within reason, of course.

THE AFTERNOON went faster than any had gone for months. And then Crain was saying he was about caved in. That was the signal for Cella's inviting them out to the kitchen.

Adrienne said, "I wouldn't mind whipping up some pancakes, if there's any interest."

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There was an uproar of approval. So they had pancakes, with honey; and milk, and cup cakes. Then everybody pitched in and washed the dishes and cleared up the kitchen. By that time families were beginning to telephone, so things broke up.

"Gee, it's just been swell!"

"I don't know when I've had such a good time."

"We ought to have a bridge club."

"It'd be slick."

And they said good-bye to Adrienne as if they'd known her for years.

"You're doing all right!" Al whispered to Cella as he left. "Just all right!"

Well, it *had* been a good day.

"But I'll pay for it," Cella thought. Afterward, when she was alone with herself, her conscience would come stalking out, again. Already it was saying, "You're letting Adrienne get the best of you. You like her, you do. And all your friends do. And if you don't show you like her, your friends're going to think you're crazy. So you'll be good to her. And what's your mother going to think about *that*?"

She and Adrienne moved into the living room.

Adrienne said, "I left the compact here so I'd have an excuse for coming back."

"Hm!" thought Cella. But why the honesty?

"I suppose your father talked to you."

"Yes."

"I suppose," with a sigh, "he didn't improve matters."

Cella didn't answer, but she had the feeling her mind was being X-rayed.

"That's why I came over. I wanted you to know something."

There was a pause.

"I had a house once," said Adrienne. "Bigger than this one, and every inch of it happy. I had a good husband, and a daughter, Patricia. Pat, we called her. One day my husband took pneumonia and died. Pat was twelve. Pat and I carried on alone for four years. Then Pat was in an accident, and I lost her. Sixteen, she was, a year older than you are now."

"I'm sorry," said Cella. And she was.

"Today—and do forgive me—I wasn't seeing your friends, exactly. I was showing Pat's friends how to play bridge, and I made pancakes for Pat's friends, and—"

Cella felt a horrible tightening in her neck.

"Friday evening you didn't know what you were doing for me, letting me mend that vanity apron—for Pat. It was Pat's room, for a while, and—"

She glanced up at mother's Light.

"Going out in a blaze of glory—to life—" she mused. "It's—something to hold on to. Pat and your mother."

"Pat," said Cella, "is now your guardian angel."

"I believe you," said Adrienne, softly. "I do believe you."

She seemed to be inside her own thoughts for a moment. Then she said, "I could have cried for joy to see how much you loved your mother. Because, had you been Pat, I should have liked—"

The tight feeling in Cella's neck was getting worse. Oh, Adrienne did understand! She did.

"With your mother and my Pat on the other side—and you and me here—I was wondering—I wouldn't mind pinch-hitting for your mother and—I'd be glad to trust my Pat to your mother. A

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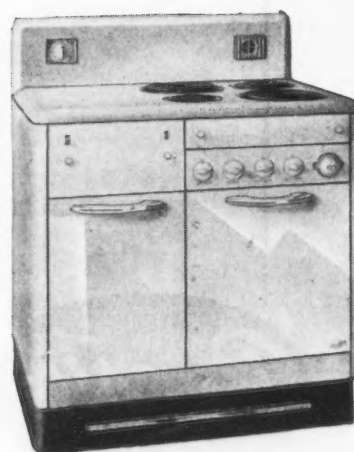
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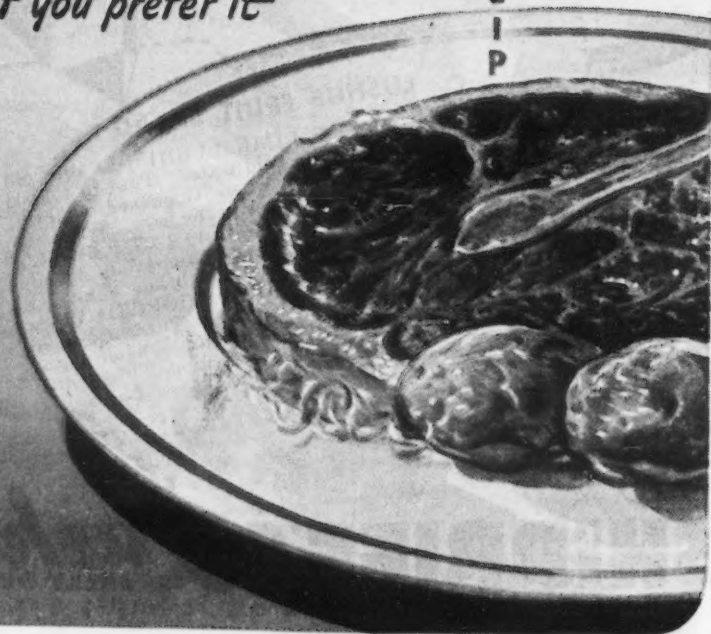
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How to Follow a Recipe

by Jane Monteith



Buy a good cookbook. Choose one written by an authority you (or your friends) know is reliable. Or consult the sales person in any good bookstore. Look for recipes that you can follow easily. (Read 'em and see.) "Process" pictures will show you how to put ingredients together—the more illustrations the better. Most cookbooks are styled for a family of four to six. But don't let that worry you, remember the rules for fractions and cut to fit.

Read the recipe. Be sure it's not too difficult for a "first" effort. Choose a plain, rather than an angel, cake until you get the hang of things. Check the ingredients called for—you may be lacking one of them. You can make a cake without nutmeg, but it's next to impossible without an egg! Study the method outlined until you fully understand it. Note time and temperature. If you're baking, turn on the oven to bring it to the desired temperature while you're assembling and mixing the ingredients.



Measure the ingredients. All measurements are level in modern cookbooks. Use the straight edge of a knife for levelling dry ingredients, fats and semiliquids like honey. To measure liquids, place a glass measuring cup on a flat surface, then bend down to judge the amount of liquid from eye level. Flour is always sifted before measuring. Use two large pieces of waxed paper in place of bowls; fold like a funnel when resifting or adding to mixtures. Small quantities of honey, molasses and other sticky materials are easily measured by spoonfuls. First grease the spoon lightly, then measure and level carefully. If the recipe calls for part of a cup, remember that there are 16 tablespoons to one cupful.



Mix according to directions. "Cream fat and sugar together"—using the back of a wooden spoon, smoothing against the side of the bowl and beating until all signs of grittiness disappear. It's easier to do if you've creamed the fat first until it's very soft, but not oily. "Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry"—using a whisk, rotary or electric egg beater and beating the egg whites until they will stand up in soft glistening peaks. Then stop! "Fold whites into mixture"—pouring beaten egg whites on top of mixture, then using a large metal spoon, cutting through both mixtures to the bottom of the bowl, turning the spoon and gently lifting the bottom mixture over the top one. And so on—down, up and over, with a very light hand.



Bake in a preheated oven. Place cake, pie or whatever in the centre of the oven. Don't peek until at least two-thirds of the time given in the recipe has elapsed. You don't want that cake to fall, do you? Never move a cake in the oven until it's light brown and looks "almost done." Watch the oven door—don't slam it shut. Place a tray under fruit pies, Bettys or any mixture you suspect might exude its juices. Always place pans of custard, soufflé (or any main dish with a large proportion of egg) in a slightly larger pan containing about one inch of hot water, before popping them into the oven.

Meals of the Month

MAY



Cheese Wafers. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of butter and 2 cupfuls of grated soft cheese with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and 3 drops of Tabasco sauce. Sift and measure $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of pastry flour; combine with 3 cupfuls of finely crushed, oven-popped rice cereal and a dash of paprika. Stir into the cheese mixture. Shape into rolls about 2 inches in diameter; chill well. Slice thinly and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 8 minutes. Makes 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen wafers. Serve hot or cold.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
THU 1	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Casserole of Noodles, Tomatoes and Cheese Green Pepper Rings Brown Rolls Prune and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (lamb chops, sausage, mushrooms) Baked Potatoes Baked Stuffed Onions Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 2	Chilled Prunes Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Tomato and Egg Salad Canned Fruit Tea Spice Cookies Cocoa	Fried Halibut Steak Parsley Potatoes Mixed Salad Greens Steamed Ginger Cup Cakes Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 3	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Wieners in a Bun Mustard Relish Carrot Sticks Tea Celery Curlys Jam Turnovers Cocoa	Grilled Liver in Onion Gravy Riced Potatoes Buttered Beets Butterscotch Pudding with Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 4	Grapefruit Sections Cornflake Waffles Coffee Syrup Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Assorted Cold Cuts Green Salad Bowl Pineapple Cubes Tea Wafers Cocoa	Roast of Beef, Fruit Chutney Browned Potatoes Green Lima Beans Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
MON 5	Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Pears Tea Carrot Sticks Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Green Beans Turnips Johnny Cake Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 6	Sliced Orange Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Onion Rings Brown Toast Lettuce Salad Tea French Dressing Applesauce Gingersnaps Cocoa	Fish Chowder Vegetable Plate (baked potato, boiled squash, green peas) Blancmange with Jelly Coffee Tea
WED 7	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Consommé Hot Potato Salad Sliced Fresh Bologna Fruit Cup Tea Raisin Bread Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Raw Carrot and Pineapple Salad Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee Tea
THU 8	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Grapefruit Salad with Green Pepper Rings Nut Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Cream of Carrot Soup Hot Meat Loaf Au Gratin Potatoes Broccoli Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 9	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Creamy Eggs on Toast Cabbage and Carrot Salad Caramel Tapioca Tea Cream Cocoa	Fried Salmon Steaks Tartare Sauce Potato Balls Spinach Rhubarb Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
SAT 10	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Jellied Vegetable Molds in Lettuce Cups Fresh Pineapple Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mint Sauce Pan-fried Potatoes Asparagus Tips Orange Shortcake Orange Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 11	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Salmon and Celery Hot Rolls or Biscuits Carrot Strips Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Ice Cream Chocolate Cake Coffee Tea
MON 12	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cheese Toast with Bacon Strips Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Chocolate Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Kidneys Creamed Potatoes Diced Beets Blancmange with Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 13	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni Casserole Cooked Vegetable Salad Brown Bread Tea Apple Crisp Cocoa	Spanish Guelet Raw-fried Potatoes Green Beans Cherry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
WED 14	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Spinach and Poached Eggs on Toast Chocolate Rennet Custard Raisin Scones Tea Cocoa	Baked Sausage Scalloped Potatoes Diced Carrots Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 15	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Raisin Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	Hot Hamburger Sandwich with Gravy Chopped Lettuce and Onion Salad Jellied Fruits Tea Custard Sauce Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Riced Potatoes Asparagus Broiled Grapefruit with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
FRI 16	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Plum Jam Tea	Mixed Vegetable Salad Hot Cheese Biscuits Date Bread Pudding Tea Cocoa	Fried Fillets of Haddock Lemon Slices Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Prune Whip Coffee Tea
SAT 17	Orange Sections Cereal Scrambled Eggs on Toast Fingers Coffee Tea	Fish Cakes (leftover fish) Tartare Sauce Brown Rolls Banana and Walnut Tea Blancmange Cocoa	Mock Duck Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Apple Pie with Cheese Slices Tea
SUN 18	Sliced Bananas Cereal Sausages and Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Mushrooms and Eggs on Pastry Squares Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Consommé Roast Chicken with Dressing Mashed Potatoes, Peas and Carrots Chocolate Ice Cream Coffee Tea
MON 19	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Raisin Bread Coffee Cocoa	Chicken Soufflé Scalloped Potatoes Orange and Grapefruit Salad Nut Bars Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Dumplings Shredded Lettuce and Raw Carrot Lemon Jelly Roll Coffee Tea

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 20	Half Grapefruit Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Conserve Tea	Potato and Onion Soup Toasted Tomato and Lettuce Sandwich Apricot Sponges Chocolate Squares Tea Cocoa	Cheese Fondue Harvard Beets Tossed Salad Greens Stewed Rhubarb with Pineapple Coffee Tea
WED 21	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Crispy Baked Eggs with Creole Sauce Sliced Bananas and Cream Jelly Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Meat Patties Riced Potatoes Butterscotch Nut Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea	Welsh Rarebit Green Salad Bowl Fresh Fruit Tea Cookies Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Corn Fritters Baked Apple with Cream Coffee Tea
FRI 23	Grapefruit Sections Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Lettuce French Dressing Crackers Tea Plum Jam Cocoa	Fruit Fillets of Sole Lemon Sauce Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
SAT 24	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Fish on Toast Fruit Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Steak and Kidney Pie Potato Cakes Buttered Beets Fruit Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 25	Orange Slices Cereal Pancakes with Syrup Coffee Tea	Shirred Eggs on Toast Slices Tossed Salad Bowl Bread Sticks Chocolate Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Boiled Potatoes Green Peas Sponge Cake with Fruit Filling Coffee Tea
MON 26	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Toasted Egg Salad Sandwich Lettuce and Green Pepper Salad Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Curried Lamb Riced Potatoes Asparagus Orange Soufflé Coffee Tea
TUE 27	Rhubarb Juice Cereal Toast Coffee French Toast Tea	Corn Chowder Cabbage and Carrot Salad Brown Bread Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Vegetable Plate (scalloped potatoes, buttered beets, cauliflower, string beans) Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
WED 28	Half Grapefruit Cereal Fig Oatmeal Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast Lemon Wedges Carrot Fingers Floating Island Vanilla Wafers Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Potato Dumplings Green Beans Diced Carrots Ice Cream Pineapple Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 29	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Crabapple Jelly Cocoa	Omelet with Diced Bacon Cress Rolls Pineapple Cubes Cinnamon Buns Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Pot Roast Boiled Potatoes Savory Cabbage Baked Cup Custard with Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea
FRI 30	Orange and Rhubarb Juice Cereal Toasted Cinnamon Buns Coffee Tea	Devilled Egg and Potato Salad Celery Curlys Green Pepper Rings Warm Gingerbread with Sliced Pears Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Parsley Potatoes Buttered Carrots Grape Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 31	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Stuffed Pear and Cottage Cheese Salad Vanilla Rennet Custard with Syrup Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Steamed Spice Pudding Orange Sauce Coffee Tea

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Give Him a Man's Breakfast

by Jacqueline Roy



China courtesy Sovereign Pottery.

THE first real test of your housewifely ability comes with breakfast. Remember, no man can go out and lick the world on a piece of toast and a cup of coffee; he needs good substantial food to start the day right. Yes, it'll take a few extra minutes to prepare, but it's worth it.

First of all, slip into something easy, comfortable and becoming. Many young wives, like the bride in our illustration, are voting in favor of dark slacks and a colorful shirt. (Note: Turn to page 29 for other appearances of this versatile striped blouse.) In the interests of neatness and charm, tie back your curls with a velvet bow or ribbon.

Morning time is precious, so learn the trick of preparing as much as possible the night before. Set the table with your gay breakfast china and get out all the utensils you'll need. Measure shortening and dry ingredients (for muffins, tea biscuits, etc.) and set in a handy spot. Meat or fish cakes can be made and stored in the refrigerator until morning. Then, when that alarm clock rings, you'll be able to whisk together a good meal with very little effort.

Some people serve the same breakfast over and over, as if there were a law. It's easy that way, but it's more fun to have variety. Inspiration isn't hard to come by, once you start jotting down ideas such as muffins, waffles, omelets and grills. Before you know it you'll have a list as long as your arm.

Here are a few suggestions to start you off:

Fruit—serve different kinds as they come in season, from rhubarb and straw-

berries to blueberries and apples. (In winter, frozen fruits make a big hit.)

Cereal—serve it hot as well as cold; combine two or more for flavor variation. For sweetening, try mild molasses in milk. And don't overlook honey, maple syrup or sugar, and corn syrup.

Protein foods give a breakfast "staying" power. These include mixed grills—sausages, lamb chop, bacon or kidneys and the like. Other good dishes are smoked fish in mushroom soup sauce, fish cakes, creamed leftover fish on toast, and omelets. In fact, you can't go wrong with eggs in almost any form. Cottage cheese with jam, on toast or scones, is both quick and satisfying.

Quickbreads—include fritters, popovers, drop tea biscuits, corn sticks, scones, crumpets, pancakes, fig muffins, toasted raisin bread and orange nut loaf.

Beverage. Of course you don't need to be reminded about that pot of piping-hot coffee. And you do add the merest pinch of salt and a lump of sugar while it's brewing, don't you? For some it will be tea; for others, cocoa—but whichever your choice, be sure it's hot.

Fish Cakes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
2 Cupfuls of shredded, cooked fish

1 Egg, beaten

1¼ Teaspoonfuls of salt

Dash of pepper

Dash of thyme

¼ Teaspoonful of onion juice

¼ Cupful of milk

Combine all the ingredients and beat until the mixture is fluffy. Form into

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patties, roll lightly in flour and fry on both sides in a small amount of mild dripping until browned. Makes eight fish cakes.

Corn Fritters

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Eggs, separated
- 2 Cupfuls of kernel corn
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne

Beat the egg yolks; add the corn, flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until they stand up in soft peaks, then fold into the corn mixture. Fry on a hot, greased frying pan for several minutes on each side. Serve at once. Makes about 16 fritters.

Basic Pancake Recipe

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1¼ Cupfuls of flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening

Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine the egg, milk and melted shortening and add to the dry ingredients, stirring only until the flour is moistened. Pour by spoonfuls onto a hot ungreased griddle or frying pan. Cook on one side for about four minutes; cook for half as long on the second side. Makes about eight pancakes.

Variations: Try adding a little chopped apple, corn kernels, seedless raisins, or chopped toasted peanuts.

Fig Oatmeal Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of dried figs
- 1¾ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of rolled oats
- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg, beaten
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- ¼ Cupful of melted shortening

Pour boiling water over the figs, cover and let stand for 10 minutes; drain. Clip the stems and cut the figs into small pieces. Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder and the salt. Stir in the rolled oats, sugar and figs. Combine the egg, milk and melted shortening and add to the dry ingredients, stirring just enough to moisten them. Bake in greased muffin tins in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Makes one dozen muffins.

Corn Flake Waffles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of corn flakes, crushed
- 1½ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs, separated
- 1¾ Cupfuls of milk
- ¼ Cupful of melted shortening

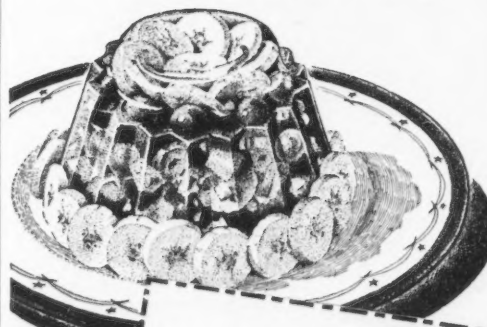
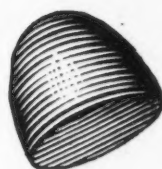
Sift and measure the flour carefully, then sift again with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the corn flakes. Beat the egg yolks well and combine with the milk and shortening. Add to the flour mixture and stir just enough to moisten the dry ingredients. Beat the egg whites until they form soft peaks, then fold into the mixture. Bake at once in a hot waffle iron. Seven waffles.



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Prepare SHIRRIFF'S LIME LUSHUS as directed and cool. Rinse mold in cold water. Pour in a little of the liquid jelly and when thickened slightly, arrange a ring of banana slices in the jelly. When the remaining jelly is slightly set, stir in 1 CUP SWEET GRAPES, halved and with seeds removed; ½ cup GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS, membrane removed; 1 BANANA sliced; and ¼ CUP CHOPPED WALNUTS, PECANS, OR ALMONDS. Turn into mold and chill. Unmold and garnish with banana slices. Equally good with Orange, Lemon, Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry, and Wild Cherry Lushus.

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NAN:

How's the bride—
tired of housework yet?

PAT: Not me, Nan—I'm smart! I stick to a cleanser that doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches.

NAN: Dirt-catching scratches? Must be something new.

PAT: Not new at all, silly! Everybody should know coarse cleansers leave scratches that *hold on* to dirt and make twice the work. That's why I always use Bon Ami on my bathtub and sink.

NAN: Oh—because it "hasn't scratched yet"? I *have* heard that.

PAT: Check! Why, Bon Ami just *slides* dirt and grease off in wink-time. And it polishes, too—just look at this sparkle!

NAN: I'm looking at those *hands* of yours! If Bon Ami will leave *mine* that smooth and white, I'll be sold on it for keeps.

US: Bon Ami is perfect for *all* cleaning—sinks, bathtubs, windows, mirrors, pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

Bon Ami



THE **SPEEDY CLEANSER** that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA

The Bride-to-be Entertains

by Jane Montelith

SO YOUR life is a merry-go-round with the calliope playing double time to keep up with the off-stage chime of wedding bells! Your days are filled with a lovely, busy round of activity that you want to enjoy to the full and will remember for the rest of your life. Yet you must appear rested and beautiful, as only you can be, when the Lohengrin march begins.

A few minutes of quiet planning will save you hours of distracted last-minute rushing about; pay off in the gold of tranquillity in the midst of the swirl of prewedding parties.

You want to entertain your bridesmaids; perhaps there's a trousseau tea to be arranged; and your friends are being over-generous with showers. Save your energies by not accepting more invitations than you can fit in easily; make your own entertaining as simple, yet gracious, as possible.

Party for the Bridesmaids

Entertain your bridesmaids one afternoon a few days before the wedding. Ask them to come over for a last-minute check on wedding details if you like. Then, over a quiet cup of tea, enjoy your discussion and present them with the little memento you want them to keep—and remember you by, for a long, long time!

Serve nut bread, sliced very thin, spread with creamy cheese; dainty cress or asparagus roll-ups and a few simple open-face sandwiches. Follow with a plate of little cakes—fruited meringues and brownie fingers will do nicely.

The Trousseau Tea

About a week before the wedding, hold "open house" to give your women friends a chance to see your lovely new household linens, clothes and shower gifts.

You can display your gifts in the guestroom or in your own bedroom. You and your mother will receive in the living room, and the dining room will be left free for tea.

Traffic congestion will be the greatest problem. Your invitation may be from 3 to 5 but most of your friends will be sure to show up at 4.15 (a nice in-between time, they figure). Ask one of your best friends to act as guide; she'll take the responsibility of diverting guests to the dining room, or delaying them upstairs, when necessary to relieve pressure at the tea-table.

Your fiancé's mother might pour tea for a while. She can be spelled off later by an older friend of your own mother, so that the duty will not become onerous.

Serve: Tiny Sandwiches (some plain and some open-face ones, pinwheels, ribbons, perhaps a few roll-ups tied with very narrow pastel ribbons); a Relish Tray (carrot curls, radish roses, stuffed celery hearts and olives—garnished with curly chicory or celery leaves); assorted Fancy Cakes; Mints and Tea.

For a more elaborate tea, add: Toasties (cheese pinwheels, mushroom sandwich fingers, tiny ham and pickle triangles or squares—placed under the broiler to brown and served piping hot); filled Bouchees (tiny puff cases filled with chicken, tuna or salmon salad); Ice Cream Fruits or Flowers (little ones with a stem for fingertip eating. It's wise to put a small piece of the dry ice they were packed in, under a paper doily, on the service plate. They melt very fast.



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Louis Berger—frock; International Silver
Company—silver service; Copeland and
Duncan Ltd.—china.



CLEVER HOSTESS?

-But it's easy to make them while the kettle boils!

TOASTED TOMATO DREAMS

(Principal Ingredients: Bread, prepared mustard, onion, celery, green pepper (or pickle), bacon, and E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste.)

A very practical snack for informal entertaining. Delicious anytime. For two platesful just toast 8 slices of bread on one side. Spread untoasted side with prepared mustard. Combine one 6 oz. tin E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper (or sour pickles). Spread over mustard. Top with bacon squares. Toast under broiler until bacon crisps.



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and one for cooking use.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA

Good Eating in Hindu

STRANGE Women in Our Midst (see page 22) still follow their own ancient cookery lore. If you enjoy the throat-burning stimulation of a real Indian curry, you'll like this recipe, procured from the housekeepers among the Hindu colony in Vancouver, and tested in Chatelaine Institute kitchens. It's the cayenne, not the curry powder, that puts the fire into it. If you're not used to highly spiced foods, it may be wiser to use black pepper or the merest touch of cayenne. The flavor's grand, either way.

Curried Lamb

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of stewing lamb
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of curry powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of paprika
- $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of cayenne or black pepper
- Pinch of cinnamon
- Pinch of cloves
- 2 Bay leaves
- 1 Cupful of canned tomatoes or water

Cut the meat into small pieces and brown in the fat in a heavy pan. Remove the meat; add the onion and fry until golden color. Then add the blended spices and simmer gently for several minutes. Return the meat to the pan, add the tomatoes or water and cook slowly for 2 hours or until the meat is tender. Four servings.

Rotis cakes are the traditional accompaniment—and an excellent foil—for hot curries. The Hindu women flatten the cakes with their hands much as Mexican cooks shape tortillas. In the Institute we found that a greased board and the heel of one palm were much more efficient than our untutored hands alone.

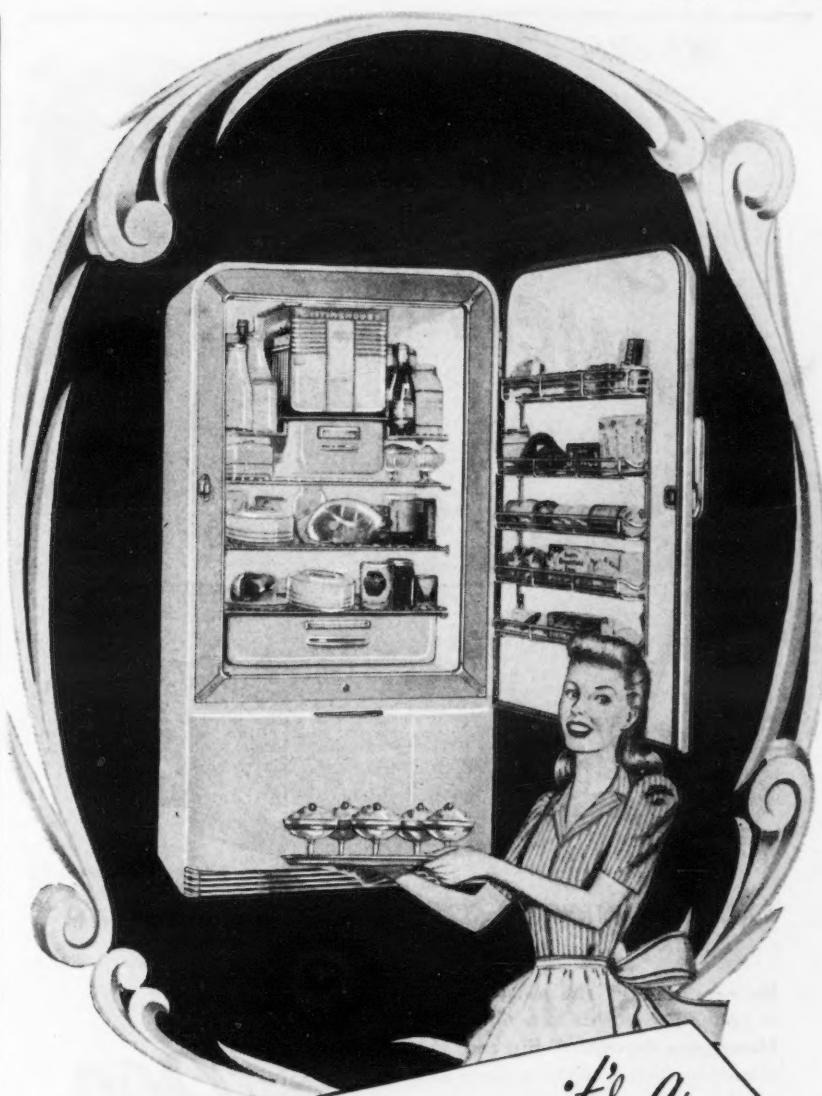
If you flatten them until they're about the thickness of pastry before baking, you'll find them quite "chewy," with a good whole-grain flavor reminiscent of rye wafers.

Rotis

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of whole-wheat flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of cold water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Combine the flour, salt and the water to form a soft dough and let stand for 15 minutes. Then knead the butter into the dough and roll the mixture into balls the size of tennis balls. Pat these on a greased board to about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thickness making a flat cake about 8 inches in diameter. Bake cake on a hot, greased griddle for several minutes on each side. Then place on a cookie sheet and transfer to a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for three minutes to allow cakes to rise slightly. The cakes may be served buttered lightly on one side; then folded and eaten as bread with the curry. Makes four large crisp cakes. +



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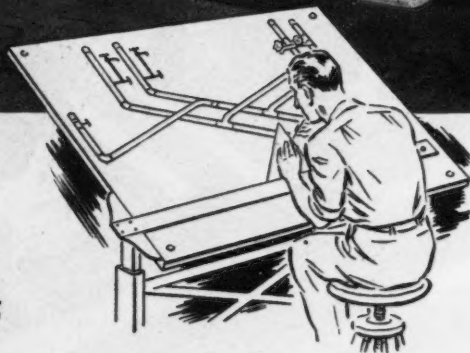
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2B "Plumbing and Heating for the Home". A product booklet showing fixtures and equipment now being manufactured.

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with a cool, "Thank you," because she needed it desperately. But looking father stright in the eyes, "If it's a bribe it won't work. Because I don't like her! And if you marry her—"

"Cella!" said father, as if he'd been struck.

But Adrienne was returning with an effervescent, "Aggie's a dear!" evidently having conquered Aggie.

When the door had shut on them Cella posted out to the kitchen.

Aggie said, "She's real nice. You know what she said? Said the table was a *thing of visual beauty!* And—"

"And who showed you how to make a table a *thing of visual beauty?*" Cella snapped.

Aggie looked guilty, as well she might. "And I don't forget it!" Aggie said. "Not a day I don't think of her, God bless her soul!"

"Oh, Aggie!" Cella wailed. All the tears that had been piling up came gushing out, and next thing Aggie had her arms around her, saying, "Poor thing! Poor thing!" and joined in, herself.

"You and I," Cella finally said, "are the only ones in this house who haven't forgotten!"

That brought on another wave. "If I were in your place," Cella said, "and she moved in, I'd—I'd leave, I would! And I'll go with you."

Aggie suddenly lurched in the other direction.

"It's not that one's fault," she said. "She couldn't be your mother, but it's plain she's good, and we'd get used to her, and—it'd be livelier in the house, see?" Then, "What this house needs is someone to run it, and see to you, and—"

"You, too!" said Cella, and burst out of the kitchen.

CELLA DIDN'T go to the movies. Instead, she called Al up and they went for a walk, out toward West Woods.

Al swore secrecy and she confided the whole, horrible story of father's wanting to marry.

"Gee, that's gruesome!" said Al. Then, with the wisdom of her superior by two years, "But you've got to sit tight, see? You can't move out, with no place to go. You've got yourself to think of, too, see?"

"It won't ever be the same again."

"Of course not, but—"

"And I can't live a lie!" Cella said dramatically. She couldn't even pretend to tolerate a person who was trying to take her mother's place. "And of course I'll never think the same of father again!"

"Well, he's got some good points," Al said. "He's just weak. There're a lot of weak people in this world. They're to be pitied."

Later they had a soda, and then Al took her home, leaving her with, "Well, you've always got us to fall back on, you know!" meaning Crain and Irene and Bets and so forth.

When she went upstairs, the first thing she saw in her room was Adrienne's compact on her vanity. She opened it. A pleasant, delicate scent of perfume came out. At once the blue rose against white hair flashed into her mind, and then the way Adrienne walked—a stately, supreme sort of walk she had.

She snapped the compact shut.

"Mom!" she said, softly. "Why

+ Continued on page 94



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she couldn't accept anything else. "Nothing but life."

"It's the same thing, of course," Cella had said, marvelling yet irritated that she had even touched upon its meaning.

"I suppose it is," Adrienne had said, as if to herself.

As if some statement was expected of him father finally said, "Ann believed you simply shed this earth's body, like a cocoon, and — well, the soul goes on, not affected—that sort of thing."

Cella glanced at father, thinking, "You aren't apologizing for what mother believed, are you?"

"Of course," father had added, "Ann wasn't one to go around explaining her theories. She let people take the picture any way they wanted to."

It dominated the whole room, spreading a certain glow over everything that not even Cella could explain. Some of their friends, not understanding what was behind it, had called it a comet, a weird symbol, but all had agreed it was the key tone of the room. Mother had said yes, it did make a good decoration and let everybody think she'd painted it to brighten the room, give herself a central point around which to work out the room's color scheme.

In the dining room Cella sat at the table hoping she had put on a proper enough front, yet wondering why she cared if her thoughts did leak out.

Father had fallen in love, and he had forgotten mother. He thought of her now as *someone who had been once but wasn't any more*. And it hurt.

"You promised to look out for this family!" she flung out to mother, as she worked on the fruit cocktail.

The fruit didn't even taste like fruit. "I'm having a garden this year," father was saying, enthusiastically. "Peas and tomatoes, and cabbage, and—"

Adrienne faced the wall that held mother's bunny picture. All the while she yessed father on the garden, she was wandering back to the picture, smiling to herself. Finally, she burst out with, "That's the most adorable rabbit I've ever seen!"

"Ann could have sold that canvas a dozen times," said father proudly.

"I'm glad she didn't," said Adrienne.

Cella looked at her. So she wanted it, did she? Not content with mother's husband, mother's house, she must have mother's very soul. For decoration!

"I'm going to take it away to school with me," Cella said. "And I'm taking The Light, and— and—"

Father glanced at her quickly. Maybe he'd detected her resentment. Or maybe he was just surprised that she'd suddenly decided to go away to school, after all her arguments against it.

Adrienne said, in a sort of wistful, but serious tone, "If I were you, I'd take every picture my mother'd ever painted — and hang them around the walls so thick—"

So Adrienne wanted her to take all mother's pictures away with her! Take what might otherwise remind her of mother! Get them right out of the house! Oh, it was too horrible!

Father turned to the lamb, carving with frisky little manoeuvres. A great delight seemed to have surged up in him. Like a magpie, he ran off the names of six schools where he had signed applications. Paved the way he had, and a good thing. He'd foreseen the day when Cella would want to go. He seemed just too glad

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about it. Whereas before he had said her going away would be a personal sacrifice to him, now it was plainly just a way of being rid of her, so he and Adrienne could have the house to themselves.

"Goodness!" said Adrienne. "To be going off to school, your whole life ahead of you!"

"If I stayed home I could make it miserable for both of them," Cella was thinking. She'd go out of her way to remind Adrienne of mother. Nothing would infuriate a second wife as much as that. And father! Oh, she'd make him feel guilty, all right! Or, perhaps, if she began at once, she could prevent her moving in. Kill it in the idea stage.

The thought so buoyed her up that she said, with put-on sweetness, "Oh, I was only joking about school. I've never ever wanted to go."

It was pleasant, indeed, to see how the remark had taken the wind out of father's sails. He sat there, plainly flabbergasted.

Adrienne, however, wasn't fazed. Indeed, she grabbed at the idea, saying, "If I were in Cella's shoes, I would like to stay right here and finish high school with my own crowd. After all, college is time enough to go away. And this is a perfect house for parties—lovely dresses, and—it warms a house, the constant going and coming of young people, don't you think?" looking at father. For a moment it seemed as if she were actually begging him to let Cella stay home. As if she wanted it. "And—"

Then she colored somewhat. With a laugh which Cella knew was put on to cover up her interference, "That advice wouldn't be appreciated at the bureau!"

Father, however, looked as if he appreciated it.

"Naturally, that's what I've always wanted," he said, "but—" His eyes, fastened upon Adrienne, were brimming with gratitude.

"Oh!" Cella thought.

The trap had snapped on her, all right. Adrienne had set it by pretending to agree with her on every point. Stay home, go away, it didn't matter. She was pretending not to mind the mention of mother, either. Not the jealous type, in other words. No. She was going to sail into this house with colors flying. And father, blind as a bat, thought she was magnificent!

DINNER OVER, father said they should be leaving, so Cella escorted Adrienne upstairs.

Adrienne fussed with her hair, which had nothing wrong with it, and fussed at the neckline of her dress, perfect though it was. She seemed to be dawdling purposely, but all she said was something about the weather.

And then Cella saw Adrienne studying her in the mirror. Cella pretended to adjust the tiebacks of the curtains.

Finally Adrienne put on her microscopic black hat, and manipulated its gorgeous blue rose until it seemed the rose was in her hair instead of on the hat. Again Cella met her eyes in the mirror. Adrienne suddenly turned, saying, "I hope you'll forgive me, but—I simply like to look at you. You shouldn't keep catching me at it." She started for the stairway.

Cella smiled. It was the bouncing kind of thing that mother might have said. And then her face straightened. For it was horrible, and wrong—mother's kind of remark, coming out of this person's mouth!

Adrienne paused at Cella's open bedroom door. She looked in, saying, softly, "This is yours," as if it were enchanted.

"Yes," said Cella.

Somehow or other the two of them entered, Adrienne saying she loved the garden pattern quilt on the cherry bed. Her sweeping gaze took in the comfortable bright chintz chair by the window, and the white bookcases. Her eyes stayed a little longer on mother's picture, above, and then darted to the kidney-shaped vanity, with its freshly laundered, white dotted marquisette apron which had, as Aggie said, suddenly gone to pieces and wouldn't stand another washing. Aggie had suggested a new one.

But it went with the room. Mother had said so, herself. It was the room, in fact. Anyhow, the breaks didn't show too much, hanging in gathers the way it did. There was only one really impossible place, that long tear down the middle. Of course Adrienne had to concentrate on that.

Cella came back to reality with a jolt. If Adrienne came to live here, undoubtedly she would try to chuck it out, first thing.

"Its condition," Cella said defiantly, "doesn't matter at all to me. I like it that way."

"We need thread," said Adrienne. "I've the needle."

She whipped a needle from her purse. Cella got out her sewing kit, but couldn't find the thimble.

"No matter," Adrienne said, threading her needle. She knelt down and began a sort of tuck, but she had to start over several times because the sewing made another break. Finally, however, she finished, and it had the effect of just one more gather.

"Well, thanks!" Cella said. "I—I guess I never really thought it could be fixed. Aggie said it was hopeless, and—" Why, it would last years now!

Adrienne smiled, saying, "Your Aggie's about right. One of these days, it's going to turn to dust. But until then—"

From downstairs, father was calling, "I thought we were going to the Dunningtons."

"So we are!" said Adrienne, and put her needle away. Then, and it did sound as if she meant it, "It has been utterly delightful, this evening."

"Well, I do hope you'll—" Cella began, and then she stopped. For mother was looking out of her picture at the two of them, and it brought the whole ugly situation back with a bang. What would mother think, anyhow, to know that for a moment she had practically wanted this Adrienne to come back? To herself, "Well, I don't want her! I don't!" It had simply been a temporary feeling because of the mending.

"I'd love to!" Adrienne said, as if Cella had finished the invitation.

Father was waiting in the hall, with a pungent after-shaving smell about him. With his permission, Adrienne slipped out to the kitchen to say a word to Aggie. Undoubtedly to pave the way with her.

"Why don't you take Irene or someone to the movies, and a soda afterward?" father said, whipping out two dollar bills.

It was obviously over and above her regular allowance, and Cella took it,



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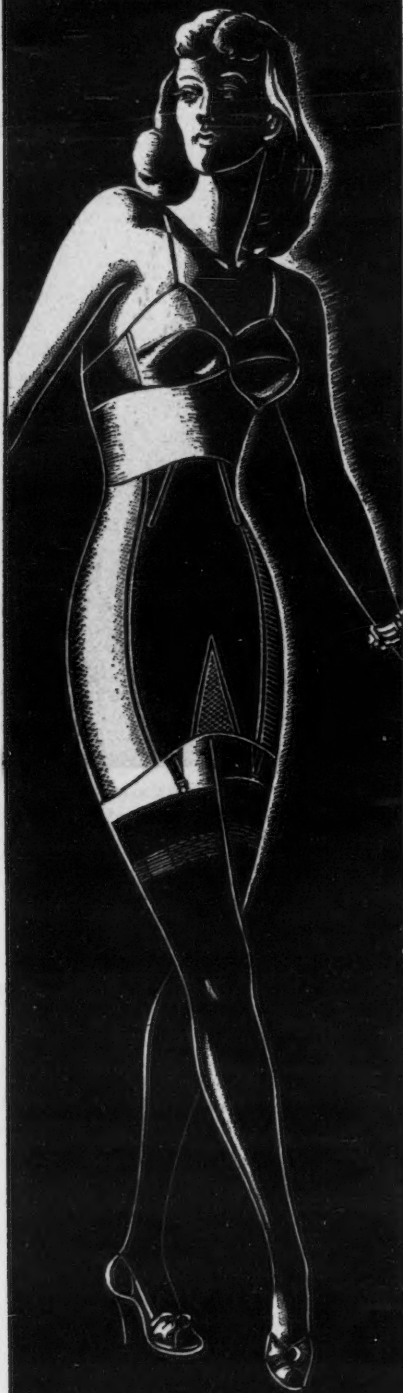


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reading and thinking about it she must have done; and one afternoon when she was busy with three different things at once, I asked her how on earth she managed to find the time.

"Time," she said, opening the oven door with one hand and taking the scissors away from Betty with the other: "Time? That's easy. I plan for it."

IN SPITE of the fact that this was how I got through my own work at the office, it had never occurred to me to try mapping out the business of being a father instead of approaching it by fits and starts; and looking back it wasn't hard to see what a poor system *that* was.

For instance, there was the night Timmy finished his probation as a Cub and became a full-fledged member of the Pack. It was just as big an event for him as my commissioning in the Army had been for me; and quite probably a good deal bigger. He was nervous; and at breakfast of the great day he asked me if I'd mind going through the Manual with him that evening, before he went to the ceremony.

That was a time when he needed me, as his father, or thought he did; for Jane could easily have helped him of course, and normally he'd have turned to her. I was flattered; beaming at Timmy and promising what he wanted. Yet I let him down. I'd forgotten that I had arranged to see a man on business at eight o'clock at the hotel; and when I remembered, it was too late to put off the appointment, as I could easily have done in the morning when I got to the office. So Timmy had to go off to his big moment without me—and why?

Simply and solely because I wasn't giving enough real thought to my responsibilities. Bad as it is to break one's promise to a child, my vague and almost indifferent attitude was worse.

So what I had to face was the underlying reason for most of my mistakes with my children. I wasn't taking them seriously.

When I had faced this, I determined to lay down a scheme for myself; starting with reading and study, for which, like Jane, I had to fit in the time.

Almost from the start things went better with Timmy and me. It took him a few weeks to accept our new relationship—about the same length of time, incidentally, as it took me to stop over-doing things and strike a happy medium between interfering and neglect—but once that point was reached, both of us got a lot more than we ever had out of the evenings and Saturday afternoons and Sundays we were together.

So did Jane. Now that I was taking my proper share of Timmy's upbringing, she was freer to concentrate on Betty, the strain of being virtually single-handed with both children was eased, and it was a happier house all the way round.

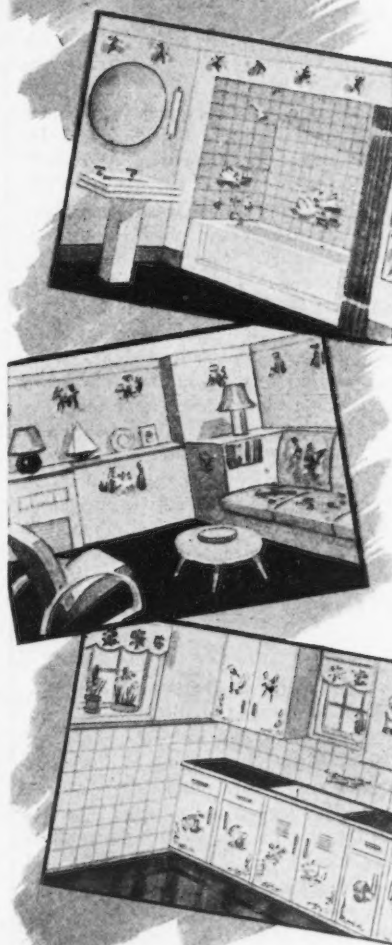
The catch was that it meant work. I didn't always feel like the discussions an intelligent partnership with her involved. I wasn't consistently in the mood for Timmy's breathless chronicles of his day. I kept on, though; because that or some similar planned co-operation is absolutely essential. Hit-or-miss won't do. The most we fathers can give is never quite enough; but there's nothing to keep us from doing our best, and from doing it better all the time—nothing whatever.

Except, of course, ourselves. †



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The Bargain

Continued from page 16

to persuade father it was all right to go; maybe, too, because he knew Al so well. Father had even helped select her first long dress, the perfectly gorgeous blue taffeta.

The night of the prom she'd stood before the mirror, father squinting at her this way and that, admiringly, trying to take mother's place, but suddenly very sober and too much inside himself. Inadequate, he'd said. Suddenly very very inadequate.

But even as he had stood there, whist! There had been a sort of pull here, to puff the sleeves, a pull there at the wide, swingy skirt. Father hadn't blinked an eye at it, proof that he hadn't felt the extra admiration, but it had been as real as anything to her.

And as she had gone out the door with Al, the warm evening had brought a sort of extra pat to her face, and an unmistakable *bare - a - marvellous - time - old - adorable* swept past her. Oh, it had been clear, that night, particularly after the tacked-on essence of *And don't let it drag on the ground!*

Shortly after that it had come to father that Cella should go away to school.

"But I can't leave the gang!" she had argued. "Not just yet!" Al's asking her to the prom had elevated her to junior-senior recognition. Also, her home was coming to mean open house to a good many of the crowd. As Crain Philipps had said, it was a swell hang-out, and there wasn't somebody always around to crack down on the least thing. Aggie he didn't mind, because she wasn't the last authority, and a person didn't mind trying to wheedle her.

So father had let her go back to high school for her second year, even though his conscience had pricked him for it. But he'd soothed himself by trotting over to a private school bureau near his office to look into the possibilities. At the bureau he had met Mrs. Caldwell, who had showered school material upon them.

Cella had managed always to find some fault with the school in question, so father had dug up others, going back for more conferences. Cella had thought herself pretty smart, but of a sudden it wasn't funny.

Lately he'd begun to mention Mrs. Caldwell outside of the school situation. Oh, ever so casually. He'd played bridge with her at the Smiths'. The Smiths had been quite taken with her, couldn't get over what a strong personality she was. She'd lost her husband some time back, and then her child had been killed in an automobile accident a year or so ago. The second shock had turned her hair snow white. Yet never a word of her tragedy. Yes, the Smiths thought she was one in a million, and had snapped her up, all right, to fill in at bridge.

Another time he'd dropped the information about how delighted the Philipps were with her. Wasn't every day a hostess could find a person as congenial as Mrs. Caldwell to fill in.

Another day he'd mentioned running into her somewhere and taking her to dinner. Certainly deserving of any pleasure a person could throw her way.

Last week he'd said Cella should know her. Fine woman. Even then Cella hadn't tumbled, steeped only in her own affairs.

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But last night he had progressed to the point that Cella would like her. Jolly person she was, with a lot of good common sense thrown in. Then this morning he'd said he was playing bridge at the Dunningtons' that evening, and taking Mrs. Caldwell.

"By Jove, why don't I bring her here for dinner beforehand?" he'd said, as if it had just occurred to him. He'd told Aggie to get up a company meal for six-thirty.

He'd gone off to the office in a very sprightly mood.

"Hm!" Aggie had said, significantly. "He's got the symptoms!"

"Aggie!" Cella had said, for the first time aware that something serious might be in the wind. Then, "Oh, but he wouldn't!"

"It's been done before," Aggie had answered.

"He couldn't forget mother!" Cella had thought.

BUT TONIGHT he had brought Mrs. Caldwell to the house, calling her Adrienne, as if he'd been at it a good long time. And he was gallant almost to the point of foolishness.

"This is my Cella," he said proudly.

It had stuck out all over him that he was pretty proud of Adrienne, too, and wanted them to be special friends. Suddenly Cella had known. All his supposedly casual remarks had been his way of telling her what was coming.

Adrienne had a smooth lovely face, her white hair was gorgeously done, and she walked with the poise of an actress, Mimosa drifting along with her. She knew it was Mimosa because there was still some of it upstairs, left over from mother.

"My dear! I am glad to know you," Adrienne had said with such sincerity that for a moment Cella had been taken in by it. It had been a sort of reaching out for her, and she'd felt the pull.

She'd smiled warmly, but only for a moment. Then she had retreated into herself, thinking, "I see through you! I see through both of you!"

Adrienne had settled down into a comfortable chair, as if she had come home to something very pleasant. She seemed to drink in the whole lovely room, as if it had been created for her enjoyment.

"This room," Cella had wanted to shout, "was entirely mother's doing! It's mother's house, and I don't want you in it!"

Adrienne had found the picture above the mantel.

"Lovely!" she had said, as if she couldn't pull her eyes away.

"Ann's," said father, swelling up like a toad. "It's called The Light. Had a lot of comment."

"Such light!" Adrienne had said.

Indeed, it was a blaze of something far more than light. It wasn't a picture of anything concrete, but it made a person feel something, whether he understood it or not.

"It's death," Cella had said, and then regretted having explained it to this outsider. She remembered so vividly the days mother had worked on it, casually talking about a person's going out of this life in a blaze of glory, into another one—going right on, to other work, progressing, progressing. Just as if everybody knew that was what happened. It was tied solidly to the guardian angel pact too.

"It is life," Adrienne had said, as if

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There was no other sound . . . only the muffled memory of her scream in her ears. The room swayed dizzily for a moment, then was still again—still and very quiet. Shakily, she forced herself to look back at it. The body of Anthony Wayne lay there crumpled on the floor, a murderous black hole between the staring eyes.

A sob born of sheer panic choked in Linda's throat. She turned to run . . . to get away . . . out into the rain . . . anywhere. Then she froze.

THE DOOR was closed. She had left it open. Someone else was in the room.

The voice said, "I was afraid you wouldn't come when I left the message. I was afraid I'd have to go after you."

Linda turned. She was still rigid with shock. Her eyes were staring.

The mouth of the young man with the crisp curly hair was ugly. He had a small revolver in his right hand. He lifted it slightly.

Linda forced a sound from her stiff lips. "Why? Why are you doing this?"

The voice was cold. "I don't want to hang. You're the only one who knew I came here tonight . . . the only one who could pin Wayne's murder on me."

"The car." Her voice was husky. "You were driving Mr. Wayne's car."

"My car." The smile was grim. "Wayne gave it to me last year . . . among other things. To keep me quiet. He killed a woman. I knew about it."

The room was swaying. "Why did you kill him?"

"He was tired of paying. He was going to send me up for blackmail." His right arm stiffened.

Linda's head was spinning. It was through a haze that she saw the door stir, then swing open. A voice that didn't seem her own said, "Jim!"

He stood there in the doorway, his eyes blank, staring at the gun levelled at his chest. "But . . . what . . ."

Linda's fingers, nerveless, fumbled behind her at the switch of the table lamp. She twisted it. The sudden blackness was punctuated by a flash of fire and a sharp report. Terror caught at her throat. "Jim! Are you all right?"

There was a cracking sound and the shock of a bullet tearing into the woodwork behind her. Jim's voice was strained. "Shut up! He's shooting at sounds!"

There was another shot, a cry, a deep groan, a sound of a man tumbling to the floor, then silence—a silence that screamed horror at Linda. Jim was dead. Jim—

"That's one." The curly-haired man's voice shook a little. "Now for—ugh!"

A hand from a falling body brushed against Linda. She shuddered away. The light flashed on suddenly. Jim was standing there, a poker from the fireplace in his right hand, grimly surveying the unconscious figure on the floor. "Fooled the beggar," he muttered. "Fooled him."

Linda sighed. The light was still on, but the blackness was closing in on her, swallowing her up.

She came to on the couch in the outer office. Jim's arm was around her. He was gazing at her anxiously. "All right?"

She looked around her, dazed. The door to Wayne's office was open. There were sounds coming from it. She shuddered upright. "Who—"

"Easy now." He smiled. "The police are in there. Everything's all right."

Linda relaxed against his comforting arm. Her eyes looked up at him. "I—I was so glad to see you, Jim. So glad. How did you know I was in trouble?"

"I didn't. I just didn't trust Wayne's intentions, calling you so late. I was here to protect my interests. Uh . . ." He hesitated, his voice a little uncertain. ". . . they are my interests, aren't they?"

Linda's hand reached up and touched his cheek. She smiled. "All yours, Mr. Craig." +

What's the Matter with Father

Continued from page 11

wonder. But the reason I've been talking to you so much is I suspected from the start you were what's the matter with them; and now I'm pretty sure of it. Your wife is a well-balanced girl, with a good sensible notion of how to bring them up. You aren't balanced at all where they are concerned; and they don't know where they're at with you. Talk things over with your wife. And whatever you both decide, make sure you stick to it."

Thus the doctor; an old, unfashionable, inexpensive and wise man. Jane and I did talk things over, and made up our minds how we were going to train the children, and why we were going to do it that way. And what we agreed was to carry on as she'd been doing—not because she's a domineering woman, but chiefly because I was laid up at home with a sprained ankle just about then, and for a few days I saw what she actually had to cope with and how she managed.

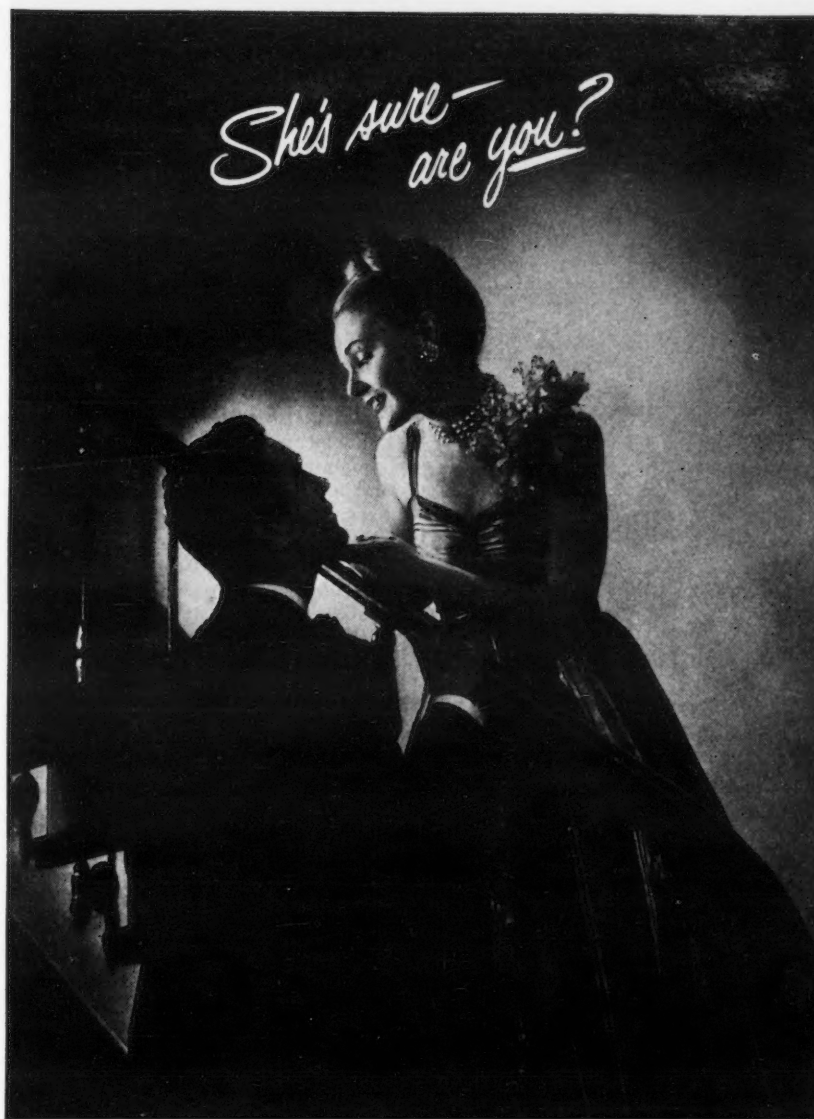
NOT KNOWING that, and not even trying very hard to imagine what it could be, is another common mistake of fathers. Too many of us feel that when we've earned the money to house and

feed and clothe our little family, to pay for education and to take care of the inevitable rainy day, we've done enough; and we leave homemaking to our wives because that's *their* job.

My wife had to put up from morning to night with the noise, the bottomless capacity for getting into trouble, and the exhausting spectacle of sheer energy, that even small Betty provided all by herself; let alone the tripling or quadrupling of all activities when Timmy came home from school.

She had to teach her daughter basic and difficult lessons, such as that when one doesn't feel inclined to eat, one mustn't throw one's food on the floor and howl like a stuck pig; or that it isn't good to lean very far out of a third-story window; or that the cat would come apart if you pulled its legs too far in opposite directions. Betty had to be convinced that lumps of coal are neither nourishing nor tasty; that my razor was to be left untouched on the bathroom shelf, and that toddling out into the middle of the street was dangerous.

All these things and hundreds more had to be explained or demonstrated by Jane while she was cooking or dusting or sewing, or even trying to read; and another set of problems came up with the arrival of Timmy. About now I began to realize not only what a terrific job she had, but also the amount of



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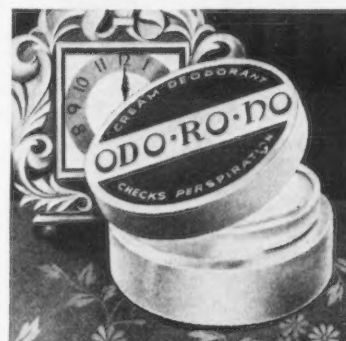
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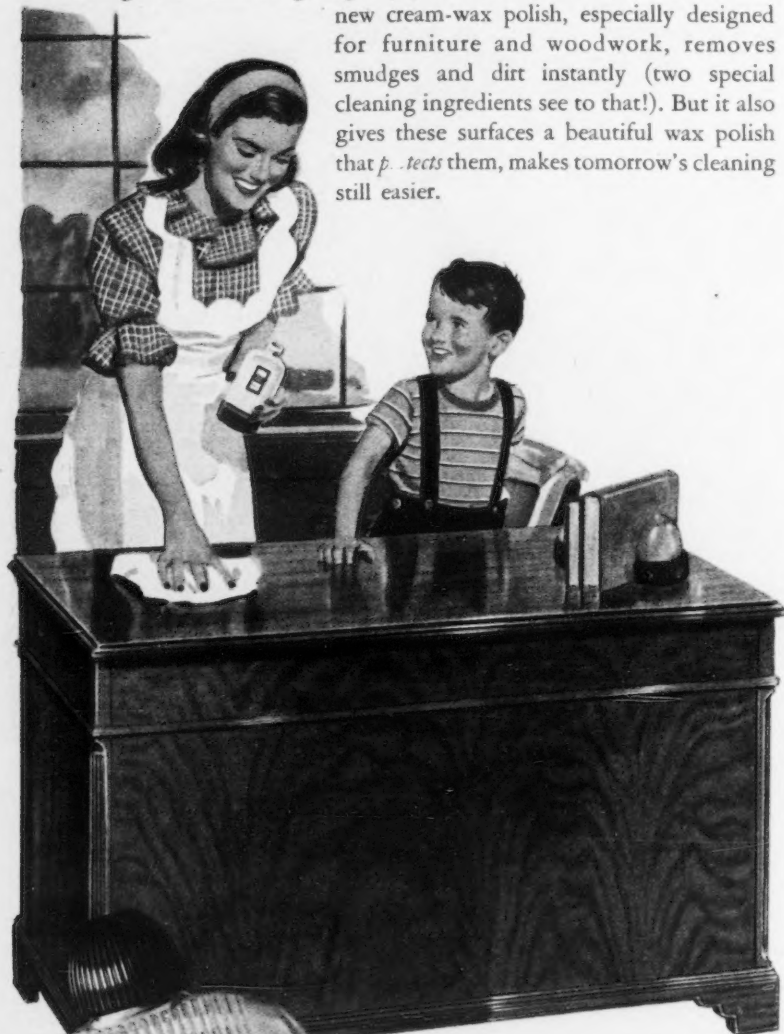


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"To get back at you. I was mad. I told you. Linda, about that car tonight coming at you. I've been worried. Maybe the police ought to know about—"

"It was nerves, Jim. Imagination."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure. After all, why should anyone want to kill me?"

"How about Wayne. No one seems to know anything about what he did before he came out here. Did you happen to find out anything he doesn't want known?"

"You have a complex about Mr. Wayne, and I wish you'd stop. He likes me."

"So do I, but there are times I feel like wringing your neck. I want to talk to you, Linda. I'm coming up."

"I won't be here. Mr. Wayne called. I'm going back to the office."

"At this hour? With that wolf?"

"Good night, Mr. Craig." It pleased her to hang up on him. He had let her down badly when she'd felt she needed him. But she was glad he had called. However he treated her or she him, he was still her man. And the blond girl had had her worried.

THE TAXI was waiting out in front when she got downstairs. Linda hurried into it. The rain had changed from its soothing pitterpat to something driving and grim, the heavy drops mushrooming as they slapped against the pavement. The taxi sloshed its way through the water running deep at the curbs, gained the Strip and cruised carefully up to the low building in which Wayne's offices were housed. Linda, still sitting in the cab, paid the driver, then ran for the shelter of the doorway.

She paused there, smoothing her clothes, watching the gleaming lights of the taxi cut through the falling drops as it turned. Then she froze suddenly. There, about a half block up, on the other side of the street, was a big black sedan.

Linda felt cold. It was a prickly coldness that had nothing to do with the rain. She was trembling. She stepped quickly inside, closing the door behind her. She peered back through the streaked glass panel. She was being a fool. There were thousands of black sedans in Los Angeles. The one parked there couldn't possibly be the same one. Besides, why should anyone want to kill her—to even hurt her? Why? She shivered. She didn't know. But one thing she did know. When she went home, she wasn't going alone. Anthony Wayne would have to take her.

The slight glow at the head of the staircase was an indication that the lights in the outer office were still on. Linda tried to get hold of herself as she climbed the steps. Anthony Wayne wouldn't appreciate a hysterical secretary who had suddenly developed a phobia about black sedans. After all, he had one himself. He had . . .

Linda swallowed. She paused at the top of the staircase. She had almost forgotten. Anthony Wayne did have one. She hadn't seen it for nearly a year—he'd been driving the red convertible—but she remembered it. A big black sedan, almost exactly like the one—

Her hand went to her mouth. The huge bumper guards . . . The special ones Wayne had on his car. She remembered the sedan bearing down on her—the bumper guards . . .

Linda's knees felt like water. There

was terror in her, terror that wanted to run frantically down the steps and out into the rain . . . run and run. Her teeth caught her lower lip, holding it firmly. She had to get a grip on herself . . . couldn't be panicky now. The sedan was out there—the one with the bumper guards. That was what he wanted—to get her out there—to run her down—to make it look like an accident. He—he wouldn't kill her in his office. The girl at the hotel desk knew she was going to the office. He'd hang if he killed her there. She was safe as long as she stayed in the office.

Anthony Wayne wanted to kill her. But why?

Linda shuddered suddenly. She knew why. Anthony Wayne had killed before . . . a woman.

SHE REMEMBERED with a shock how livid his face had been when he'd discovered her reading the letter from the parole board. She hadn't known . . . she'd been opening all his mail. Manslaughter. A drunken brawl in a café . . . a bottle thrown at a man, hitting a woman. Enough to ruin his career if it became known. He'd made her promise never to breathe a word of it—his career was his life. And Linda hadn't. Something must have happened to destroy his trust in her—something that had made him determine to destroy her.

But he wouldn't do it there. Wouldn't do it in the office. He'd have to make it look like an accident. If she could call the police . . . have them come.

There was a strained feeling behind Linda's eyes as she pushed open the door. The outer office was empty. The light was still on. The big soundproof door to Wayne's inner sanctum was closed. But Linda knew that that was empty too . . . that the man who normally occupied it was out across the street, sitting behind the wheel of a big black sedan, waiting.

She reached quickly for the telephone and lifted it to her ear, her forefinger slipping into the "Operator" slot. She hesitated. There wasn't any familiar buzz of the dial tone. There wasn't anything. The telephone was silent. There was a hollow feeling in Linda's chest. She jiggled the telephone stand and listened again. Nothing. She dialed frantically. There was no response. The telephone was dead.

Linda replaced it dully. Someone had disconnected it—disconnected it or cut the wires. There was no way of getting help without going out. And Linda wasn't going out again that night . . . not alone. Her eyes fell on the door to Wayne's office. His private line . . . it was just possible . . .

She pushed open the door carefully. It made no sound as it opened. The room was dark with a deep oppressive blackness. She realized that the Venetian blinds must be shut. She hesitated, an icy tingle running down her spine. Her imagination was playing tricks again. She had had a feeling that there was something in there . . . a presence. She listened. Nothing. Only the slap of rain against the windows.

She steered herself, stepped inside and groped toward the big mahogany desk. Her fingers fumbled, found the switch of the desk lamp, turned it on. The shaded light reassured her. She lifted the private telephone. Dead. Dead too. And then she saw the thing lying next to the chair.

Linda screamed. + Cont'd on page 81

"You just want to hug them"



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The Black Sedan

Continued from page 6

Rudy, host at the Hurricane, seemed surprised to see her. "Jim told me you weren't coming."

Linda had to fight to keep the hysteria out of her voice. "Where is he?"

"In back. In one of the booths in the Palm Room. I'd better tell him—"

"Don't bother, Rudy. I can find him"

She edged around the couples on the tiny dance floor and threaded her way through the tables. She slid into the seat opposite him.

His dark eyes looked up from contemplation of the pale liquid in the glass he was holding. They widened, and the eyelids flickered. "Hullo? Where did you come from?"

"Jim, someone is trying to kill me."

"Eh?" He frowned blackly. "So that's it."

"That's what?"

"I knew this Wayne character wasn't strictly business. He's been priming you with cocktails in some bar."

"Don't be a fool, Jim. I haven't been drinking."

"No? Do you know what you just said?"

"That someone is trying to kill me."

"Well...?"

"Jim, please!"

He shrugged. "Whatever gave you that weird idea?"

"A black car. It—it almost hit me when I was crossing the street."

"Lady, you're living in Los Angeles. They give bounty for pedestrians out here."

"It wasn't an accident, Jim. It happened twice."

"Just par for an evening."

"Jim, it was the same black car. And it was waiting for me in front of the apartment."

"Most cars look black on a rainy night."

"You — you think it's just my imagination, don't you?"

"I don't know what to think." His voice was flat—angry. "I do know that lately you've been treating me like the extra man for an idle moment. I don't like it, Linda."

"I'm sorry, Jim. It's only that I've been so—"

"Pardon me." A tall blond girl with vivid blue eyes had paused at the booth. "I'm not intruding, am I?"

Jim had risen. "Of course not, Marjorie. Linda Keith, Marjorie Cheyney. Linda just stopped by to say hello."

Linda stood up, confused. "Yes, I—I was just running along." She picked up her bag and gloves. "Uh... good night, Jim."

There was a blurring in front of her eyes as she moved toward the entrance. Jim hadn't been fooling. He'd made another date. He—he didn't care about her any more.

She stood in front of the Hurricane

for a moment while the attendant called a taxi for her. She wasn't as frightened as she had been. The lights and the music had made her impression of her experience with the black sedan seem a little ridiculous, even to her. But there was a lost feeling deep inside her. She felt terribly, miserably alone.

THE TAXI dropped her in front of her building. She looked quickly around her as she got out to pay the driver. The streets were quiet—empty. A few cars were parked at the curbs, but the long black sedan was nowhere. Linda took a deep breath. It was amazing where your imagination could take you. Jim was right. She had been working too hard. She was getting nervous... jittery.

The girl at the switchboard stopped her as she went in. "Oh, Miss Keith."

"Yes?"

"There's a message for you. A Mr. Wayne called. Wants you back at the office right away. Said something had come up, and he had some work that had to be done tonight."

"Tonight!" Linda looked down at herself, dismayed. She felt cold and

damp, her stockings were streaked and her shoes were splattered. She had a strong impulse to call and tell Anthony Wayne that she had had enough... that she was quitting right then. By the time she reached her apartment, however, she knew that she was going. Anthony Wayne had never wasted her time yet. If he thought something was urgent enough to get her back to the office at this hour, it undoubtedly was. She changed her shoes and stockings hurriedly, slipped into a warmer dress and telephoned for a taxi. She was just going out again when the telephone rang.

It was Jim. He sounded anxious. "Linda?"

She kept her voice cool. "Hello, Jim. Want something?"

"Just to make sure that you're all right."

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"That story you told me."

"Oh? You didn't seem much concerned about it at the time."

"I was mad, Linda. I'd been sitting there feeling sorry for myself. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I think it's high time we discovered that we can get along perfectly well without each other."

His voice was unhappy. "Can we, Linda?"

"You seemed to be doing all right. I admire your taste. She really was lovely."

"Marjorie? Her only interest in me is the hope I can introduce her to a director."

"And yours in her?"

+ Continued on page 78

Nothing is Lost

By LOIS BROWN

+

The dark grey wings of loneliness and loss

Are folded now, as vibrant spring comes in

Pulsing with life, freeing the fettered brook

Stirring to motion leaf and curling fern.

The sweet arbutus wakes within the wood,

And eager buds burst green on branch and vine,

The robin warms the blue eggs in her nest;

Shy creatures burrow in the throbbing earth.

So nothing dies; the ice of winter yields.

And spring is God, and hope within the breast.

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But close at hand, in wonders new and small.

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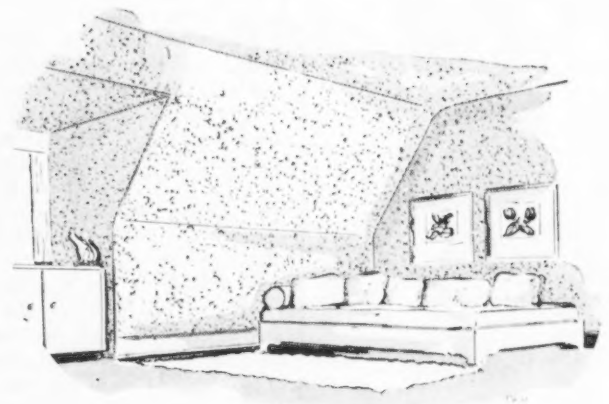
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heavy duty
THE WEIGHT IS WHERE THE WEAR IS!

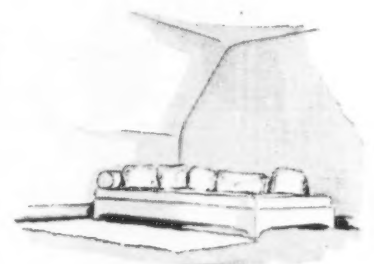
METAL STAMPINGS LIMITED TORONTO — CANADA

Decorating Ideas



That attic bedroom. Often this involves a wallpaper problem because of sloping walls. The solution is to choose a pattern that's sufficiently small and rounded-out in design to stand on its head! Or, in other words, not to look completely upside down when applied to angles and slopes. A polka dot or a paper having a small prim motif will fill the bill; or small nosegays that haven't an obvious up-and-down appearance. If the pattern is of this neat type, you can use it over all walls and ceilings and gain a continuity of effect—highly desirable when the areas themselves are irregular in outline.

A split scheme. Another effective treatment for a room with sloping walls can be worked out by papering the straight end in a bold pattern, then using plain paper or paint, in matching tone, for the other areas. Valance boxes over the windows could be covered in the pattern, to distribute interest. In our sketch we show the largest item of furniture—a studio couch—placed against an end wall done in plaid paper. Multicolored cushions would provide bright accents.



Dormer windows. How to treat the ceilings of dormers—that's a question frequently asked. The answer is to choose a small all-over pattern of wallpaper and use the "up-and-over" treatment. The ceiling of a dormer is usually lower than the room height; by lining the whole window aperture with the one pattern, a more continuous background effect is achieved. Also it supplies decorative interest in a space generally too small for two sets of curtains. Note in our sketch, how the same wallpaper has been applied to the shaped valance box which conceals the rod for the glass curtains.

It is always a good idea to have the background of the paper repeated in the ceiling color. Avoid using a border in sloping-walled rooms, as this will only emphasize the break between walls and ceiling.



for Walls and Floors

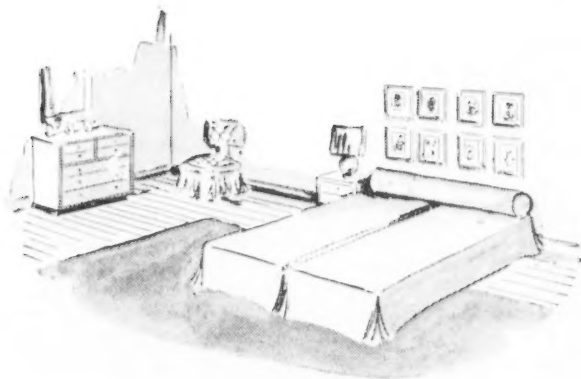
Chatelaine, May, 1947 — 75



Wall to wall. Plain carpet, broadloom or strip type, is back on the market. Nothing gives a more spacious appearance to a living room than the wall-to-wall floor covering. With modern cleaning facilities, the problem of our grandmothers in keeping "close carpeting" neat and sanitary pretty well disappears. Light neutral colors and two-toned all-over designs have been found more practical than plain dark shades.



Scatter rugs are universally used. They look best when placed in relation to a group of furniture—as here, at sides and foot of bed. They should not be laid at an angle, as this will result in a restless-looking scheme. Neither should they be placed in dim halls or at the top of stairways, for small rugs can be a serious accident hazard. In living rooms of colonial or Victorian style, a finely hooked rug in suitable color and design can be the centre of a fireside grouping.



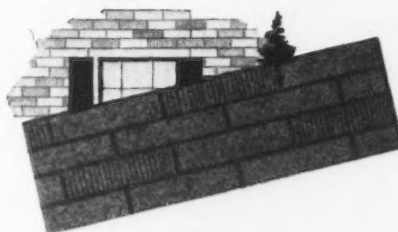
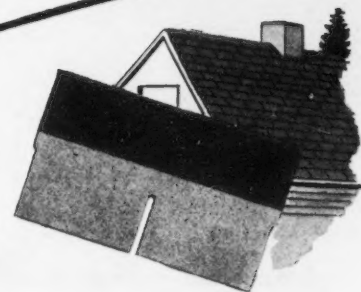
Out of balance. No room reaches its maximum effect when the floor covering stops far short of the baseboard. This is particularly unfortunate in the bedroom, where, as shown in the sketch, the line of the rug may cut through the bed grouping. Far better to use a few small rugs in strategic positions on the polished or painted wood floor.

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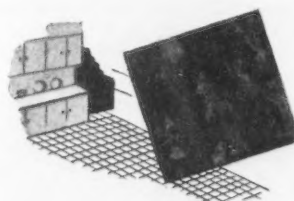
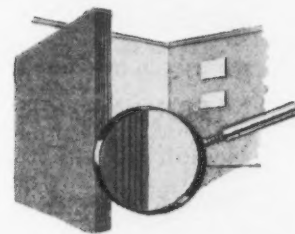
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BIRD DIVISION

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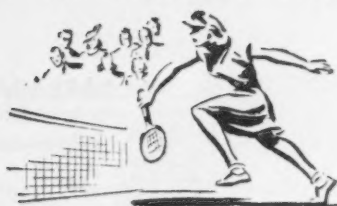
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**FLEET
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FOR EVERY
TYPE OF SUMMER WEAR



Wherever fast, sure footwork is essential — Fleet Foot is the most popular shoe for any court or any sport.

There are Fleet Foot shoes for every type of summer wear — for every member of the family. Ask for Fleet Foot by name, at your shoe dealer's.

GYM — Women's white Oxford with shock-proof insoles, "breathable" uppers, non-marking outsoles. Also men's high cut style and Oxford.



BELMORE



Women's white Oxfords, two styles as shown. Full cork insoles, smart foxing, strong toe bumpers.

TENNIS



DOMINION  **RUBBER**
COMPANY LIMITED

Beauty

BREVITIES

THERE'S a new type of make-up, just out, which seems to combine the best properties of both face powder and foundation base. It covers up minor skin blemishes, gives the same smooth finish as cake make-up but it is applied dry with a velours puff, instead of with water and a sponge. It contains a special ingredient which makes it cling to the skin. Another point in its favor—if you should want to make impromptu repairs to your face, you can use it without danger of spilling powder down the front of your dress. There are five shades, ranging from ivory blond to a deep bronze for summertime tan.

Spare your hand lotion and you'll spoil your nylons. That's a common-sense warning. If your hands are rough you can snag a fine new pair of stockings as quick as you can say "Darn!" To keep hands velvety smooth rub in lots of hand lotion *before* and *after* washing.

One of the most popular scent products this year is a new type of body sachet which can be dusted on, just like bath powder. The warmth of your body brings out a very delicate and elusive floral fragrance.

To be the "blushing bride" of fiction and song, choose your make-up sequence with care. A beige-pink foundation and face powder, or the blond shade of new make-up compact (described above) will best complement the ivory or white of your wedding gown. Use rouge very sparingly, if at all. Lipstick and nail polish could be a salmon pink with a blue undertone.

Consistency has never been one of woman's outstanding characteristics, so don't be too consistent in your choice of perfume. In other words, why be a one-perfume woman? Just as you change your hair-do, your make-up and your costume to suit different occasions, so you should vary your scent. As an efficient girl-with-a-job you can wear a light flowery fragrance—one which is never obtrusive. As the outdoor type, choose a clean spicy scent. But—as somebody's heart throb on a gala party night, you can give off a headier and more subtle perfume. It's wise to purchase your scent in small quantities so you'll have lots of variety.

Trim those nails! Even in high fashion circles, nails which extend more than a quarter of an inch beyond the cushion of the finger are definitely passé. The style has been shelved by popular opinion. Not many people—and especially the masculine gender—have really been lured by mandarin nails. One man insists that fingers ending in long points are like the claws of a chicken—good only for scratching. Elongated nails were especially unattractive when one or two broke off and gave the fingers involved a dwarfed appearance. So, a couple of hurrahs for shorter, neater nails—more practical for work and easier as to upkeep.

Greetings to a new type of plastic comb—one which actually combs waves into the hair and makes a hair-do last longer. It has a double set of teeth and looks rather like the ripples on the surface of water after you've tossed in a pebble. The teeth are shaped to follow the contour of each wave as you run the comb through your hair—unlike the usual type which combs hair straight and then lets you push and pat.

If you're on a slimming regime and cutting down on your calories, it's a good idea to use as little table salt as possible. Salt increases your desire for liquid—and although water itself is nonfattening, it will temporarily increase your weight. Also salt actually stimulates appetite. It is apt to make passing up those second helpings even more of a strain on your will power.

Love is Lightning

Continued from page 67

Hank had said, "Why don't you wear the pale gold gown." Hank had known. Hank must have sent it. So that Gary would look at her and really see her at last? So that the lightning would strike Gary and he would fall in love with her before it was too late?

"No, not Hank!" She said the words aloud, but they didn't convince her. Suddenly she realized that she had always been unfair to Hank and that made her angry. Who did he think he was, sending her such an expensive gift, showing off his wealth to help a poor little pauper who was making a fool of herself? Well, she'd wear it anyway. She certainly wasn't going to tear it off and send it back to him like the outraged heroine in one of those old books he used to mock. It made her look magnificent, better than she had ever dreamed of looking. As far as she was concerned it was a gift and a commission from Valeska. The least she could do was to be a really good mannequin.

She waited until she knew they had all gone into dinner before she started down. As she rounded the curve in the stairs she saw him, standing there in the hall below her. He looked up and smiled. She stopped suddenly, grasping the rail for support. Her heart beat so heavily she could hardly breathe. She could not move. She could only stand there, looking down, and wait for him to speak.

"Sargent would have painted you," he said. "You look so cool and calm and beautiful."

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, standing very straight.

"Because you're only one of those things."

"I'm cool and calm."

"No, darling." He smiled again. "You're only beautiful."

She went on down toward him, grasping the rail, her eyes never leaving his face. Why had she never seen the sweetness of this smile, the kindness in eyes which were always so clear but never empty? How had she missed the throbbing warmth which lay so deep beneath the coolness of his voice? They had always been there.

"It's late," she said, pausing two steps above him. "You must not keep them waiting."

"Oh, we aren't dining here, we're going to run out on them. I'll bring the car around."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward? What do you think about just driving on and on. Until we find someone who'll marry us?"

"Very romantic."

"But with lots of reality. It's cold and it's snowing, and the top's stuck down."

"Wonderful. I'll get my coat." She tried to turn back up the stairs but she was afraid to let go of the railing. The world was a whirling mass of lovely colors, gathering speed with every turn. Unless she went toward him it might whirl her away. It might separate them forever.

"Hank . . ." She closed her eyes, feeling the sharp sting of tears.

"What is it, darling?"

"Just the lightning—"

"Makes you feel dizzy, doesn't it?"

"But so wonderful," she murmured, stepping down into his arms. ✦

New Powder-Shade makes even a Bride look

*more Feminine
more Romantic!*

If ever a girl looks lovely and feminine—it's on her wedding day! Yet here is a powder-shade so gloriously fresh and flattering—it makes *even a bride* look more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" is a soft, warm shade that instantly makes *any skin* look younger, more feminine. Instantly makes *any face* look more romantic!

"BRIDAL PINK"

Flatters your skin
5 different ways!

1. "Bridal Pink" gives a smooth, young finish to your skin.
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3. "Bridal Pink" gives new freshness and clarity—even to a faded skin.
4. "Bridal Pink" seems to erase signs of weariness and fatigue.
5. "Bridal Pink" clings softly—makes skin look feminine and romantic.

Blended by
Entirely New
Color-Principle

Women who have tried "Bridal Pink" tell me it's the most *flattering* powder-shade I have ever achieved. That's because it's blended by means of a new patented color-principle, which gives it a special translucence and beauty.

Try "Bridal Pink" on one cheek and compare it with the other . . . if you want to see the exciting difference it makes in your appearance!



Send for your FREE package of
Lady Esther "Bridal Pink"

Let me send you a little gift package of "Bridal Pink". Try it! See how it lights up your face with new warmth, new excitement! I'll include the 4 other most popular shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. It's fun to try them all!

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BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS

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DOMINION SQUARE BUILDING
MONTREAL, CANADA

P is for pie



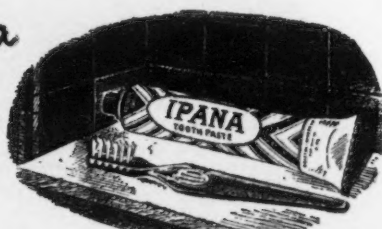
Delicious, nourishing. But typical of today's soft food diet — almost no chewing to it. Little exercise to help keep gums firm. Yet strong, healthy gums are so important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile.

a is for appointment



With your dentist. At first sign of "pink tooth brush." Let him decide whether it's serious or just another case of tender, unexercised gums. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

i is for Ipana



Ideal for home care of smiles. Cleans teeth thoroughly and is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. 7 out of 10 Canadian dentists recommend regular gum massage as an aid to firm, healthy gums, sparkling teeth, a bright smile.

Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

b is for beauty



Which goes with a radiant smile. So follow the popular dental routine of regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage. Helps your teeth — your smile — to brighter, more appealing charm.

*Wake Up lazy gums with
Ipana and Massage*

Listen to "Duffy's Tavern" Wed. evenings Dominion Network

Economize on These



Your permanent will last longer, be softer and more manageable if you anticipate the appointment by several weeks and start giving yourself hair-conditioning treatments at home. If your hair is dry, rub warm oil into your scalp twice a week; wrap your head in a towel and let the oil sink in for an hour or two before shampooing. If too-oily hair is your problem, rub your scalp each night with special anti-oil tonic. And oh yes—don't forget that daily workout with the most important item of all: your hairbrush!

A well-equipped manicure box and half an hour a week is all you need to take proper care of your nails. It's a good idea to have one or two professional manicures just to watch how it's done—then go and do likewise. To make manicures last longer, smart girls wear rubber gloves for dishwashing and laundering, and cotton working gloves for dusting and cleaning. How about those two bottles of hand lotion? Are they placed at strategic points—one near the kitchen sink and one on the bathroom shelf?



If you apply mouth make-up with a brush, not only will your mouth take a better shape, but you can continue to use your favorite brand—even if it is more costly than other types. Because you will be able to use up the very last smitch, with no need to discard when the coloring wears below the top of the container. Also—learn to tuck your lipstick back in your purse after each use. Most of us mislay more lipsticks than we use up.

Keeping in shape will simplify clothing problems. If you stay the same size you'll be able to wear out your dresses and suits. But if too many calories and too little exercise increase your measurements all over, it's a case of buying an entire new wardrobe or wasting time and money on having your duds altered. Let bathroom scales and a measuring tape give you a weekly report on figure work, then let diet and P.T. keep you slimmed down.



... Not on These

Most of us need only two permanents a year. The difference in price between a good, bad or indifferent perm, if spread over a six months period, is negligible. So don't condemn yourself to a frizzy topknot or to a curl which lies down and dies a few months after your perm. The very best wave for your type of hair is the very best economy in the long run. The same rule applies to the cutting and shaping of your hair. Go to an expert.



Packaging, itself, is costly so you'll get better value for your money if you buy bathing accessories in the large-sized packages. A skimpy handful of bath salts is enough for one tub of water. Your delicately scented soap will last longer if you don't let it lurk in the bottom of the tub, wasting itself to a mere shaving while you soak. A first-class body rub when your skin feels dry can be achieved with baby oil, and it comes in family-sized bottles, enough to last for months.

Be farsighted in the care of your complexion. How you'll look in 10 years' time depends on what you're doing right now. Buy the very best skin treatment materials—then use them sparingly. Night creams, rich in animal and vegetable oils, will help keep your face youthful and unlined. Cheaper creams with a wax base are fine for cleansing but not for lubricating. To prevent waste, some skin food jars have small spatulas attached to help you measure carefully and economically, for each application.



There's sure to be trouble afoot for those who economize by wearing ill-fitting shoes, worn-out party shoes or slip-slop bedroom slippers as they go about their household chores. Shoes which don't fit will pinch and rub—cause corns and calluses. Spike-heeled dance pumps will throw weight off balance. And those bedroom slippers which feel like dear old friends will let you down every time when it comes to arch support. Proper foot gear is well worth trouble and extra pennies.



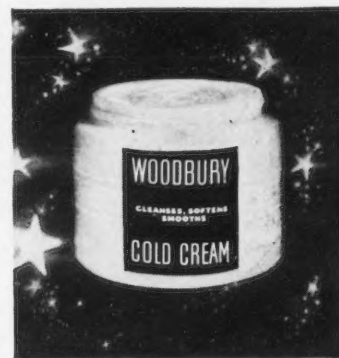
-that Always-Fresh look



says **BARBARA BRITTON** co-starring with Randolph Scott in "Gunfighters" a Producers'-Actors' Production

"My beauty-glow cleansing"

"In Hollywood, a girl's skin has to be on-the-glow! I'm always *cleansing* fresh with Woodbury—my Cold Cream for the cleanest, freshest skin! It's different—so quick 'n' clean-cleansing—even heavy make-up whisks away,—and skin's fresh-lovely!" Know why, Barbara? Four rich oils in Woodbury Cold Cream—deep cleansing oils float out dirt, powder, rouge. Your cue, girls, to that Woodbury "Always-Fresh Look!"



Barbara looks dream-lovely—dining with husband Dr. Eugene Zukor. "After the studio—my Woodbury cream-cleansing again! So smo-o-thing to tired, work-dried skin. Almost instantly, my skin looks new bloom!" Reason? Woodbury's rich softening oils! Make Babs' beauty care yours, girls—Woodbury Cold Cream for your daytime and bedtime cleansing, and for softening your skin all-night. Keep skin Woodbury-Wonderful!

-with Woodbury Cold Cream"

(Made in Canada)

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

"Tell time to stand still"

SAYS YOUR BEAUTY SENSE



YOU: I feel wonderful!

BEAUTY SENSE: But do you look as young as you feel?

YOU: Why, I rather liked my complexion.

BEAUTY SENSE: Not bad for a winter leftover, but you need a rosy powder to counteract that indoor cast . . . and your skin's bone dry.

YOU: I suppose you're going to tell me that Dorothy Gray skin care and make-up will do the trick?

BEAUTY SENSE: Well, there's nothing better for holding time back than daily skin care with Special Dry-Skin Mixture.

YOU: Now that's a cream!

BEAUTY SENSE: And Rose-Glo, the new Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder shade, used over a cared-for skin is simply fantastic for toning a wintered complexion.

YOU: Imp or angel, you're a good influence . . . I'll try your unbeatable combination.



Special Dry-Skin Mixture is another famous formula from the house that understands your face . . .
\$2.50, \$4.50. New Rose-Glo Face Powder...\$1.25.
Copyright 1947, by Dorothy Gray (Canada) Ltd.

Dorothy Gray

HELPS YOUR SKIN TO WEAR ITS MAKE-UP WELL

Getting Married

—the new etiquette

Is it permissible to have wedding and reception at the bridegroom's home?

Custom has always held out in favor of the bride's home, or that of her grandparents or some other relative; or in hall or rooms rented by her family for the occasion. However, in this day of post-war weddings, with brides coming alone from far countries, the rule has been set aside, and, graciously and in perfect taste, the groom's mother may be hostess at her son's wedding.

Can a widow or divorcee at her second marriage wear a veil of any kind?

A shoulder-length veil may be worn on a smart hat; but it should in no way suggest the white bridal veil worn at a first marriage.

At a second marriage is it proper to have a wedding cake? If the bride is a widow, should she dispose of her former engagement and wedding rings?

Certainly she may have a wedding cake but orange blossoms should not be used to trim it, as they are the symbols of virginity. A widow usually takes off her first engagement ring as soon as she becomes engaged again; occasionally she transfers it to her right hand, but that depends entirely on her own and especially her fiancé's feelings. She may remove her wedding ring at the same time, but she may, if she wishes, wear it until the day of her second marriage when she takes it off forever.

Is it proper for the children of a first marriage to be present at their mother's second wedding? Can a grown-up son give his mother away?

The grown children of a first marriage are the most important guests at the second ceremony. Any avoidable absence might indicate disapproval. It is quite in order for a grown son to conduct his mother to the altar.

When a young war widow marries again, should wedding invitations be sent to the first husband's parents and relatives? Would they send gifts and attend?

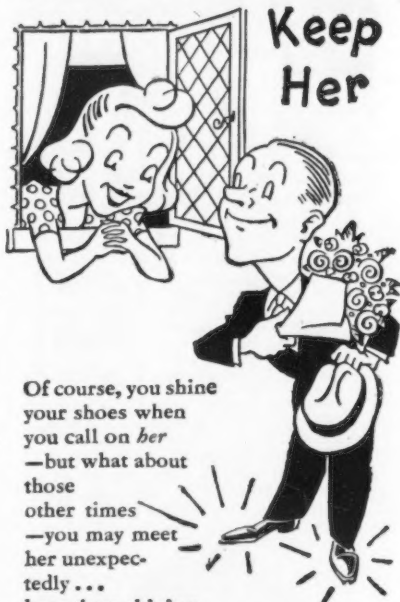
Yes, an invitation should certainly be sent to the first husband's parents—accompanied or followed by a little note from the bride saying how much she wants them to be there, but if they prefer not to attend she will quite understand. If the first husband's relatives have become close friends, their names should be on the list for invitations, and they would send gifts and attend, or not—just as they wished.

How soon after the wedding should the "thank you" letters be written? Can printed or engraved cards of thanks be used?

Sticklers for form state that the bride should write a note of thanks on the day the wedding present arrives, or at least within three days. However, the main point is not so much the time element but a pleasant, well-expressed letter of thanks which must acknowledge each gift—before or after the wedding. The bride must attend to this matter herself, and write it by hand, using proper social-letter notepaper. Never, never is a printed or engraved card acceptable as a substitute. *

SHINING EXAMPLE NO. 1

Get Your Girl and Keep Her

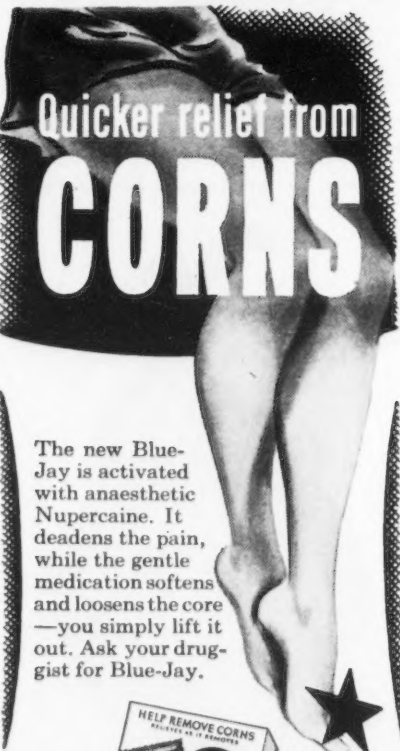


Of course, you shine your shoes when you call on her—but what about those other times—you may meet her unexpectedly . . . keep them shining always.

Acquire Polish THE "NUGGET" WAY



THE DAILY DOSE OF NUGGET DOES IT!



Quicker relief from CORNS

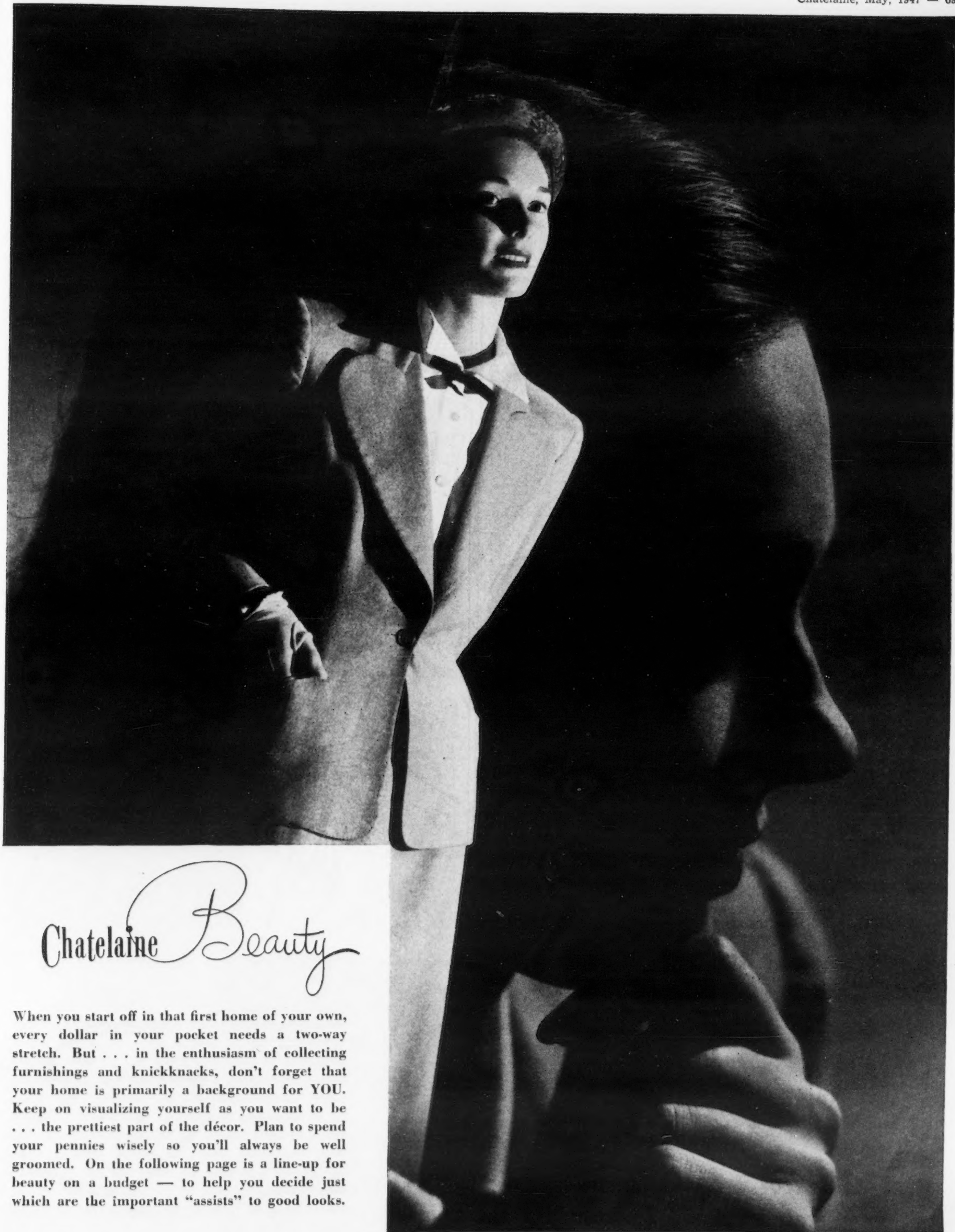
The new Blue-Jay is activated with anaesthetic Nupercaine. It deadens the pain, while the gentle medication softens and loosens the core—you simply lift it out. Ask your druggist for Blue-Jay.



BLUE-JAY

with NUPERCINE

-deadens the pain -loosens the core



Chatelaine Beauty

When you start off in that first home of your own, every dollar in your pocket needs a two-way stretch. But . . . in the enthusiasm of collecting furnishings and knickknacks, don't forget that your home is primarily a background for YOU. Keep on visualizing yourself as you want to be . . . the prettiest part of the décor. Plan to spend your pennies wisely so you'll always be well groomed. On the following page is a line-up for beauty on a budget — to help you decide just which are the important "assists" to good looks.

SOMETHING NEW! Between You and the Sun

For
ROOF TOP • GARDEN
SUNLAMP • BEACH



Sunbrella TODAY — TAN WITHOUT BURNING!

- Not greasy . . . Not sticky
- Spreads easily . . . quickly
- Won't stain even white fabric
- Cools... Soothes... Refreshes
- So delightfully perfumed

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE ACHIEVEMENT

Tailored in London

GOR-RAY skirts of best English and Scottish material, London tailor cut, have just arrived in the best shops—look for the label



GOR-RAY
Registered

'KONERAY' PLEATED SKIRTS
Registered

Trade enquiries: please cable 'Gor-ray' Wesdo London

Sole Manufacturers: Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St London W1 England

But while she was speaking her eyes had come back to his and were held by him. Her heart began to beat heavily and she was filled with the old desire to help him, give him what he wanted, make him happy at any cost so that he might always smile like this.

"It's full of memories for me, too," he said softly, and his voice included her, making her feel that she had always been and always would be a very important part of his life.

"Gary . . ." she began. But something stirred in the clear depths of his eyes, some glint of premature triumph showed, seen only because she was watching him so closely. She was able to take her eyes away. She saw his hands on the edge of the chaise longue. The strong brown fingers were hooked deeply into the upholstery, tense and grasping. They didn't belong with his easy smile and the clearness of his eyes.

"But why do you want the camp?" She knew that in spite of her effort to sound the same her voice told him the spell was broken.

"Well, you know how hard it is to buy up there now," he said. "Everybody's permanent and the kind that holds on for generations. And you know how I am about the hunting and fishing. It's a good place to take people—business people. And of course there's Muriel now—"

"I have to think of myself once in a while," she said, smiling.

"I know, darling, and you'd better be practical. I'll make it up to you. How about a little stock in the Bracken Company? That makes much better sense. I don't suppose you're going to stay with Aunt Edith forever, even if you—if you don't marry. You'd much better take the money."

"But I don't want the money. I've never been interested in money."

"Darling, don't be an idiot." He was laughing at her. "You've never had any to be interested in, that's all." He leaned toward her. "Come on, Cam. Quit teasing me. You'll give it to me, won't you?"

SHE LET him wait. Looking down at his hands, she forced from her mind all memories of him and the years of her devotion. Could she give him this, as she had given up everything for him all her life? Or if she refused would it somehow set her free? She raised her eyes slowly and saw him exactly as he was. Charming, spoiled, utterly heartless when he was after something he wanted. Now, on top of everything else he had, he wanted the camp, to use for only a few weeks each year. He had always been aware of her feelings for him, but now there was no thought for her. There had never been any thought for her, or for anyone else.

"No, Gary. I'm not going to give it to you. I'm going to keep it. Always."

"Cam, I thought you were fond of me." He was reproachful.

"I am fond of you," she said, smiling faintly. "And I suppose I always will be. You leave a kind of indelible mark, Gary, on people who love you. It won't quite rub out. But that doesn't mean that I'll give you the camp. Or that after tomorrow I'll still be doing things for you, or even seeing you again. And I suppose after a while I won't want to. After a while I won't care."

He got up from the chaise longue slowly, his face dark with anger, his

hands clenched at his sides. It was a moment or two before he managed to cover the anger in his face and eyes.

"You must be very tired," he said. "I know it's rather a trying thing for you—this wedding. Maybe when you think it over you'll feel differently about the camp."

He waited, but she just lay there smiling faintly until at last he went away. She lay perfectly still for a long time and tried not to think or feel anything at all. The clock on the stairs struck softly. It was time to dress for dinner. She got up and took the Greek gown from Valeska's box.

She was completely dressed, her hair done more or less à la Grecque with every curl as "exact" as possible, when Muriel appeared in the doorway. Muriel was smoking a cigarette in a long holder of cherry amber. Her beautiful hair billowed about her head and shoulders, mixing with the cigarette smoke in a pale sulphurous cloud. Under a cherry velvet manteau she was wearing silver net pyjamas and the whole effect was stunning.

"Hello, darling," she said coolly. "I'll buy that dress from you."

"Not for sale." Cam smiled at her.

"Well, I must say Valeska does well by you. Maybe I should go to her all the time."

"I don't think she'd take you."

"Because I'm not a lady?" Muriel's eyes were mocking.

"Don't be ridiculous. Who is? If Valeska ever made such a rule she'd be out of business in two weeks. No, I meant you seem to have your own flair for clothes and she'd fight with you."

"You think I do all right?"

"I think you're stunning."

Muriel stared. "Good lord, I believe you mean it."

"Yes, I mean it."

"You're being nice. I mean, really."

"Of course I am."

"That's fine. That's simply swell."

Now how about leaving my guy alone?"

"Which one?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, there's Hank Weyland—"

"I'm awfully sorry. That's none of your business. Or maybe it is. We'll talk about that later. I was speaking of Gary."

"All right. What about Gary?"

"He's in the most ghastly grump. He simply isn't the sweet little boy he used to be. And he says it's your fault."

"I refused to give him the camp."

"Well, thank heaven for that," Muriel said devoutly. "Those beautiful waters may be full of fish, but they're as cold as my first love. And the gorgeous woods are full of nothing but moose as far as I'm concerned. And I'm afraid of moose. That all, darling?"

"Yes, what were you thinking of?"

"Well, dear, I know your story. What I wasn't told I guessed. So I thought maybe you were just making a last play. Now don't get mad. No insult intended. But of course a bride has to check on these things."

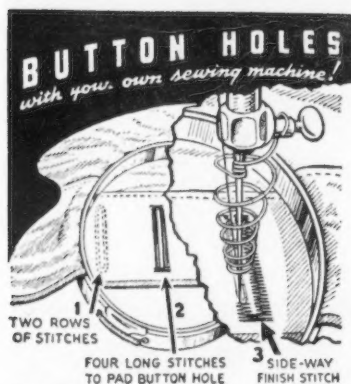
"And a wife, too, I suppose."

"Once I'm married," Muriel said calmly, "I don't think there'll be any trouble. If there is, I can make more. I'm not worrying."

"And you don't have to worry about me. I wouldn't marry Gary."

"Are you kidding?"

"Not a bit. And he's never been in love with me, or—"



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CIGARETTE

"Or anyone else. I get it. But that's okay with me." With the toe of her silver sandal Muriel pushed the door shut. "Since we're being so friendly, I'll tell you how it is. I like the guy a lot, and he's handsome as the devil. And I like what goes with him. The butler and the old homestead. The shoe factory and the rich old auntie. He thinks I'm a swell ornament, and I am. So who's going to lose?"

"I think you'll be good for him," Cam said thoughtfully.

"He'll like it." Muriel removed her cigarette butt from the long holder and mashed it in an ash tray. With a quick jerk of her head she shook back her cloud of pale hair. She smiled and her purple eyes were friendly. "Darling," she said gently, "you've been backing the wrong horse for years. Gary doesn't need devotion, not the real kind. He doesn't even want it. But that other poor guy!"

"What other poor guy?"

"Hank. Hank Weyland, darling."

"He's tough as a sergeant-major."

"You were never so wrong. He's a rag doll out in the rain. But if I'd known how rich he is I think I would have married him. It wouldn't have worked, of course. Too much quality for me. But he's really a duck, and when do you think you'll do better?"

"I'm not thinking about it." Cam smiled. "He managed to dazzle you."

"Oh, dazzle!" said Muriel. "Just whom do you think can dazzle me? Don't be a goon, darling." She swayed gracefully toward the door. "Well, I'd better tear into my little green frock or I'll be late for dinner. And tonight's the first rehearsal of my first starring part." She flipped up her hands in a ballet gesture. "The wife!" She smiled. "If you're around, I hope you'll come see us after we're married."

"Thanks, I will. If I'm around."

"And I'd just like to say it's a pleasure to know an intelligent decent woman. Heck, it's more than that. It's a relief." "The same to you."

"Lord, aren't we the dear friends? It's sort of nice." Muriel paused with one hand on the doorknob. "Darling, I'll give you a pair of diamond earrings for that dress. Or how about five hundred cash?"

"No, thanks."

"She didn't charge you more than that?"

"She didn't charge me anything. She gave it to me."

"Valeska?" Muriel stared. "Now, honey, let's be mature, shall we? Maybe she'll beat her brains out for you and whip all her art to a fine pulp, but Vera Valeska wouldn't give candy corn to a malnourished pelican. Grow up, Camilla!"

"But she did. She must have."

"Darling, I'm so happy for you. There's a speck on your horizon." Muriel grinned over her shoulder. "See you at dinner."

CAM STOOD in the centre of the room staring at the empty doorway. Of course Muriel was right. Valeska would never give anything away. Then who could have sent her the gown? Not Aunt Edith, who could never keep a surprise, who would have bustled in here long ago just to see how it looked. Only Valeska could have known anything about it. Only Valeska—but

✦ Continued on page 73

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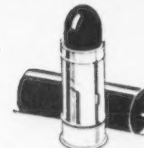
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"Held in a web of indifference..."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web... a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault mine? Well... thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet

trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks...prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow to the letter my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene... always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with

salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol", a proved germ-killer that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's easy to use, too, and economical. The very best part is—"Lysol" really works!

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" for Feminine Hygiene
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"Well, I'll push along back to the house. Thanks for listening to the lecture."

"It's just as hopeless as it always was, isn't it?"

"Maybe not. Why don't you make a last stand? Put on the pale gold dress tonight. Knock their eyes out. The last dinner party, and all that. Who knows? Anything could happen."

He limped off up the aisle as Aunt Edith came around the altar.

"Hello, dear." Aunt Edith was wearing an old fox cape with a hood. She peered out brightly at Cam. "Gary's been looking for you everywhere, but I knew you'd want to see Hank. Isn't he fascinating? Hank, I mean. But he always was. Now, I want you to go right up to your room and lie down."

"All right, darling." Cam put down a half-tied knot of ribbon, deciding that she would do nothing more for the wedding. As she left the greenhouse she wished that she might never again walk into the rose-scented room.

She was very tired, but it was impossible to rest. She had no sooner stretched out on the chaise longue when Gary knocked on her door. He came in smiling. He brushed back his curling forelock with the old familiar gesture, but now it seemed a little too boyish and winsome for a man his age and size. Suddenly, for the first time in her life, she was on the defensive with Gary.

He sat down on the foot of the chaise longue and they talked pleasantly for a few moments, not as easily as they should have talked after all the years they had known each other. He had something on his mind.

"Cam," he said, "you've always been the best pal I ever had."

And she knew then that he was going to ask something of her, something he was sure she would not like. She recognized the technique, realizing at last how he did it. First the nice smile, and then the flattery. And now would come the direct approach, the frankness of the small boy who was sure he was loved. She saw it all and hated herself for seeing it, but still she was unprepared for what he said.

"Cam, I want to ask a favor of you." His voice was just as she had imagined it would be.

"Yes, Gary?" She looked straight into his wide clear eyes.

"Aunt Edith gave you the deed to the camp. Have you signed it?"

"No, I haven't signed it." She answered slowly.

"Will you give it to me?"

She looked away, wondering how he could keep his eyes so clear.

"Does Aunt Edith want you to have it, Gary?"

He hesitated. She could almost see him decide it would be better to tell the truth.

"Only if you're willing. Because she's already given it to you."

"But you know how much it means to me."

He didn't know, of course. He couldn't know that besides being her only refuge it was the one place on earth where she could hope to straighten things out. But he knew enough.

"You know how much I love the place," she said. "My father used to take me up to the lake long before Aunt Edith bought her camp. It's so full of memories for me. The right kind of memories, most of them."

✦ Continued on page 66

EAGLE-LION HEADLINERS



THE HALLMARK OF ENTERTAINMENT

KATHLEEN RYAN: As far as Anglo-Irish Relationships Are Concerned, They Are Very Fine Indeed In The Films.



The Irish are all over the screens of the world at this moment and there will be very much more of the same, praise be, before there is less. The most entertaining and exciting films of the Irish, moreover, are coming from England and the J. Arthur Rank Organization.

★ ★ ★

There was **I SEE A DARK STRANGER** starring Deborah Kerr with its high-drama suspense and long-lasting light laughter. There is **CAPTAIN BOYCOTT** now before the cameras with Stewart Granger.

★ ★ ★

But the most sensational film of all films these weeks in any language, including the Irish, is **ODD MAN OUT**. There are those who say that in it, James Mason gives his greatest performance. The background appears to be Belfast.

The plain truth of the matter is that Carol Reed, the director, should likewise be starred for the magnificent job he has done.

★ ★ ★

In **ODD MAN OUT**, opposite the dark Mr. Mason, there is a glowing new redhead, an unknown, but assuredly not for long. She is Kathleen Ryan and she comes to motion pictures from that star-making hotbed, Dublin's Abbey Theatre.

★ ★ ★

As requested by the theatre-going public, these films are now all readily identifiable by the introductory title: **J. ARTHUR RANK PRESENTS** as well as by the crest of Eagle-Lion.

★ ★ ★

Have you seen **THIS MODERN AGE?**

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion Pictures at Your Favourite Theatre

Brief Encounter

Gabrielle Roy

SHE IS SLIM, soft-voiced, with greenish-blue eyes set in a delicately modelled face. For years she knew poverty, and struggled in obscurity to earn a living with her writing.

Today she is experiencing a triumph that comes to few. Her first novel is a brilliant success.

"The Tin Flute," by Gabrielle Roy, first published in Quebec in 1945, as *Bonheur d'Occasion*, a French novel, is the May selection of the Literary Guild. Film rights have been bought for \$75,000 by the Universal International Studios, in Hollywood.

Gabrielle Roy has been writing hard for years—and living under drab and dreary conditions in order to be able to take the time for it.

She was the youngest in a family of eight, born in Saint Boniface, Manitoba. Following her education at the Saint Boniface convent and the Normal School of Winnipeg, Gabrielle Roy began to teach school. But she wanted to write more than she wanted to teach, and most of her evenings were spent in the attempt. Some stories were published; most of them came back with rejection slips.

She became interested in the Little Theatre in Winnipeg and went to Ottawa to take part in one of the Canadian drama festivals. Deciding to study for the stage, she saved enough money from her teacher's salary to go to Europe in 1937. But again her mind turned to writing and for a while she free-lanced in Paris.

Two years later she returned to Canada and picked up her pen again—in Montreal this time. Her room in



lower Westmount overlooked St.-Henri, one of the big city's factory districts.

On a lonely evening, early in the war, she walked down and explored the area. She was deeply impressed by the faces she saw in the crowded and noisy streets. Depression and unemployment had left scars on everyone. She knew, that night, that she wanted to describe what she saw, to know and understand the souls of these workers. Here were people, prisoners of their poverty, crushed by their destiny; people to whom war, and only war, could give back a pride in using their energy, in proving their usefulness to the world. Again and again she returned to the district, eating in the five-and-ten-cent store, sitting at the counter with a cup of coffee before her, listening to the conversations about her; studying types; visiting some of the people in their homes. She started work on a novel which would seek to interpret the life of St.-Henri.

For three and a half years she spent an average of three months a year on it, grasping every week or hour away from her paid writing jobs to bring her closer to her goal.

The success of *Bonheur d'Occasion* was immediate. Its sales have averaged a thousand copies a month. Critics in both languages have repeatedly published their opinions that it is perhaps the most remarkable novel ever written by a Canadian. Hugh McLennan has pronounced it "the best."

Street scene in St.-Henri, Montreal's district of factories and railway yards and crowded rooming-houses which Gabrielle Roy depicts in her successful first novel.



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-ah! my Absorbine Jr



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Not that she could see much, looking out from the lighted house, but the bare branches of the trees were motionless and the naked shrubs around the edge of the drive had a waiting look. Well, snow would be all right. The summer wedding in the greenhouse would be all the more effective.

A car roared up the curving drive and stopped short before the house. That would be Gary. That was the way he drove. Looking down, she saw the long nose of a red car, and then Gary getting out. His hat pulled on at a rakish angle, the collar of his woolly coat turned up against the cold, huge and deliberate he strode in front of the headlights and around to open the other door of the car. And then Muriel got out laughing. All in black, with a nimbus of soft black fur about her head and shoulders, even in the dim light from the house she looked warm and golden.

Well, here they all were, all in the same house again, and for the last time. Gary and Cam and Hank, and a strange girl. And that was in keeping. Gary had always had another girl, while Cam waited and hoped, sure that in the end, when he finally grew up, he would turn to her.

She saw them all as children. Gary, the handsome heavy boy, spoiled by Aunt Edith. Cam, the only child of the aging village doctor, the lonesome pudgy child with her bright red hair in a straight Dutch cut and freckles across the bridge of her too-short nose. And Hank, the skinny shambling boy whose people spent only a few months each year in the great stone ark on the next hill. Hank, who taught them to ride his father's horses, taunted them into swimming and firing his rifles. He knew the most and said the least, except when he was explaining, or jeering, or bawling you out for lame thinking. And how she hated him. For Gary followed Hank, and Cam followed Gary. Her feet and her eyes and her heart followed him everywhere. She followed him to college, and then, after her father died, she came here to work for Aunt Edith. Just to be near him.

But there was no use in moping here alone, and of course everybody knew she was up here moping. Better go down. As she opened her door she heard Muriel come running up the stairs.

"Of course I'll put it on for you!" Muriel was laughing. "It's the loveliest negligee I ever saw, and you're a devil, Hank. It makes me feel like Madame duBarry!"

Muriel being joyous. Muriel being theatrical, about to make a dramatic entrance in cream-peach chiffon and white monkey fur. Well, why not? Cam closed her door softly. If Muriel already had her negligee, what was in that Valeska box? She picked it up and saw that it was addressed to her. She opened it quickly. Valeska's people didn't make mistakes, if they wanted to stay with Valeska.

The satin gown rippled from the box like shining water. It was the color of pale moonlight, pale gold, almost white. It was cut in the Greek style, the top like a Spartan boy's tunic with one shoulder entirely bare. The rest fell straight to the floor in full gleaming folds. There was nothing to it, no ornament of any kind. Just the magnificent line, the beautiful material, the wonderful color. And a note in Valeska's strong thin hand.

START AT THE TOP to be Smart



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Toronto Fashion Model

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3. For Curls—Clamp ends of hair with curler and roll up or under as desired tightly to head. Lock curler. Let hair dry.

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Made in Canada by the makers of "Goody" Grip-Fast Combs and Barrettes and "Welgroom" Combs for Men and Women.

"Dear Cam, this is the gown for you. But the auburn hair must be worn à la Grecque, up and out at the back with every curl exact. And the white skin must be dazzling. Although uninvited, I have decided to lend my presence to the wedding, so I shall be there to supervise you. V. V."

Yes, it was the perfect gown and very sweet of Valeska, although, after all the profit from the wedding she could certainly afford to make such a beautiful gift. But why wear it? Who would care whether Camilla Heyward looked like a model out of a fashion ad or the housekeeper in a Chekhov play? She packed the gown away. Miserably she went to bed and fought against crying until at last she fell asleep.

IN THE morning, while the others slept, she worked over a hundred details with Aunt Edith. Immediately after lunch she threw an old coat over her shoulders and went down through the bleak gardens to the greenhouse. Here it was summer. Someone had turned on the soft floodlights which blotted out the greyness of the day. Chairs had been set in two sections, leaving a broad centre aisle. She walked down a long strip of green carpet into a rose garden. Palms and ferns were banked up against the glass walls, dense and green as shrubbery. The roses, with trailing ivy masking their pots, spread along in a thick border and formed a wide circle around the little altar where white lilies pushed up through maidenhair ferns.

"Very beautiful," Hank's voice said quietly. "Right out of Hollywood and completely unreal. But still very beautiful."

"Thank you so much." She turned toward him coolly.

"Take it easy. I'm a friend. I was hoping you'd come down last night."

"I was tired."

"You were hiding. The way you always used to run away and hide when things got too tough for you. When Gary turned his back, or I sneered too hard."

Without answering, she sat down in the front row of chairs. Picking up a broad bolt of white satin ribbon, she began to make bow knots for each seat on the centre aisle.

"But I'm not sneering now," he said, sitting down beside her. "I'm a lot nicer than I used to be."

"I hope so."

Her fingers worked skilfully. He picked up the shears and cut the ribbon for her.

"Why do you think I came back here?" he asked her quietly. "Just to see Gary marry Muriel?"

"I've been wondering. It's no place for an old pal of Gary's who is also an ex-lover of Muriel's."

"And I wouldn't give a darn if I never saw them again."

"Then why?"

"Because I knew you'd be here, and I remembered you so well."

"Yes," she said bitterly. "You remembered the ugly child with the freckles and the sawed-off red hair. Or was it the gawky college girl who made such a fool of herself?"

"I remembered you. What you are like. The way you always tried to tell the truth, even when you didn't know what it was. And the way you were always so loyal, even when we hurt you. I kept remembering that. There

473

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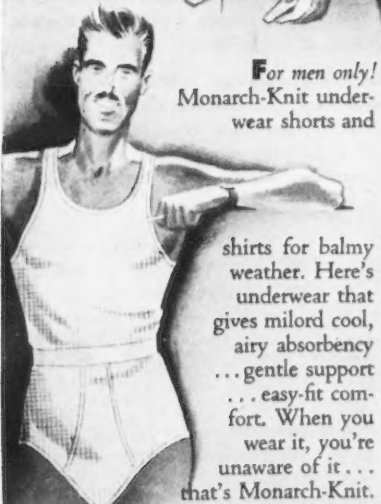


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doesn't seem to be too much of it around these days."

Now, just as when they were children, he frightened you with his rare kindness because you never could tell what was back of it. There was always something. But that he should take the trouble to be kind now made her angry.

"Let's not be romantic about the past," she said coldly. "I've always hated you, and you've always thought me an awful fool."

"I still think so."

"And of course you won't say so, but you've never thought Gary was worth it."

"What's that got to do with it? Do you think anybody loves just the ones who are worthy? And this was always the wrong kind of love, anyway."

She yanked angrily at the smooth ribbon. "When we were growing up you always knew all about everything. All about the frogs and the stars. And all the arts, of course. And now you're an authority on love."

"Not yet. I'm still learning. You see, up to now I've always fallen in love the hard way."

"Is there any easy way?"

After a moment he said quietly, "Love should be lightning, Cam. Not just an old emotional habit that grinds along and wears you down. You'll be walking along some day and all of a sudden your heart will turn over and you'll say to yourself, 'There's my guy.' And you won't bother about his background or his income, or try to link him up with your memories of when you used to play hopscotch, or read the poems of John Donne. It'll just hit you with a bang. Knock you for a happy loop. Like lightning."

"You're talking like an idiot," she said crossly. "Like a romantic idiot. It doesn't happen once in a thousand times."

"But it happens."

"Not to fools like me."

"Well, you asked me for an easy way to fall in love. That's the easiest I know. And the best, if it happens to work both ways."

She felt his eyes on her. He was trying to make her look up at him, but she couldn't raise her head. She went on knotting the ribbon.

"Then it didn't work for you?" she asked.

WITHOUT ANSWERING, he got up deliberately and laid the shears on his chair. Before she could think of anything else to say, back of the altar the rear door of the greenhouse opened and they heard Aunt Edith chattering at the head gardener.

"Now, Doyle," she was saying, "I want you to check things carefully. Don't tell me tomorrow that I forgot anything. If I forget it's because you don't remember. The Madame Whatsername roses in the dining room are opening too far. Better replace them. And the smilax and the stevia look a little rusty. And don't try to tell me it's the season. Everybody knows there are no seasons in a greenhouse."

"She's right, in a way," Hank said, looking around at the rose garden. "This isn't March and it isn't June either. No reality."

"But it's beautiful," Cam said defensively.

"So's a mirage. But who wants to be married in one?" He turned away.

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Love is Lightning

Continued from page 14

why I've always spent so much time wrangling with you."

"I'm sorry you're so unhappy," he said quickly. And then he turned and limped out of Valeska's salon without looking back.

BUT SHE didn't remember that as she drove out to Brackensville in Aunt Edith's limousine. She sat huddled in a corner, staring at the back of McPhersen's smartly capped head, and remembering only Hank's scathing comments on the wedding.

Someone had to make it beautiful for Gary. Muriel couldn't, and Aunt Edith, in her glittery well-meaning way, would have turned the whole thing into a three-ringed circus. But Hank was right. She was making it beautiful for herself, too. From the beginning she had pretended that it was her own. She had always dreamed of being married in June, for she knew that Gary, too, had a romantic feeling for that month. This was March, and there were still patches of snow in the hills, but he would have a June wedding. He would be married in one of Aunt Edith's greenhouses, with ferns and palms and all the roses the gardeners could force. There would be soft lighting, almost like moonlight, and the air would be warm and sweet. She would make it as perfect as she could for him and then she would go away.

The Bracken house stood outside the little town of Brackensville, a huge pile of stone set on a knoll, as far as possible from the shoe factory which had built it. The car swung through the gates and up the curving drive to the broad low steps. McPhersen handed her out and Stickney let her into the great hall.

Stickney said to her in a kind, almost fatherly tone, "You look very tired, Miss Cam. Will you go at once to the library, please. Miss Bracken is waiting for you."

In the lovely little room, which she had made more of a boudoir and leather boudoir than a library, Aunt Edith sat at her cluttered desk holding a thick fold of papers in her jeweled hands. She was already dressed for dinner and as she rose and came toward Cam her diamonds swung and sparkled and wisps of black chiffon fluttered about her.

"Dear Cam, you look positively wrung! Was Valeska in a black mood?"

"Valeska was fine," Cam said.

"Did you find a gown for yourself?"

"I didn't look."

"But, Cam, I'd love to give it to you."

"Thanks, darling, but I really don't want one."

She looked down at the nervous wiry little woman affectionately, but also with some apprehension for she knew that Aunt Edith, who had no sense of timing but always did or said what she wanted to when an idea struck her, was about to spring one of her surprises.

"Well, here is something you simply can't refuse," Aunt Edith said breathlessly, waving the folded papers. "I'm giving you the camp in the mountains. Here's the deed for it, dear. The lawyers were here today about the settlement for Muriel, and I had them draw it up. You have only to sign and it's yours."

"You darling!" Tears stung Cam's eyes as she bent down to kiss the feathery grey curls on the crown of Aunt Edith's head.

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"No, no, don't thank me," said Aunt Edith quickly. "You've always been so fond of the place, and it's really too cold for me now that I'm old. And I want you to have *something*. Now run along and dress for dinner."

CAM WENT up the long winding stairs holding the deed tightly in her hand. Here was just what she had been longing for; a place to go, a place of her own. It was beautiful up there now. The snow would still be deep beneath the fir trees, the lake frozen over solid, and except for the caretakers at the clubhouse there would be no one for miles around. She could build a roaring fire in the boathouse living room and sit there alone, and somehow adjust herself to a life without Gary. Of course Hank would say she was running away from the world. But there were times when you had to run away, when you were so badly hurt no one could help you, and how you helped yourself was none of the world's business.

As she went down to dinner she was already planning which clothes she would take to camp and which must be stored. She found Aunt Edith alone in the big dining room. Gary was staying in town, seeing Muriel's show again, probably for the twentieth time.

"Someone telephoned," Aunt Edith said brightly. "A voice from our past. You'll never guess."

"Hank Weyland," Cam said promptly. "I saw him at Valeska's."

"And you never mentioned it!"

"I haven't been thinking of him."

"Is he still so handsome?" Aunt Edith sounded sentimental.

"I've never thought of him as handsome," Cam answered coolly.

"Really? So lean and tall. And that wonderful bitter look. And such grey, grey eyes. So clear and clean they used to terrify me!"

"Heavens, darling!" Cam laughed. "You sound like a movie fan."

"And such a wonderful brain." Aunt Edith chattered on. "I know it sounds disloyal, but sometimes he used to make dear Gary seem a little soft and desk fat. Can you call a *brain* handsome? Well, anyway, Hank is coming out next week end, and will of course stay through the wedding."

"How nice." She managed to say it casually. But Hank here, watching her, analyzing her, probing her mind and heart. At least she had a week before he arrived, a week of hard work on the details of the wedding, during which she must find time to pack her things. She was thankful he was not coming earlier, for it would be hard enough to have Gary there. Both of them, with all the memories of their growing up together, would be too difficult.

But she spent that last week in Brackensville without either Gary or Hank. To be near Muriel, Gary commuted from the factory to his club in town and never came out to the house at all. She spent the days with her hands full of lists, trailing after Aunt Edith. The caterers, the gardeners and the telephone haunted her, and there were all the wedding presents to be unpacked, listed, and placed to advantage in the billiard room.

The gowns arrived in Valeska's famous boxes of shiny eggplant color, lettered in thick white. She had them taken up to Muriel's room where she unpacked them alone. The bridesmaids'

dressess were summer clouds in pale twilight colors, coral and mauve and soft serene blue, showered over with tiny sparkling stars. She hung them carefully and covered them with sheets. The bridesmaids were all playing in Broadway shows and would not arrive until late Saturday night. Poor Aunt Edith, who on state occasions liked to pretend she was half dowager duchess and half retired tragedienne, was going to be disappointed. Valeska had not lengthened her trailing wisteria crepe by more than half an inch.

It was decidedly forlorn and somewhat macabre, this hanging of gowns for the wedding which should be her own and was not. Hank would say she was a glutton for punishment, that she was enjoying it. Hank would say that if she had any sense at all, and any pride, she would not even look at the wedding gown.

It shimmered and whispered as she held it up; white lace over cream taffeta; long-sleeved, but cut deeply front and back; tightly fitted, but flaring out to the floor, sweeping back into a long train; and all the lace bound in thin shining bands of the silk. Somewhat theatrical, perhaps, but Muriel, who was a born blonde with an apricot skin and amaranthine eyes, would tone it down. Muriel would look very sweet in it, almost virginal. They had all done very well by Muriel.

She held the gown against her, looking into the full-length mirror on the closet door. It was her gown. With her dark red hair and pale ivory skin it was too theatrical, but it was really her gown. And in it she would not look like an embryo stage star who was marrying for money and prestige; she would look like a woman who was offering her whole life to the man she loved.

SHE HUNG the gown carefully on a high hook and covered it, and then started down to the library to finish wrapping the bride's gifts to the wedding party. She was just at the curve in the long flight of stairs when she heard Stickney's voice below her.

"I believe Miss Bracken was not expecting you until tomorrow, Mr. Weyland." Stickney, who had been the Bracken butler in the days when Hank was running in and out of the house with slingshots and air rifles, was intoning less like a bishop than usual. "We are, of course, very pleased that you have arrived earlier."

Are we, indeed? thought Cam, and, wheeling swiftly on the stairs, went up to her room. She could not bear to sit with him at dinner, watching his lean sardonic smile, feeling his grey eyes boring into her. She had something sent up on a tray, she hardly knew what, for she ate very little of it. There was a restlessness upon her which made her walk up and down and around the room, aimlessly, wishing she were anywhere but here, yet unable to force herself to go.

Something shiny caught her eye. On the luggage rack behind the door which led into her bathroom lay another of Valeska's gleaming boxes. Perhaps one of the maids had brought it in here by mistake, and yet none of the bridal things had been missing. It must be a wedding present, probably Muriel's outrageous negligee. She gave the box a scornful glance and went over to the window and sat down.

It was going to snow before morning.



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Q. Is there hope of conquering tuberculosis?



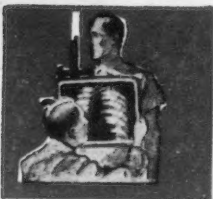
A. Indeed there is! Since 1900 the yearly death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from over 200 per 100,000 to under 40! Many authorities say that by continuing a well-planned, forceful campaign—with public co-operation—deaths from tuberculosis may be almost wiped out in the next twenty years.

Q. What are the important steps in this campaign?

A. First: constant effort to find and treat more cases in the early stages when the disease is easier to control. Second: adequate treatment for active cases, preferably hospital care, which will help to avoid infecting others. Third: proper care for people who have had tuberculosis, including medical supervision and occupational guidance to prevent recurrence. Fourth: a drive to eliminate poor health habits and conditions which invite tuberculosis.



Q. Why are periodic examinations so important?



A. Tuberculosis, especially in the early stages, often has no symptoms. Its discovery then depends on a thorough medical examination, aided by X-ray. Such examinations are particularly important among adults, especially older persons, workers exposed to silica dust, and other special groups which have high tuberculosis death rates.

Q. How is medical science fighting tuberculosis?

A. New X-ray equipment and techniques are making examinations easier and less expensive. Studies with streptomycin and other new drugs give promise for the future. There are indications that a vaccine may provide a measure of immunity against tuberculosis. But these drugs and vaccines are still experimental, and as yet there is no substitute for standard methods of treatment.



Don't let tuberculosis frighten you

Today, through modern medical skills, most cases of tuberculosis can be controlled if caught in time. The earlier that treatment is started, the better are the chances for a prompt and lasting cure.

If you should have tuberculosis, your physician will recommend treatment, probably in a sanatorium. Once the disease is brought under control you can usually return to a normal way of living, with periodic checkups to make sure the disease does not become active again. You should faithfully follow your doctor's instructions in order to speed recovery and maintain good health afterward.

Regular medical examinations provide comforting reassurance even if you don't have tuberculosis, and suggest immediate treatment if the disease should be detected. For further information about such examinations and about the disease itself, ask your physician, public health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

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"My great-aunt," I said, "I have wanted to know, is that yellow-haired monk the same person as the young man of the portrait in the glass tower?"

"Yes, child," my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina said. "And once, when I was 17, I was going to marry him." She was silent a moment, and then she spoke thoughtfully, "... even yet I do not know whether I would make the first move, or whether he would, either. Pride is a strong chain and years add to its weight."

I never saw her again, for some years later I came to America.

HOWEVER, AS I said, some time ago we had our first letters from Finland since the years of war.

"... the bombing of Sortavala was terrible," my Swedish uncle Valde wrote. "Aunt Anna-Kristina's house was one of the many demolished to rubble. They found the body of one of her serving men in the ruins, but they could not figure out whether it was Tuomas or Nikko, as the other one is missing too."

"I know how highly you regarded Aunt Anna-Kristina so it is with sorrow I must tell you that she was killed in the bombing. It was, however, under rather strange circumstances. The town had built air-raid trenches in the parks, but though she had left her house she had not gone to the trench in her district, but had, poor old woman, headed for the lake. She had trekked over the frozen narrows and was found on one of the outer islands and close to her was the body of one of the Valamo monks—a tall old man with the blond beard, the one they used to say was Prince Vladimir Kornilov. You may have heard the story," Uncle Valde rambled on, "how he had entered the monastery after a passionate quarrel at the Empress' ball—I have forgotten, if I ever knew, who the woman was, but even when the Grand Duke tried to reconcile the two lovers, neither of them, apparently, would take the first step. And then—the story went—as a gesture of defiance Kornilov dashed off to Valamo and inadvertently took vows which made it impossible for him to leave the order!"

"The queer thing about his last trip was that the Russians hadn't started bombing the monastery at that time, so he must have skied across from the islands to the mainland with some message, never delivered. It may sound callous, but you know, I'm glad Aunt Anna-Kristina got away like that. As you know, all those border districts are evacuated and under the Soviets now, and you know how she would never leave her strange old house..."

And that is how I remembered again the advice my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina gave that far summer to the precocious 10-year-old, "... pride is the greatest sin..." and I feel warm and oddly happy that in the end both of them threw pride and its trappings to the wind, and were at last together. *

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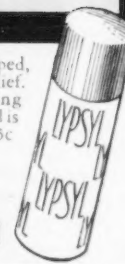


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Garden Reminders

by
Frances Steinhoff Sanders
C.S.L.A.

DOES your garden have that down-at-heels look? Could be, because gardens, like houses, need periodic revamping and refurbishing to keep them attractive and useful. This is the year, and the month, to take corrective action!

After an over-all survey, you may wisely decide to clear out extraneous structures such as outbuildings, decrepit fences, badly located arbors. Broken and upheaved paths may need re-laying. Gateways may need attention.

Remove all dead trees and shrubs and diseased branches. Be ruthless with plants which have proved undesirable because of untidy habits, rampant spreading.

Before undertaking new projects, reach for pencil and paper and make a plot plan as closely to scale as possible. Locate on it house, garage and driveway, entrance and service walks, and any large trees.

Now look to your boundaries. Decide where to use fences and where hedges for best effect. Fences take less room and can add to the architectural feeling. Clipped hedges give a precise clean-cut green wall. If the casual grace of lilacs or spirea or Japanese barberry is desired, such a hedge may be left unclipped. On the average city property a hedge is more suitable for the street side than a fence, but either will give protection from trespassers, short-cutters and dogs.

Don't overlook the year-round value of evergreen hedges. Solid masses of deep green as found in Austrian pines, junipers and hemlocks make the winter effect less barren, and serve as splendid background for the shapes and colors of the perennial border.

Even in quite small gardens the trend now is to "departmentalize." This means that every part of the property will serve a specific purpose, e.g. front lawn; sitting-out area on garden side of the house; lawn with paths and flower borders; children's play space; service yard; vegetable area, and so on. Mark such divisions, according to your family needs and hobbies, on the plot plan. Go on from there, as the season ad-

vances, with the execution of the plan, and don't be discouraged if you must make haste slowly, year by year. At least you are working to a plan, and not putting money and time into hit-or-miss arrangements.

Your maintenance problems will be reduced, and the garden's appearance improved, if you eliminate scattered flower beds or specimen shrubs or evergreens islanded in the lawn. If the shrubs are healthy, rearrange them in groups of a kind toward the outer boundaries of the garden.

Skilful pruning is important. It should be done annually, and with an eye to preserving the natural form of the variety. Large trees should be pruned by a professional. In the pruning of shrubs, old shoots should be cleanly removed at the base and new shoots trimmed back to recover the original shape, with some branches left longer than others. The central part should be kept open for circulation of air. Shrubs that bloom in the spring should be reshaped immediately after flowering. Late-blooming varieties should be pruned in early spring.

Except in hedges, evergreens rarely need pruning, though broken branches should be removed. To increase the rich green foliage, keep evergreens well fed with mulches of barnyard manure or application of commercial fertilizer. Granulated peat moss incorporated into the soil will encourage active root-run for newly planted nursery stock.

Perennial borders will be the better for some critical stocktaking. What about that thick mass of irises? You can multiply them by division! Lift, discard central portions of the clumps, cut the remainder into small sections. Replant in groups, firming the rootlets well and leaving the thickened rhizomes barely covered with soil.

Delphinium moves best in spring too.

Phlox requires frequent dividing—probably every third year.

Is your border a laggard in August? Try introducing one or two groupings of *Artemisia lactiflora* toward the rear; it grows to about five feet, and the white plummy heads of flowers make a handsome combination with the blue of aconite or monkshood, or with the gay yellow and orange flowers such as *Heliopsis*.



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wooden table and a chair, a washstand and a black wooden cross on the wall, the room yet had an air of vastness and magnificence, for through the deep-silled window lay the view of the monastic island empire, like a mosaic pattern, below. Directly beneath were the cobbled courts with the whitewashed stone dormitories of the monks, the shops, the kitchens and the churches flanking them. Farther out were the stables and barns, the orchards and gardens and fields. And always, through the trees, rose the spire or a dome or a cross of a chapel and shrine. The guest house, despite its 200 rooms, had hardly changed since medieval days. There was no light, not even a candle, provided in the individual rooms, not that one would have been absolutely necessary for the white summer night was light enough. The moist, groined corridors were lit by odd, hanging, kerosene lamps.

I welcomed any tangible detail of commonplace as a counterbalance for the latent strain I sensed in my great-aunt. And yet nothing that I could see had happened. Though of course there had been the episode of the yellow-haired monk.

WE HAD walked down the paths bordered by wild scabiosa and blue forget-me-nots for the evening service at the Church of Transfiguration which is really two churches, one built above the other. I, used to the grey granite, the massive simplicity of my own Lutheran churches, was speechless at the sight of these Byzantine masterpieces with their arches, curves, gold-and-blue ceilings, the hundreds of paintings, the silver pictures, the mosaics and frescoes. Strange also was the continuous minor incantation of the parading monks, the heavy sultriness of the incense, the smell and light of the innumerable candles.

Outside in the summer night the deep-toned bells had been summoning the monks to prayer and they came, their long, uncut hair swinging, their beards flipping on their chests, striding vigorously from the fields, the wharves, the gardens, the shops. Already on the hills and paths their deep basso voices rose in chanting response to the bells.

We had left the blue dusk and heavy incense of the lower temple for the upper temple when my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina put her hand to her heart and seemed to crumble. The monk who was about to pass us paused and put out a hand to catch her.

He was a tall man, the rope about his waist emphasizing his slenderness. His hair was unbelievably yellow and hung to his shoulders and his beard which curled slightly was also yellow. But his eyes were pitch black and deeply set under dark heavy eyebrows. At the first glance his odd coloring gave you the impression of youthfulness, which remained even when, on looking again, you realized he was quite quite old. There was, upon his almost unlined yet deeply hollowed face, a sense of stern tranquility. And yet, as he caught my great-aunt by the shoulders, though his face was bleached of all color, the gesture was that of a young man reaching out for his beloved. He said, hoarsely: "Anna—Annushka—"

"Spasibo, Dimi," my great-aunt said, and with an obvious effort she pulled herself erect, but her hand sought the

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support of a pillar. For one second they stood close, both with heads high, eyes peculiarly unyielding. Then the monk rejoined the procession. We remained throughout the service, kneeling and getting up, kneeling again, and leaning to kiss the huge gold cross a stately old man in an embroidered cassock held out—but I caught no other glimpse of the yellow-haired monk.

THE NEXT day we visited the friendly silver and blue chapel of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, we saw through the museum guided by the jolly fat bald monk.

In the late afternoon we took a motor launch to the Holy Island. Nikko came with us. He stood before my great-aunt Anna-Kristina in the lurching boat.

"Countess, my dear," he said, the peasant brogue thick on his tongue as it always was when he was uneasy, "would you like to hear something or not?"

My great-aunt laughed, and I felt suddenly light and gay again as though a dam had been opened and the waters no longer pressed against my heart; "Nikko, you old devil," my great-aunt said, "you are a true Karelian with your tantalizing dangling of tidbits of information. What is it now?"

"This Holy Island," Nikko said, playing for the dramatic with the natural instinct of the border people, "was the dwelling place of His Excellency for the first 10 years of his time. Brother Sergei now, he told me, he is an old gossip, that man. Even in the winters when for weeks and weeks the island is cut off from the monastery His Excellency fought his battle of flesh..."

"Enough," said my great-aunt.

The Island rose out of the lake mists, the shores seeming to touch the clouds.

Bells began to ring as we climbed; the sound had a silver-mellowness. You expected a magnificent church to go with such a full set of bells, but it was small and of tar-darkened wood, below the pines. When you got closer though, you found that all the woodwork was intricately carved, and inside in the

shadowed chapel the gold-leaf of the choir screens and altar fixings glowed as though reflecting a captured sun.

When we came out again, blinking at the sunlight, the tall yellow-haired monk stood before us, his hands gripping at his rosary as if it were an axe handle.

"Anna-Kristina," he said.

My great-aunt walked slowly toward him and suddenly I had the impression that she was a young and beautiful girl going lightly to meet her lover, but my eyes cleared and I saw only a straight, slender old woman in a pale dress walking to meet a tall grave monk, whose hair, here in the sunlight, seemed more like white silver than the gold it had appeared to be yesterday. On the edge of the church clearing a monk was scything the high daisy-sprinkled grass. Nikko sat down on the slanting wooden steps of the church and took his head into his hands.

I stood there in the sunlight and watched the two figures, a harsh space of some five feet between them, and the drone of the bees came through the stillness of the afternoon, intermingling in the sounds of a summer day. I did not hear what they said, but after a while my aunt knelt and the monk quickly reached out and lifted her up and for a few seconds they were frozen into that pose. Then he kissed her hand, and she started down the path, walking very straight, but neither slow nor fast.

And after a while Nikko and I followed her and joined her at the launch.

WE RETURNED to Sortavala that night and two days later I was packed up to return to Viipuri. We walked on the windward terrace on my last night, my great-aunt's hand on my shoulder, and as I paused to watch for the answering flash of the setting sun upon the far domes of Valamo, she said;

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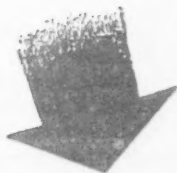


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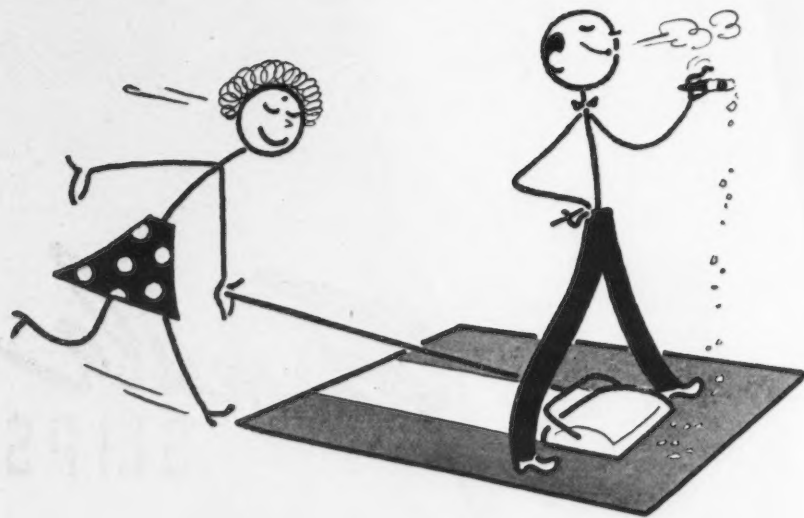
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Aunt Kristina and the Monk Vladimir

Continued from page 8

a little awed, I remember, and she took my face into her two hands and studied it deeply and then she said, "I sent for you to tell you this—always have what you want when you want it. No other chance will come."

But I said politely, "Right now, my great-aunt, there is nothing at all I really want."

She looked over my head and I turned and followed her gaze to see Lake Ladoga framed by the ornate doorway I had just entered. She said, "All of us must make our own mistakes. Doubtless you will not learn from mine."

Which, even then, seemed to me a peculiar conversation between an old lady and a small girl.

THE DAYS went quickly. Most of the house was closed up, but Great-aunt Anna-Kristina gave me a little bunch of keys and I roamed, accompanied by shivers of delicious fear, the unused rooms. The garden was delightful too, in its wild profusion and the pools had a jungle look with the drooping willow, moss and odd lush green leaves crowding them. Sometimes she sent me out for drives with Nikko and Tuomas, to the Vakkosalmi Park where there was an amphitheatre-like open space of grass for choral festivals, and to the Kuha-vuori belvedere from which the archipelago looked like a broken string of emeralds upon the heaving blue lap of the Ladoga, far below.

And once, after we got to be good friends, I asked Nikko, "What is this look of fate?" And he said, his Karelian peasant brogue singing in his tongue, "Too much pride upon your forehead, too little humility in your eyes, and a wrong answer upon a summer night . . ." and then Tuomas grunted and he said no more.

It was not until my discovery in the glass tower that we set out to visit Valamo.

The key to the tower was not on my key ring. I found it one early grey morning on the flags of the hillside terrace where my great-aunt used to walk at sunset. It was a large bronze key with a curlicued head and it had no tarnish upon it. It began to rain even before breakfast and so I spent the rest of the day in the house trying to find the door to fit the key.

It was in the late afternoon that I came to the door in the southeastern hall I didn't even recall having seen before. I pushed aside the thick faded green curtain and fitted my key in the lock. It turned easily and the door opened without a squeak to a narrow circular staircase. I started up.

There was another door at the top, but that was open, and then I was in a square glass-walled tower room circled by a narrow window seat, the original color of the cushioned coverings so faded you could not tell what it had been. You were just above the tree tops here, and the old town sloped gently down the hill, straddled the river and edged out on the headlands below. The shore islands stretched far out into the lake, but on the farthest horizon the Ladoga waters met the sky, except for a thin, low, blue strip. As I watched, the clouds broke and the late afternoon sun splashed out that incredible whiteness of

after-rain light and an answering flash seemed to come from the far blue shadow on the horizon. I had been kneeling on the window seat aching with the beauty of my harsh ancient land, and as I moved my knee pushed at a piece of cardboard and revealed an unbleached square of the cushion. It had been, I saw, pale green with delicate pattern of purple flowers woven across it. I turned the piece of cardboard and found myself looking into the still stormy eyes of a proud, blond young man in a white uniform which I, Viipuri-born, recognized as that of the Empress' Hussars. I sat there, while the stormy sun tore at the clouds, deciphering the yellowed writing on the margin of the picture. It said, "... beloved, beloved ..."

I TOOK the picture down to dinner and passed it over to my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina when Nikko had brought in the fruit tray and the little ebony knives on their wafer-thin plates. He leaned over my great-aunt's shoulder to glance at the picture, and silence dropped into the room with a thud.

"It was on the window seat in the glass tower," I said finally. No one answered me. "When the sun shines," I said finally. No one answered me. "When the sun shines," I tried again, "there is a flash upon the far horizon. Is that Russia?"

My Great-aunt Anna-Kristina looked up slowly, but her eyes did not see me. "No," she said, "it is not Russia. It is Valamo." She turned to Nikko. "Make arrangements. We will visit the monastery tomorrow." I don't think I'll ever forget the face of Nikko as he stumblingly backed out of the room only to be called back because he was taking the fruit tray with him.

My great-aunt and I walked on the windward terrace that evening and the sunset was magnificent as it so often is after a day of rain. The air was drunk with the scent of the garden, but a thin breeze from the lake leavened its potency.

"Do you see that flash again, way beyond, in the blue, through the gap in the far islands? That is the sun upon the golden cupolas of the churches of Valamo." We leaned on the stone balustrade, my great-aunt and I, and watched the far flash, as, I suddenly realized, my great-aunt had done every night since my arrival.

She spoke again. "Pride," she said abruptly, "is the darkest sin. You cannot ruin your life so thoroughly by any other element as pride. It cancels out reason and humanity and in its passing leaves you desolate. There is no place for pride in love."

But I did not then, nor even at Valamo, understand her.

I was later to learn that Valamo, a Greek Orthodox monastery, was founded upon its many islands by the hermit monk Sergei, nearly a thousand years ago. It is famed throughout the Christian world and is the only one of its kind in the Northern countries. Through the centuries of vicissitudes under Russia and under Sweden, and finally within the tolerant borders of Lutheran Finland, the monks have built here a self-sustaining community which in its golden age represented all the grandeur, power and wealth of the Middle Ages. Though at the time of my visit it no longer owned its 150 estates in Karelia, its fisheries in the river Kymi



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and salt refineries on the White Sea, it was not only a mighty citadel of Greek orthodoxy but still a very well-run and remunerative business. Its orchards, gardens and farms supplied not only the brotherhood of monks, but much of the harvest was marketed, while the workshops and the smithy turned out articles that sold well to the thousands of the devout and the tourists who made pilgrimages to these storied islands each summer.

We boarded a white steamer that long-ago morning at Sortaval harbor. Instead of the blue-and-white Finnish flag there was a silver cross and ball upon the mast. At the wheel a tall bearded monk in a black cassock, a black cap and high Russian boots gazed serenely over the heads of the crowd on the wharf, and the man who collected our tickets from Nikko was also a monk.

My Great-aunt Anna-Kristina wore that morning a pale silver-blue dress, a gathering of white lace at her throat, a painted porcelain brooch holding it together. Her eyes seemed to me immense and very beautiful.

It takes some two and a half hours to cross the 40-odd kilometres from the Finnish mainland, through the archipelago and across the 20-kilometre stretch of open water to Valamo islands. Long before you reached the islands the golden cupolas rose from the water in a cluster reminiscent of the Thousand and One Nights, golden crosses struck at the sky from the zenith of huge blue domes, and a crowd of smaller blue domes clustered below the mighty ones. It was an unbelievable sight, here, in the hinterland of Karelian wilds. The devout on board ship crossed themselves, fingering their beads, and knelt to receive blessings from the sailor fathers. The tourists gaped. My Great-aunt Anna-Kristina sat within that motionless stillness of hers, her eyes never wavering from the cupolas that splintered the sun.

On the dock a crowd of bearded men, unbelievably tall in their long black cassocks, were ready to catch the landing ropes, help the passengers alight, take care of the luggage. We did not go up the winding road but more directly, by the 62 stone steps that rose toward the imposing pile of main buildings on the height above the wharf. Nikko had been watching my aunt with odd intentness, but she waved him to follow the luggage before she took my hand and we started up.

We climbed in silence and a bright-voiced bird sang in the wild rose bushes that bordered the steps, the quick lively border speech floated, ununderstandable but for an occasional word, up to us, occasionally pierced by a deep slow voice of a priest answering in Russian. Two monks passed by us conversing in Greek, eyes downcast. A tall monk stood alone on the first belvedere, framed against the deep blue sky. From the hillside vegetable rows there came slow Latin words chanted by monks weeding. The summer sun was pleasantly hot on our backs. Yet, somehow, despite the peace of the scene I had a peculiar sense of unrest, a certainty of something to happen. The feeling deepened as we passed through the Sacred Gate and a bald fat monk handed us our keys and showed us through the stone-floored, lime-washed corridors to the two small adjoining chambers reserved for our stay. Bare but for the bed, a simple

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Strange Women in our Midst

Continued from page 23

Hindu girl brides, draped in their lovely bridal saris, are still led timidly to the temple to be united in marriage with a man who is a stranger to them.

IN JANUARY of this year, when B. C. East Indians celebrated their national independence day, Indian women appeared with their menfolk at a public gathering—the first time since the Hindus came to Canada. They arrived, some in their beautiful saris, some with flowing veils draped over western dresses, to sit with downcast eyes and shy sideways glances in the banquet hall amid leading Canadian citizens.

But they had to be coaxed to attend. The colony's leaders wanted them, because in India women are leaving their seclusion and playing an increasing part in the national life. During recent years, of 100,000 persons imprisoned in India for nationalistic activity, more than 30,000 were women—an astounding number in a country where women have never before played the smallest part in politics.

Whether this freedom of action and widening of feminine horizons will spill over into Canada is not known. Indians coming to Canada from their homeland are shocked at the conservatism of the B. C. colony, the manner in which they have clung to traditions which in India are being rapidly forgotten.

As they point out, most of the Indians living in Canada belong to the Sikh religion, a spartan branch of Hinduism which swept away the traditional castes of the 15th century. In writing, Sikh women enjoy equal rights with men, but the men seem to have their own ideas about that.

They know a good thing when they have it, and to the majority of Indian men a woman kept in the background by Hindu tradition is a good and proper arrangement. The most progressive and prosperous Sikhs in Vancouver long ago abandoned their beards and turbans, and many are absent-minded about the tenet of their religion forbidding smoking and drinking. But many of the same suave handsome gentlemen become very orthodox when it comes to their wives.

A completely westernized Hindu businessman who obviously enjoys chatting with a Canadian woman at a cocktail party, will assure her that he will bring his wife to the very next affair. But when the party happens, she just isn't there. The children were ill, his wife had a cold—he's always ready with a reason why his wife stayed home.

PERHAPS that is how the Hindu wife herself prefers things. In the ornate Sikh temple one Sunday I watched the faces of women as they squatted on the deep rugs on their side of the hall, engrossed in their devotions. Their dark faces, framed in soft shawls, seemed for the most part dipped in tragic sadness. But on no face appeared the hardness and discontent that have become a mask for so many Canadian faces. Hard as their lot may seem to other women, Hindu women appear to have accepted it.

Some of the girls in their early teens had lithe, graceful figures, but most Indian women become dumpy very early. But this fate they accept the way they have accepted the tradition

that takes them in their mid-teens from the seclusion of their parents' home and the domination of their father, to the seclusion of a husband's home and his domination, together with years of child-bearing.

From all this, the temple is their escape, one day in seven. It's their chance to gossip, to pat the fat legs of their friends' babies and gaze at the four walls of the temple instead of their home.

And the Sikhs in Vancouver make a day of it. The first prayers are said before the sun has crept over the mountains and the echoes of the final benediction die long after darkness falls.

It's a day when they forget the cold and damp of their adopted country and live for 14 hours or so in their homeland, listen to her music and prayers, debate her problems and eat her food.

THE TEMPLE was one of the first things sweet, sloe-eyed Poorah dared talk to me about.

Here in Canada the temple is her greatest happiness. "The children and I love to go there and pray," she said. "I feel closer to India, to the life I used to know. I forget that I am so far from home."

"Perhaps I could go out more if I wished," Poorah went on, "but I feel my place is at home. Always one of the children needs me." (There are four here and two in India although Poorah is under 30 years of age.)

Poorah's house in a working-class suburb of Vancouver turned out to be a new, extremely modern white stucco. Inside it boasted almost hospital cleanliness, and the furnishings were conventional: red velours suite in the living room, the most modern of playpens and nursery furniture for the children. On the surface there was very little of the Orient about this house. But internally, mentally, emotionally, there was a difference.

Poorah only appeared for a moment at first. Her big handsome husband served drinks with practiced competence. But she lurked in the kitchen with children clinging to her skirts.

Poorah did not sit at the table. She hovered between the refrigerator and the electric stove, bringing us great bowls of delicious chicken soup flavored with curry; boiled rice; chicken with curry that is not curry as we know it, but a blend of curry and other spices such as cayenne.

Poorah's baby, a two-year-old boy, was the dominant figure in the family picture. Small as he was, he was very sure of his place in the household. When he demanded, the mother answered his orders. When his sister was given a piece of roti to chew he went to her and arrogantly snatched it from her. She made no protest and meekly dropped her eyes.

It was obvious in which direction this young twig was bent. But among the women of the family, there wasn't a whisper of revolt. Poorah, the mother, had been in Canada eight years. She left her eldest children, in their mid-teens, in India. She has learned to speak good English. But in her heart she clings to her homeland and the way of life she knew there.

PRETTY, youthful, Mrs. Ishar Singh Banns is one of the few links between the Indian women and the Canadian



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world in which they live, although she came here only in 1940.

She received me in her very modern turquoise and rose living room, wearing an English twin sweater set and tweed skirt. But later she admitted, "I prefer to wear my sari, I feel it is more graceful for a woman. But in your cold climate it isn't always very practical," and she shivered at the late spring snow falling outside.

But Mrs. Banns herself is a product of modern India. Her parents conducted a private school for girls and she herself taught there before her marriage.

Mrs. Banns has become a prominent figure in international relations groups in Vancouver. "It would be better if more Hindu women would mix with Canadians," she said. "I try to encourage them, but there are many obstacles. Language is one. The older women have never learned English, and as the mothers of families they hold back their daughters because they themselves have been retarded.

"Our old-fashioned families in Vancouver probably carry the protection of young girls too far," she admitted.

Most Hindu girls of good family in British Columbia are taken out of the public schools at 14, and from that day on they are not allowed outside their home unless chaperoned. By the time they are 16 their families have probably chosen their husbands, and one grey Vancouver dawn the teen-age bride in lovely ceremonial dress, probably sent from India for the occasion, is married in the Sikh temple to a man who has been a stranger to her until that hour.

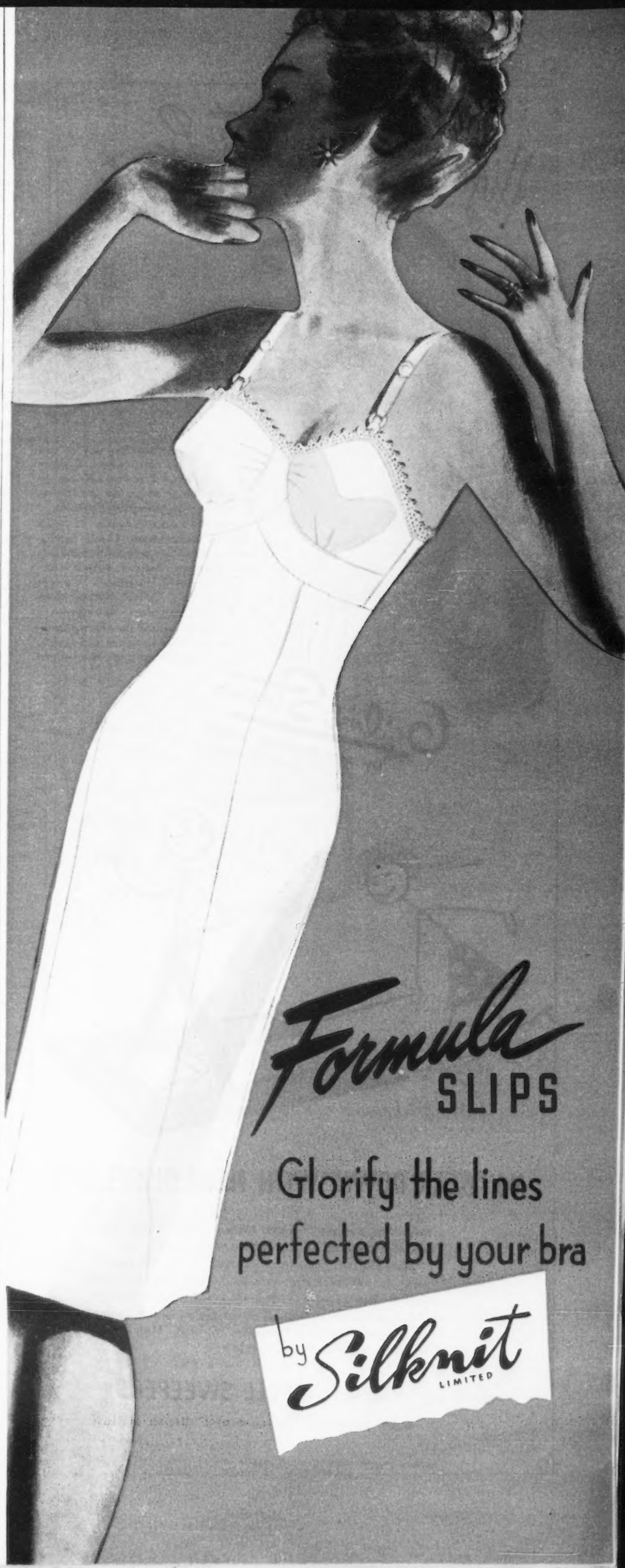
"In a small colony like this, a girl will probably know who her husband is going to be," Mrs. Banns admitted. "But she has never met him as her fiancé."

The marriage ceremony usually lasts most of the day, before the bride finds herself alone with her groom. The feasting for members of the two families often goes on for the full 24 hours, as in India.

Mrs. Banns, however, chose her own husband; her parents met him only a few days before the marriage, but with their enlightened outlook they saw no objection. Yet it isn't at all necessary for an arranged marriage to be an unhappy one, she feels. A more lasting kind of love and respect may sometimes be built by bride and groom who are strangers to each other and who know they must make the best of it, than by North American couples who marry in a frenzy of romance, movie-style.

The stirrings of revolt, though, are apparent among the younger Hindu girls. Mrs. Banns described the struggle of a young Vancouver friend, completely westernized, musical, and popular with her Canadian friends. She is now "approaching the marriage age," and her parents not only want her to go into seclusion but plan to return to India to find a suitable husband for her there. The daughter dreads the idea and has refused to submit.

Yet tradition—the mingled tradition of cult and country and customs—must seem an iron curtain under the pummelings of this frail young spirit, no matter how determined. Will she, I wonder, bow to the inevitable in the end, learn to walk the correct four paces behind her husband, and concentrate her social life in that one day out per week, in the temple, among her kind? ♦



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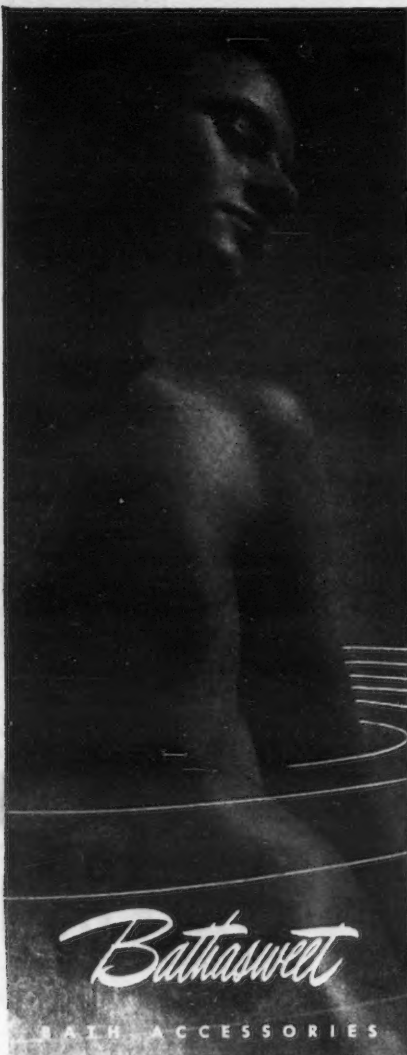


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for instance, about that peach meringue and how Aunt Marianne had understood that her mouth was actually watering.

"Well," said Aunt Marianne, putting back the navy crepe, "I'll tell you how I know. You see, Judith, even the smallest tiniest sin shows in a person's eyes because the eyes are the mirrors of the soul: and if the sin of coveting is in our souls it reflects itself in our eyes. That's one of the reasons the good Lord gave us eyes. To reflect our sins so everyone may see."

Judith's mouth turned dry as powder. She wanted to close her eyes, to shut them away from Aunt Marianne, but she didn't quite dare. Had the green suit shone in her eyes, she wondered? Was it still there, giving her away?

"And so, Judith," Aunt Marianne said firmly, "for the good of your soul and in order to teach you that there is virtue in self-denial, I am going to give my green suit to Amy."

A small gasp of horror came from Judith's lips. Give the suit to Amy? The lovely, lovely leaf-green suit? She saw Amy turn and look at the suit and instantly look away again. She felt her forehead growing cold and damp.

"I've watched you, Judith," Aunt Marianne was saying, "every time I've worn that suit and I've seen the breaking of the tenth commandment in your eyes. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods. Perhaps you'll remember that in future, Judith." She took the suit down from the closet door and placed it on the sofa. "You've been guilty, too," she said severely, "of the sins of pride and vanity."

She never knew how she got through the rest of closet-cleaning time, and when she and Amy were out on the sidewalk with the neatly tied boxes in their hands, she felt as though she might be sick. "She blinds people with the light of her religion," Mama once had said of Aunt Marianne. And it was true. She felt blinded now. Blinded too by tears that she forced back from her eyes. She had loved the suit so terribly!

She heard Amy talking beside her, laughing at Aunt Marianne.

"She ought to be a lady-preacher," Amy hooted and squeezed Judith's arm. "And know what, Jude? I'm going to give the suit to you, if you really want it." She looked at Judith sideways, and Judith winked her tears back. "I," Amy declared in a voice grown suddenly loud and vehement, "I . . . well, I wouldn't be found *dead* in such a color!"

Judith's mouth fell open: "You what?" she asked in a horrified voice. "You mean to say you don't love that color?"

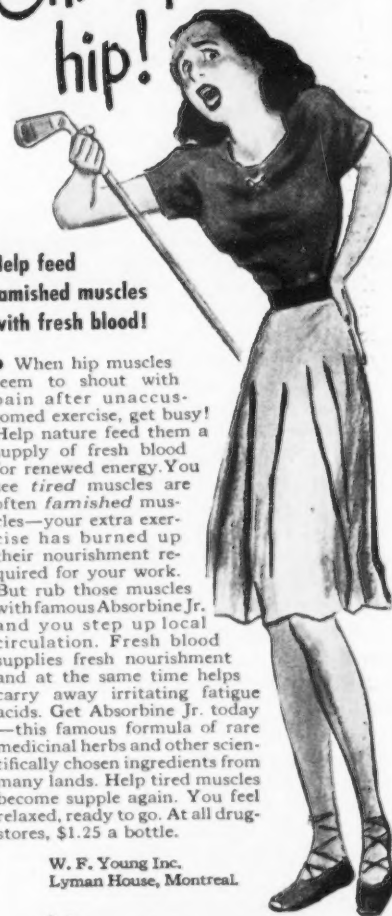
"Oh, I guess it's all right for some people," Amy replied airily, and swung her box by the twine-twisted handle, "but green looks simply poisonous on me." She turned and smiled at Judith hesitantly. "You *do* love the suit, Jude, don't you? You *did* want Aunt Marianne to give it to you instead of me?"

To her own vast surprise, Judith heard herself reply: "I hate the suit, if you want to know." Even to herself, she sounded tiger-fierce. "And you can throw it in the gutter if you want to."

She was shaking all over and she didn't want the suit any longer. It was spoiled for her now. And, she told herself furiously, she should be the one to cry, not Amy!

Her mother, when she'd heard, had given the suit away immediately. Even-

Oh! my aching hip!



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Bliss!



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Rendell's

tually, Judith had forgotten it and she had never thought of it again until this moment when she looked at Amy. Seeing her now, flowerlike and lovely, in flattering soft sage green, she could hear Amy saying: "Green looks simply poisonous on me." But it didn't and she must have known. She must have loved the suit! "You do love the suit, don't you, Jude?"

SHE KNEW now why she had telephoned to Amy. She knew too why she had waited when she wanted to run away. She stood and felt the hollow place inside her slowly filling up. Filling up and running over.

"Amy," she whispered as Amy came up and smiled at her and pinned the violets to her coat. She saw with new and painful clarity things that she had never seen before. She wanted to tell Amy that, but her tongue felt tied at its roots. "Amy," was all she could find to say. Amy!"

How blind she had been. How utterly blind, insensitive and selfish to have felt that Amy had given her nothing, and that she had nothing more to give to Amy or her mother. How Aunt Marianne-ishly she had clung to her feelings of righteous resentment. Why, she thought, I'm trembling!

But a flood of lovely light, tinted with the soft grey-green of budding leaves,

warm and fresh and fragrant as a day in spring, was rushing through her mind and heart; and in that light there stood out all the little things that had told of Amy's love for her. The gay plaid hair ribbon that was Amy's best, tucked beneath her pillow; Amy's saying through her tears, "I want you to do what you want to do." And Amy's giving up to her, generously and wholeheartedly, a gift she must have loved! She felt sudden poignant stab of tenderness for Amy. And all at once she saw her mother clearly. *Saw her shining!* For Amy had endowed her now with still another gift, the finest gift of all: the delicate gift of sympathy and understanding. *I will never stop loving you, Judith.* She knew now it was true.

Amy was laughing and talking and clinging to her arm. There were tears in Amy's bright blue eyes, but Judith could only shake her head.

"Amy," she said, "I can't tell you all I'm thinking. You know I can't, don't you? I've never been able to let you know, not even when I wanted to . . ."

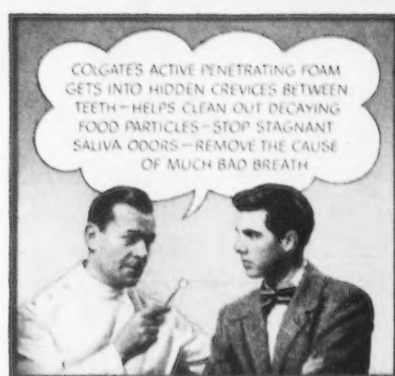
But the great Judith Neilson sang that day for Amy, and for her mother too. She lifted up her heart and sang from the stage of Carnegie Hall as she had never sung in all her life before. She sang from a deep and new-found peace. +

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THIS striking luncheon set, one of the newest and loveliest designs, is stamped for working on colored, cutwork linen. Motifs at the corners are intricate and elaborate; sweeping scallops forming the edge are a dainty finishing touch. The set makes an exquisite gift for someone very special, a bride, perhaps, who treasures fine hand embroidery. Or for your own collection, it's a valuable addition!

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DENTAL CREAM**
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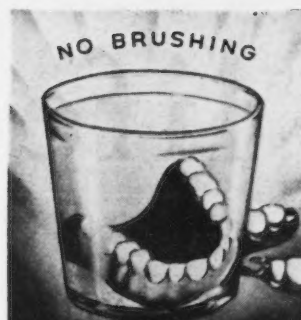
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Soak plates in Polident to keep them
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the darkness: "Jude, are you awake?"

Judith didn't answer.

"Judy?" Amy begged in a strangely muffled voice.

"Yes. I'm awake. What do you want?"

For a moment Amy made no answer. Then she said: "I don't want you and Mama to give up your money, Judy, and I don't want Mama to go to work. I don't want to go away and study. I don't think I owe it to the world, as Mama says, to let them hear me. I don't care a thing about the world, Jude."

"No?" Judith's voice sounded cool and distant even in her own ears. "What do you want then? Remember: God gave you everything; beauty as well as a voice. And you have a duty to the world in exchange for your great gifts." She heard Amy weeping, but she couldn't touch her. She wanted to reach her hand out, to still Amy's crying, to comfort her; but she couldn't. "What do you want?" she repeated savagely.

"I w-want you to g-go to school, Jude, to Normal and to t-teach. I want you to d-do what you want to d-do and I don't want Mama to . . ."

So her mother had not told Amy all the truth. She hadn't wanted to let Amy know because she felt that Judith had somehow cheapened Amy's voice with aspirations of her own. That she'd made an ordinary, common thing of Amy's gift; a thing that anybody might possess. A terrible weariness came over her. Amy had crept in close against her. Amy cried like a baby when she was hurt. Amy needs us, Judith. She supposed that might be true. But Amy had her mother, and she had no one at all. She wished that she could cry as Amy did. Cry and cry and cry!

"Go to sleep," she said to Amy, "and don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

She lay wide-eyed in the darkness while Amy cried herself to sleep. She had always felt alone, separate from Mama and Amy, but she'd never felt like this before. She had never really known till now that her mother cared nothing about her, that Amy was the only one her mother loved and lived for. For a moment she felt terrified. She wanted to fly to her mother's room, to crawl into bed with her mother and fling her arms around her. She wanted her mother to tell her that it wasn't true. "I love you, love you, love you," she wanted Mama to say, as she had said so many times when bad dreams came in the night. "I've always loved you and I always will and nothing is going to hurt you. Never, never, never!" But Mama wouldn't say that now because she didn't feel that way. You had to feel, to say! The clock in the downstairs hall struck twelve. A brand-new day was starting. A brand-new day. Amy's day, Amy's world. Tensing in the darkness, she felt her two hands clenching into fists. Her mother had robbed her of her dream, so she wouldn't dream again. And all at once the terrible realization came that she hated her mother and Amy and would never care for them again. "I'll find a way," she had told herself, "I'll find a way to do what I mean to do. And I don't need either one of them and never will."

Judith looked down at her hands; found them tightly cupped at her sides. And she felt again, as she waited for Amy, that same cold tenseness from head to foot. Then filled with a sudden exultation, she reminded herself that

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STAYS MOIST
IN JAR

Never Gritty or Grainy!

she had found a way; that in 10 years' time she had done what she'd meant to do! She had taken the stenographic course and she'd turned her salary over to her mother in exchange for carfare and lunch money. Then, on her nineteenth birthday, the day that Amy finished high school, she had left home for a secretary's job in a music school, taking part of her wages in vocal training. And for five long years thereafter she had lived a life of virtual slavery. She'd been granted the privilege of daily practice at the school. She had lived in a dismal furnished room, eaten in cafeterias and stayed in bed till noon on Sundays to keep from buying breakfast. She had lived the life of a Spartan and by rigid self-denial she had managed to continue sending small sums of money to her mother now and then. But never had she let her mother know what she was really doing. She was working hard, she wrote, she was happy. She worked on Saturday afternoons and could not go home for a single day. She spaced her letters farther and farther apart and at length wrote only when necessity demanded it: When her mother insisted on her going home, or said she herself would come to visit her. Then she parried with excuses and her mother finally wrote in hurt bewilderment: "I feel as though I'm losing you, darling . . . as though, perhaps, you don't want me, but I tell myself that's silly. And I know only too well how Sundays must be spent in preparations for the coming week . . . I wish I could do your laundry for you, dear. I would if you'd only let me . . . Amy, it seems, needs constant pushing. She isn't the worker you are, Judith, but artists seldom are. She's dear and sweet and she loves a good time above all else and I want her to have it within reason, but . . ."

Judith had read that letter twice, then torn it up and left it unanswered. She had fulfilled all her mother had any right to expect of her in the way of financial help, and the life she had made for herself should certainly now be her own. And she wanted it for herself alone, for the critics now were beginning to acclaim her. She owed nothing to her mother and nothing more to Amy. But regardless of her silence, her mother kept on writing. And when at last she was established, with a successful concert tour behind her that the music school had financed and arranged, she refused to recognize the telegrams of utter incredulity and joy that followed her first appearance. And she likewise ignored a telephoned message from her mother that came while she was out. And at long last her mother seemed to understand. A single letter came, quiet and restrained. She had believed, her mother wrote, that she had acted for the best and she would ask that Judith try to believe that too. But she had failed in understanding and for that she asked forgiveness. And even though Judith might wish it that way, she couldn't stop loving her; but she wouldn't make a nuisance of herself . . .

That letter too remained unanswered. Because her mother *should* have understood, she should have been willing to listen. *You and I are the small brown birds!*

BUT ALL that had happened long ago. And what, Judith found herself suddenly wondering, would Amy look like now? She couldn't tell by the pictures in the papers. Would her hair be golden

still, her eyes as startling a blue? Would she still be beautiful?

As though her thoughts had conjured her from space, she saw Amy coming toward her. Small and blond, with an almost elfin grace and beauty, she was wearing a sage-green woollen suit with a violet corsage at her shoulder. She saw another violet corsage in Amy's ungloved hand. For me, she thought weakly! She must have bought the violets from a sidewalk vendor, and that would be like Amy, gay and casual, no matter she was late. Free from the slightest tinge of self-consciousness as she walked along Fifty-seventh Street with an unboxed corsage in her hand. The green of her suit looked almost silvery in the pale April sunlight and staring at Amy's slender figure, Judith felt her heart tip slowly over.

She saw the incredible blue of Amy's eyes skimming the swelling stream of early arrivals outside Carnegie, saw her wave the violets as she picked Judith out from the crowd. And watching her hurry toward her, Judith was carried backward through the years to a day they had spent with Aunt Marianne. Yet it wasn't, oddly enough, the violet corsage in Amy's hand that was carrying her back; it was rather the unusual color of the suit she wore and the way that color looked on Amy!

It was closet-cleaning time at Aunt Marianne's and Judith was sitting on the high white bed. A pile of clothes, topped by a navy-blue crepe dress, lay on the satin damask sofa; but on the closet door was the leaf-green suit swinging from a pink silk hanger. Judith couldn't take her eyes from it. She could see herself in the suit, made smaller, of course, by Mama. She felt that she couldn't breathe. Never had she wanted anything so much. The suit was a fairy thing, a lovely magic thing. She could come right out of herself, as a butterfly comes from a cocoon, if she were wearing it. Oh, she thought, if Aunt Marianne would only take it from the hanger and put it on the sofa with the other things.

"Come over here, Judith," said Aunt Marianne, "and let me see whether anything could be done for you with this navy crepe of mine."

Judith rose obediently from the bed and Aunt Marianne held the blue dress up against her.

"Do you like it?" Aunt Marianne asked.

"It's a—very—pretty dress," Judith stammered and turned her head away. But oh, how she hated the dress. Navy blue was an ugly color, an awful old-maid color, a dull stupid color. But green . . .

"But you don't particularly like it, do you, Judith?" Aunt Marianne insisted. "The color you prefer is green, isn't it?"

Before she could answer, Amy laughed: "We like all colors," she said, "all the colors of the rainbow. Judith and I aren't fussy."

Judith colored and smiled painfully. Amy always knew the right things to say to Aunt Marianne. She even knew how to make her laugh with her gaiety, but Aunt Marianne wasn't laughing now. Her lips were so tightly closed they looked almost white.

"I still think," she said, "that Judith likes green best. And how do you think I know that, Judith?"

Judith shook her head. She never knew how Aunt Marianne knew all the things she did. She had never known,

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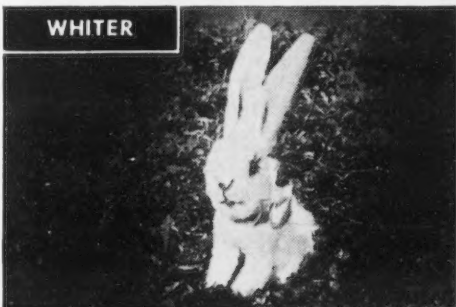
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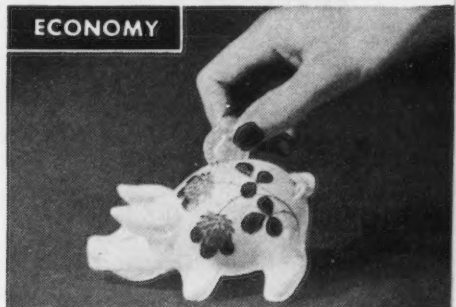
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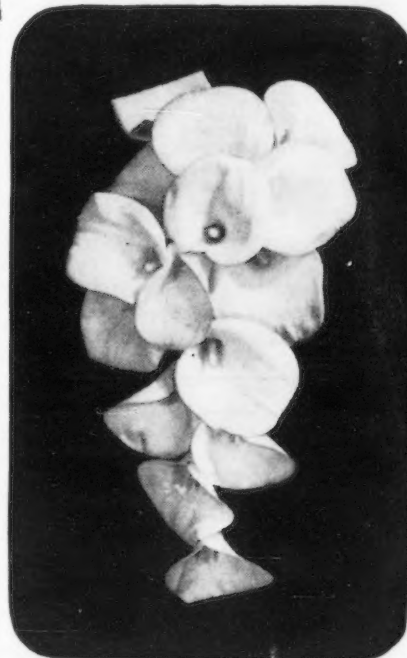


A never to be forgotten wedding is one in which the bride's personality is reflected in perfection of every detail! Here you see how it's done!

Clouds of filmy tulle are bewitched into a completely lovely duet for a summer bridal scene! Misty blue and palest pink, twisted and woven, become a halo hat (sketched at upper right) topped with immense silk-petalled roses of deepest pink. And, for delicate and unusual accent, there's a dainty basket, in the same tulle and tints, to carry the attendants' bouquets!

Calla close-up. Calla lilies are perhaps most exquisite of all flowers for the bride's bouquet. Here you see them in an arrangement of classic simplicity, tapered to follow the pointed-bodice line of Chatelaine's bridal gown, page 12.

Hat, basket, gloves designed by Magda-Lang; flowers by Harry MacDonald.



Up to your elbows . . . and over!—is the rule for bridal gloves, if frocks are short-sleeved. Here you see the minute details of those shown on page 13. The bride's gloves, same satin as her dress, have slightly flared, slashed cuffs. The matron of honor wears fingerless, long pull-ons . . . with triangular insets of lace. Bridesmaid's gloves are cobwebby lace to match capelet of her frock!





**"LOST" DAYS
CAN BE
SAVED DAYS**

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL

MENSTRUAL PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
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NAUSEA due to high altitudes, speed and sudden changes, relieved with
...Helps to control organs of balance. Quiets the nerves.
MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY
THE WORLD OVER

Wesley Mason
Fabric REGD
IN GARMENTS and BY THE YARD
FROM COAST TO COAST

Judith felt as though her throat might burst.

"But Mama," she cried, "what about me? What about my life and my duty to the world?"

Her mother lifted her head from the sofa and her eyes slowly widened.

"But, darling," she said in a slightly bewildered way, "I thought you yourself might rather take a business course, under the circumstances. I don't think I understand exactly . . ."

"I know you don't." Judith's voice broke and her mouth felt deathly cold inside. "I don't want to teach," she burst out passionately, "and I don't want a business course either. I want to . . . I want something entirely different. I want to sing too . . . I know I can . . . I've always known. I want to study, myself, to have a career as well as Amy." Tears stung her eyelids, but she forced them back. "That's what I want. What I've always wanted."

SHE SANK back exhausted against the couch. She had said it! She had told her mother! She felt almost giddy with relief. Then, turning her head, she saw the shocked surprise of her mother's eyes giving way to gathering pity.

"Why, Judith, dear child," Mama almost whispered, "I never dreamed you thought that you too had a voice. Judith, I wish you'd told me all this before."

"I don't think I have a voice," Judith retorted hotly, "I know."

Mama's eyes filled now with tears. "What a strange little girl you've been, Judith," she said. "I feel as though I must have failed you, terribly, without ever knowing. But I'd be failing you again if I let you go on believing this. Judith, if you'd been given a voice, I would have known, long long ago." She picked up Judith's hand and laid it flat against her cheek. "You and I, my darling, are the small brown birds of the family except that you're a cleverer bird than I; but Amy is the lark. And it's pretty much up to us, Judith, to decide whether she's to be heard or silenced. By herself, Amy will get nowhere. She's not like you." Her mother sighed and looked at Judith with pleading eyes. "Amy needs us, Judith, and she'll need you when I'm no longer here. But if you think it's too much to ask of you, I'll understand."

She sat beside her mother with her hopes slowly dying, with the secret she had cherished burning into ashes. She wanted to sob out her misery, the unfairness of it all. *You and I are the small brown birds!* But her mother knew nothing about her; and no matter what she said, she'd been lost in Amy always, blinded with pride in Amy. She knew Amy inside out, but she didn't know Judith. So how could she know what was best for her when she hadn't even known that Judith loathed the very thought of teaching; that she'd wanted, ever since she could remember, to climb toward the stars? She could sing, but she couldn't make her dreams come true alone. She needed her mother; but her mother was Amy's mother more than hers. She loved Amy best. Feeling empty and forsaken, she got slowly to her feet:

"You can have my money for Amy, Mama," she said in a flat dreary voice and turned and left the room.

And that night, lying dry-eyed in bed beside Amy, she heard Amy say from



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6 'Dettol' does not stain either linen or the skin.

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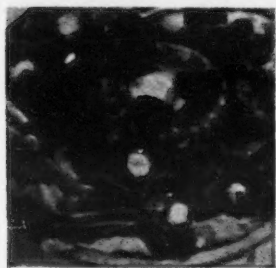
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DETTOL

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

RECKITT & COLMAN (CANADA) LIMITED PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, MONTREAL

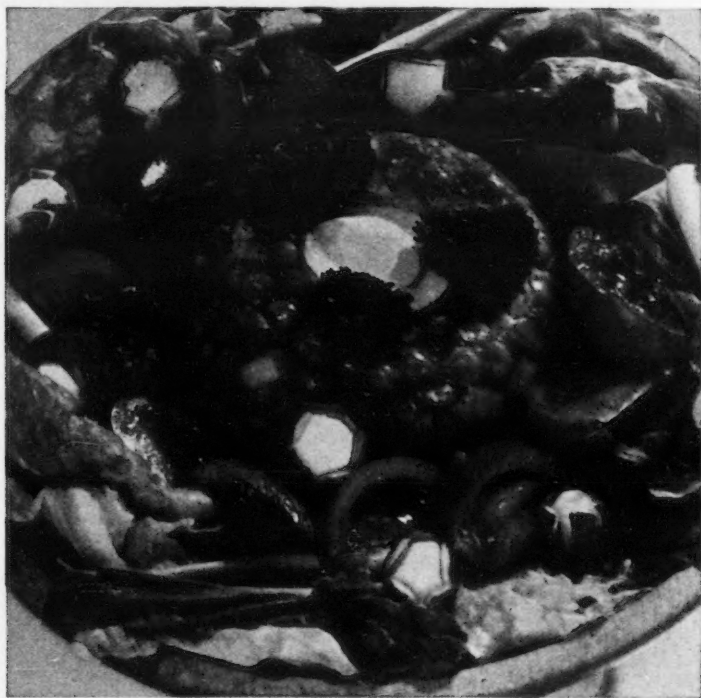
G. 15



Brighten

THE FLAVOUR

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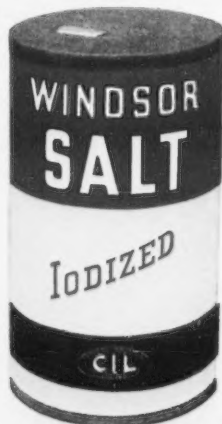


COLOUR counts in food! The rich tones of vegetables, the delicate shades in a salad, add so much to their appeal. And yet... a meal may be a feast to the eyes, and a flat disappointment to the taste, if the *flavour* is colourless and pale! And it takes a touch of magic to bring out every last savoury morsel of flavour, in its sharp, true brightness. *That magic is the pinch of salt!*

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For Finer Food Flavouring



that might be because it formed a link to still another memory so fraught with bitterness that she'd never been able to erase it from her mind. Why, she wondered in sudden anguish, did she stand here torturing herself like this? Why did she go on remembering all these things long buried when she wanted to forget...?

Mama was wearing a new black dress and hat. All the way home from Aunt Marianne's house, where the will had just been read, she had scarcely spoken. Amy had chattered as usual, but Judith had sat in the train with her cherished dream taking substance inside her. A dream so radiant, so tremulous with beauty, that she scarcely dared to believe it ever could come true. Fifteen hundred dollars, she had thought. Why she was rich. Amy and Mama were rich now too. She was especially glad for Mama, because Mama had never touched a single thing that had come to them from closet-cleaning time at Aunt Marianne's. Mama made do and made over. She still had a narrow skirt and jacket that she'd made from one of Papa's suits, and the fall coat she'd worn for years had been made from Papa's topcoat. Because she loved to wear them, Mama said quietly, when Amy and Judith fussed, and because such fine material couldn't be worn out, ever! And now, fifteen hundred dollars for each of them. Think of it! She wouldn't have to go to Normal now, she wouldn't have to teach. Her hands locked tightly in her lap and she quivered with happiness. Profoundly grateful to Aunt Marianne, she still couldn't feel too sorry for her, because Aunt Marianne, for as long as Judith could remember, had pointed out that this life was a place of trial before one's real life started. So Aunt Marianne must be happy now. Happier than she'd ever been. And she had done what she felt was right, what she'd felt she had to do in leaving the bulk of her money to a foreign mission. Judith felt a surge of pride for her Aunt Marianne's great courage. To do the thing you believed in, to be true to yourself no matter what anyone thought of you, was fine and brave and strong!

She wanted to tell her mother that when they got back home. She wanted to tell her how important it was to do the thing you believed in most. She wanted to explain why she couldn't go to Normal, why she had to find a teacher instead of being one herself. She might even let her mother hear her sing to prove that she was right. But her mother's face, openly worried and thoughtful now that she was home, prevented her from speaking. Besides, she couldn't decide what Mama might be thinking of Aunt Marianne and the foreign mission business.

"I think, Amy," her mother said, "some coffee would taste good to all of us. Suppose you make some, good and strong." She took off the new black hat and placed it in the hall closet. "And you, Judith dear. Let's go into the living room, shall we? There's something I'd like to talk over with you."

They sat on the living room sofa and Mama took her hand and held it tightly. "Judith," she said, "I don't know what on earth I'd do without you. You remind me so much of your father. You're so quiet and self-contained."

"I'm glad, Mama," Judith answered simply. But her mother seemed not to have heard.

"I don't think I need tell you how upset I am over your aunt's will. I still can't believe it possible."

Judith's slender eyebrows drew together questioningly.

"You can't, Mama? Why is that?"

Mama shook her head. "I don't wonder you ask," she said. "I suppose you expected something of the sort, knowing your aunt, but I certainly didn't. And sometimes, Judith, I can't help wishing you girls had had a sharper mother."

Without quite knowing why, Judith felt a small nervous throbbing start in her throat.

"Are you mad about the foreign mission, Mama?" she asked.

"Mad?" Her mother seemed to consider that for a moment. Then color streaked across her cheekbones. "Judith," she said abruptly, "it was a wicked, conscienceless thing for your aunt to have tried to buy a place in heaven by leaving all that money to charity with her own flesh and blood in need."

Judith's eyes flew open. "Why, Mama," she protested, "we're not in need and I think it was a wonderful..."

Her mother, for once, paid no attention to her. "There is something, Judith," she said, and her voice shook oddly, "that I've never spoken of to you or Amy because I didn't want to influence you in any way or to have you show the slightest feeling. But I've never liked your Aunt Marianne and I've had good reason to dislike her. And I say again that she had no right at all to leave the money that way."

"But why, Mama? It was her own money, wasn't it?"

"It was money," Mama retorted, "that your grandfather left to her from a business that your father helped to build. When your grandfather died, he *should* have left a third of the money in trust for you children and appointed me as guardian. I could have reminded your aunt of that many times when she was alive. But I always believed she'd do the right thing in the end, and I believed it might be wiser for you children's sake to hold my tongue. I thought it would profit you more eventually. And I never really thought for a minute that she'd let you work your way through college, Judith, when she had so much and we so little, and I thought certainly she'd back Amy when the time came. I counted on it!"

SPEECHLESS with surprise, Judith gazed at her mother. She never had heard her talk like this before; bitterly, as though she had almost hated Aunt Marianne. There was something too, in her mother's white face that filled her with a nervous dread. She found herself clutching at her dear new hope, hugging it tight inside her, soothing and protecting it! Her very heart felt twisted.

"Do you mean, Mama," she asked at last in a small frightened voice, "that the money Aunt Marianne left Amy and me is really your money as our guardian or something, and that you want us to give it to you?"

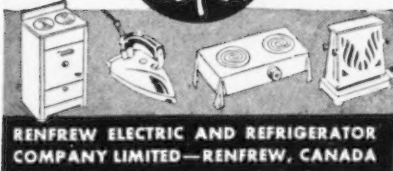
Her mother's face softened instantly and she patted Judith's hand.

"No, my darling: I don't want you to give me your money. I don't want you to give it to anyone. But that is what I wanted to talk to you about, Judith." She rubbed her hand across her forehead as though she were very tired. "I depend on you, Judith," she said.

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"Depend on your judgment. I'm going to see immediately about finding something to do. I should have done it years ago, but I always felt . . . well, never mind that now. Perhaps you can help me think what there is that I can do." She sighed wearily. "It's an awful feeling, Judith, to realize you've no special training, no way to earn your living or to help your children. I never want that to happen to you or Amy." She tried to smile. "I don't care whether you marry millionaires, I want you both equipped to support yourselves."

Judith nodded. That was what she wanted to do, but not for money's sake. "Is that what you wanted to talk to me about, Mama?" she asked.

For a moment her mother said nothing. She just sat staring straight ahead of her. Then, at last, she said: "Not just that. I wanted to ask you, Judith, whether you don't believe, as I do, that Amy has a great career ahead of her."

Judith hesitated. "Why, I guess I do, Mama. Why?"

Her mother suddenly looked away from her. "Judith," she said slowly, "I think perhaps this is one of the hardest things I've had to do since you or Amy were born. And I'm not even sure that I'm right in doing it. Will you remember that, dear?"

"I'll remember, Mama." She felt frightened and strange. What could it be that Mama found so hard to do?

"I'm wondering, Judith," Mama said, smoothing her new black dress along her knees with quick little nervous gestures, "whether you would consider lending me your money to be put aside for Amy." She held one hand up quickly. "Wait, please, dear, before you answer. I want you to hear my reasons and then to decide for yourself." She drew her breath in audibly, as though she needed it to force her next words out. "You see, it takes a long time, an impossibly long time, to accumulate a sum of money, and with mine and yours to build on . . . and with my working to add to it . . ."

Her mother looked at her beseechingly, but Judith couldn't answer. *Lend her money to be put aside for Amy, when she herself . . .!*

"If I didn't believe it would come back to you in full measure and running over, I'd never in this world suggest it." Mama's two hands came together and clasped each other tightly. "That's what I keep thinking, Judith: that if Amy's career is provided for now, you will eventually profit too; because Amy, if she's successful, and I don't see how she could fail to be, would make as much in a single night as a teacher would make in a month. And it might even be, Judith, that a business course would be better for you because you're sharp and clever, and in time you could manage the business end of things." Mama's forehead furrowed. "I really believe, that with all of us pulling together . . ."

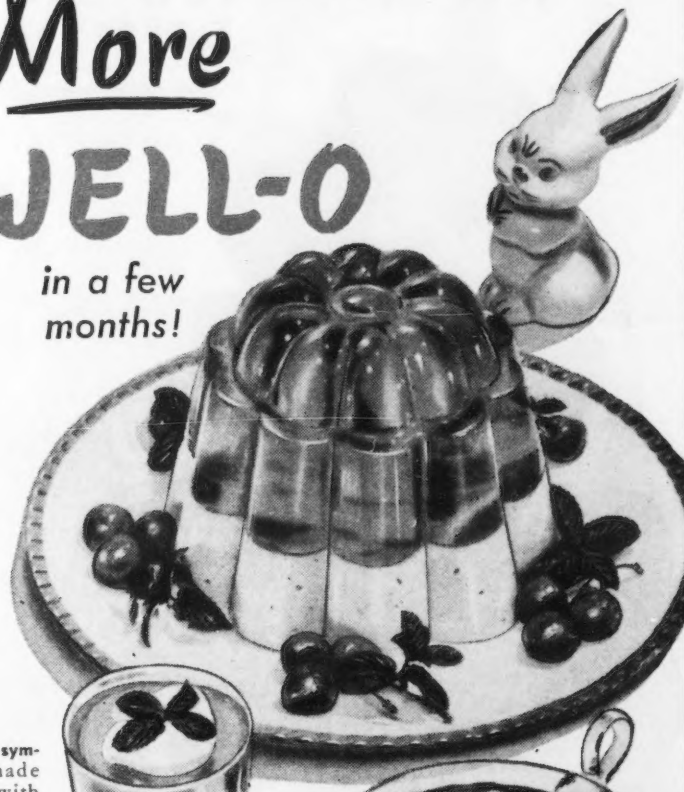
She should answer her mother, say something; but she couldn't. She felt as though her strength were running from her, swiftly, like sand through a broken timing-glass.

"You see, Judith," Mama went on, leaning back against the sofa, "it seems as though Amy has been given everything; beauty as well as a voice. And people like that do not belong to themselves alone. They have a duty to the world in exchange for their great gifts."

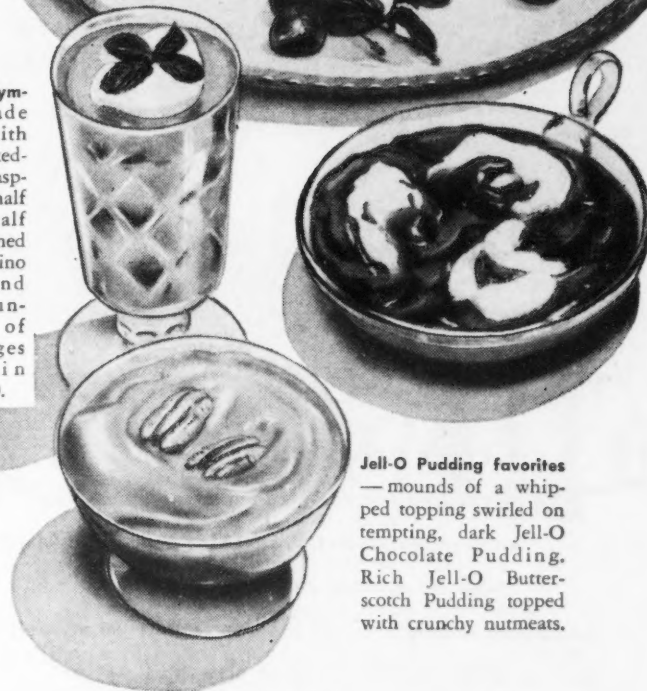
+ Continued on page 47

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in a few months!



Two spring symphonies, made delicious with Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor: Raspberry Jell-O, half whipped, half plain, garnished with maraschino cherries and mint. A sunshiny dish of fresh oranges moulded in Orange Jell-O.



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COFFEE WREATH

A treat — with coffee and Carnation!

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3/4 cup Carnation Milk, | 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind |
| scalded... and 1/2 cup water | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract |
| 1/4 cup shortening | 1/2 teaspoon mace |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 3 1/2 cups sifted bread flour |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons melted butter |
| 1 cake fresh or 1 envelope | 1/2 cup brown sugar |
| quick dry yeast | 1/2 cup raisins |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1/2 cup nutmeats, chopped |

Combine Carnation Milk, water, shortening, sugar, salt. Cool to lukewarm; add yeast. Let stand 5 min. Mix well. Blend in egg, lemon rind and vanilla. Gradually add mace and flour combined, and mix until dough is well blended and soft. Roll dough on floured board to 1/4-in. thickness. Spread with melted butter, brown sugar, raisins, nuts. Roll like jelly roll. Form into ring on greased baking sheet. Cut ring diagonally with scissors at 2-in. intervals (almost to center); turn petals slightly. Let rise until doubled in bulk (about 1 hr.). Bake in moderate oven (350°-375° F.) about 30 min. Frost while warm with confectioner's icing. Makes 1 large or 2 small rings.

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she could recall to Amy. But, she wondered, and her forehead slowly puckered, how could she bring the ribbon back to Amy's mind without bringing back all the painful implications of that bright June day? She hadn't mentioned the hair ribbon to Amy then, she had simply put it back next morning with Amy's other ribbons. She hadn't wanted Amy's ribbon, she hadn't wanted anything from Amy. She had wanted only to be let alone, to forget her shame and never again to remember. She had felt no rancor then, and certainly she could afford to feel none now. Surely now she could forget in peace. Yet she found herself wishing abruptly that she had not called Amy. There was nothing for either of them in each other. There never had been. She had nothing more to give to Amy and Amy had nothing to give to her. Nothing at all. Not even a memory that was wholly joyous. And it was stupid and childish and weak to believe you could recapture only that part of the past that you could bear to remember. It might be kinder to Amy as well as to herself if she left right now. She could write a note to Amy, explain her feelings honestly...

She had almost reached the corner when she paused and turned back. She couldn't do a thing like that to Amy. She couldn't let her come... And what, after all, was she seeking to escape in running away? And why, if she meant to go on harboring resentment, had she telephoned? Judith brushed her finger tips across her eyelids. Confused and upset by the conflict of her own emotions, she wished she could cut Amy cleanly from the past, lift her from it without a single remnant, as a paper doll is cut and lifted from a page. Yet why, she wondered, should she wish that, when Amy had constantly subtracted from her happiness? Her mother had lived for Amy, and no amount of explanation could alter the fact that she'd plotted and planned and schemed for Amy. She had sacrificed one sister for the other, and she must have known what she was doing. Amy would talk of her mother today, but her mother had become a stranger to her, so what difference did it make? Her mother could no longer hurt her. Nor could Amy hurt her either. There was no need to run away. After she had talked with Amy, the hollow place would still be there inside her, but it would be no deeper. You could only be hurt through those you loved, and she had stopped loving her mother and Amy the summer she'd finished high school. Or perhaps, if the truth were known, her love had died without her knowledge on the day her mother put an end to her singing. Things like that happened to children. Appalling things, and the more appalling because they came so quietly, like thieves at night. Remembrances began to flash through her brain with the swiftness of dreams.

After that day in June she had gradually retreated to a small secret world of her own. No one guessed at its existence, no one shared in its delights. She could see herself now, with Amy and her mother out, seated at the piano playing over Amy's songs; listening to the magic notes as they fell from her finger tips into the quiet room. She would close all the windows and sing Amy's songs and forget her separateness from Amy and her mother; then when they were due back home again, she would close the

piano, put the music back in the bench and open up the windows. Never, never, never would she let a single person hear her singing and least of all her mother. But in her private world it didn't matter how she sang so long as she was singing. And never did she feel that she was imitating Amy. Never did she feel like a copycat. God gives something to all of us, her mother had said, and she knew now what He'd given to her, but no one else knew. And her mother and her teachers arrived at the conclusion that the something in Judith's case had been a clever brain. Her schoolwork, her teachers insisted, testified to a capacity for diligence and discernment, to a brilliance quite above average.

A small remembering smile touched Judith's mouth as she thought of the day Miss Owen, the assistant principal, had come to call on Mama...

MAMA POURED tea from the fluted white china pot, and Amy and Judith passed tiny lettuce sandwiches and squares of fudge cake. They had all been so very polite to Miss Owen, especially Mama. She was very proud of her girls, Mama said warmly, equally proud: and she could think of nothing better for Judith than the splendid profession Miss Owen herself had followed. Judith, Mama laughed, must take her brains from her father, because she herself had never won laurels in school. But, Mama went on more seriously, she felt that a straight academic course would be wasted on Amy when her turn came to graduate; for Amy's career seemed unmistakably cut out for her.

But, Mama further explained, while she wanted the best for both her girls, it was not, unfortunately, as simple as it sounded to provide the best. Mr. Neilson had died when the girls were small and while he'd left enough insurance to carry them along thus far, there were not sufficient funds for higher education. Judith, poor lamb, if she went to Normal as Miss Owen suggested, would have to find a way to finance herself, at least in part; and the children's aunt, their father's sister, would have to be approached for Amy. She would be repaid, of course...

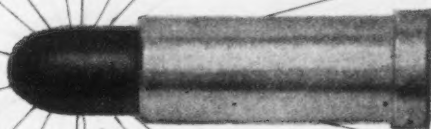
Miss Owen understood and Mama was assured that ways could be found to help Judith. But the talk with Miss Owen, to Judith's relief, was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a telegram Mama smiled: "Speak of the angels," she laughed. "The only time we ever have a telegram is when the children's aunt is coming for a visit. You see, we haven't a telephone."

Mama excused herself and opened the telegram. Then she turned slowly and curiously white. She read the telegram again: "Your Aunt Marianne," she said in a strangely hushed voice for Mama, "is not coming."

Nor would she ever come again. For Aunt Marianne, incredible and shockingly fantastic as it seemed, was dead. Miss Owen had left immediately, and Mama had stood in the centre of the living room staring at Amy's golden head in the oddest way. She seemed, for the moment, to have forgotten that Judith existed!

Judith glanced at her wrist watch. Amy was late. Looking up and down the street, she thought again of the expression in her mother's eyes that day. Queer, after all these years, to have retained a memory so exactly. But

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It's darling!*



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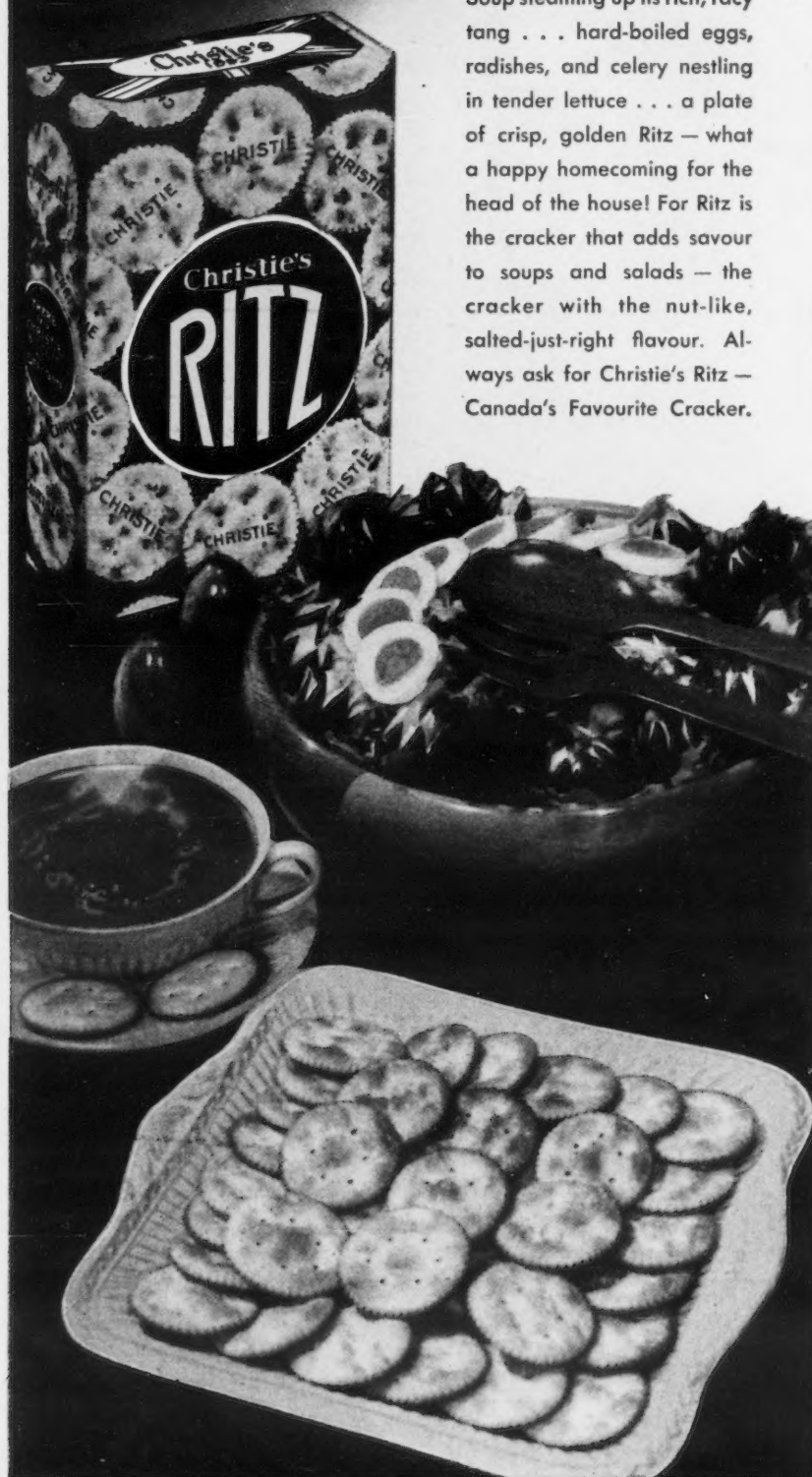
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JEWELS BY JOHN RUBEL

Soup 'n' Salad Supper?

put on the RITZ

Soup steaming up its rich, racy tang . . . hard-boiled eggs, radishes, and celery nestling in tender lettuce . . . a plate of crisp, golden Ritz — what a happy homecoming for the head of the house! For Ritz is the cracker that adds savour to soups and salads — the cracker with the nut-like, salted-just-right flavour. Always ask for Christie's Ritz — Canada's Favourite Cracker.



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so often for Amy. She didn't even have to look at the music. A smile twitched her mouth. Aunt Marianne didn't know it, of course, but she wasn't singing for her at all; she was singing because of the soft green suit and because of the bubbly way it made her feel inside. She was singing because she was happy! Amy's songs were much too high for her, of course, but she sang them just the same; even the most important song of all where Amy went up and up and up like a flying bird above the tree tops. And all at once she was pretty as Amy, her hair was gold instead of plain brown and her eyes were blue as Amy's instead of plain water grey. Her voice was as bell-like as Amy's . . . high instead of throaty low . . . high and silvery and sweet. Closing her eyes, she forgot about Amy, about her mother and even about Aunt Marianne and the new green suit. Then she heard her mother calling from the top of the stairs.

"Excuse me please, Aunt Marianne," she murmured politely, and slid from the piano stool with the dream still in her eyes.

Flushed with pride, with the music she had made still ringing in her ears, she ran eagerly up the staircase and smiled at her mother. She felt as though she were shining. She could sing. Oh, she could sing! And she had proved it. She drew a deep breath of delight as her mother beckoned her into the bedroom.

"Shut the door, please, darling," her mother said softly.

Judith shut it. Her mother stood staring at her for a second and Judith knew what she was going to say: My goodness, Judith, I'd have thought it was Amy singing if she hadn't been up here with me. Why, darling, I never dreamed that you too . . .!

Her mother pulled her down on the bed and drew her close.

"You're such a comfort to me, darling," she said. "I was so glad to hear you playing for Aunt Marianne. It was a nice thing to do and I know she enjoyed it." She paused and Judith waited. "But do you know, Judith," she went on after a moment, "I've just been thinking that God gives something to every child and sometimes He shows us when we're born and sometimes He keeps it a secret till we're half grown up."

Judith's eyes widened. "How do you mean, Mama? Did you just find out what He gave to me?" Mama had, of course, but she wanted to hear her say it. Right out loud. So loud that Amy would hear her too in the other bedroom.

"Why," Mama was saying, "I've always known some of the things He's given you, lamb. A very sweet nature, for one thing, and eyes that see beauty for another. Neither Amy nor I see all the lovely things that you see, Judith."

"And what else, Mama?" She sounded a little breathless. But, oh, let her say it. A beautiful, beautiful singing voice. Like a wild bird in a tree! Let her say it. Now!

"Why, ever so many things, I'm sure," Mama was smiling, "really wonderful things, and one of these days we'll find out all about them."

She hadn't said it! And all at once Judith was feeling queerly unsmooth and the shining was running away from her.

"Why did you call me, Mama?" she asked.

Her mother smoothed her hair back. "Because," she said, "there is something I want you to do for me."

"What?"

"Well, Judith, do you remember that jewellery that we saw downtown? Amy and I rather liked it for a minute, and then you said: 'Pooh, it's only imitation.' And we all simply hated it right off, didn't we, because you said it was copy-cat jewellery. Remember?"

Judith nodded and her mother bent and kissed her, very gently.

"Well, then," she said, "this is what I wanted you to know. That you're sweet and dear and wonderful enough yourself, and it isn't necessary for you to copy anybody. Not ever. So, darling, don't sing Amy's songs, will you? Never imitate anybody. You do your own shining, always, Judith; and everyone will love you for it."

Her mother gave her a great bear hug and then released her. "How would you like to run down now," she asked, "and put the cookies on a plate and set out glasses for the lemonade? Your Aunt Marianne will think we've deserted her."

But she hadn't run downstairs. She had walked down slowly, step by step, and she hadn't gone back through the living room because her face felt burning hot. She had set out the cookies and the glasses for the lemonade and she'd wanted to die of shame. Not even the memory of Aunt Marianne's green suit had helped her then. She had wanted to sing be-

cause of it, because it had made her think of all the lovely things she'd ever known; but it seemed that she couldn't sing, after all. And even if she could have, Mama wouldn't let her because no matter what she said, what she really wanted was to be proud of Amy. You're just an imitation was what she'd meant, just a copycat. And nobody wants to listen when they can hear the real thing!

She had played the songs again for Amy and Amy had sung them for Aunt Marianne. But she couldn't swallow the lemonade when Mama passed it to her. She had not told Amy anything that Mama said; but Amy must have heard: because that night she had wrapped up her new plaid hair ribbon and tucked it under Judith's pillow . . .

A BLOCKED CAB set up a raucous honking from the middle of Fifty-seventh Street, and Judith started nervously. Strange how memories robbed the present of reality, she thought, but maybe the gay plaid hair ribbon was the special bit of happiness she'd sought. Maybe that was the thing

Today

By PAULINE HAVARD



I walked sedately down the road
But ran the rest of the way,
For thick in the field beside me
I heard the green trees say:
Tomorrow may be windy,
Tomorrow may be cold,
But Today is a lady
In a gown of gold!
Tomorrow may be raining,
But This Morning stands
With a golden bounty
In her outstretched hands!

Finest way to set 'em up



for the
younger set

how about a Citrusip Julep?

Rub rim of glass with lemon juice, dip in sugar. Fill with Stokely's Finest Citrusip, add mint sprigs. A smooth drink for smoothies! So tangy, so different... it's one of Stokely's Finest.

OUR Cisco Punch is SUPER

Combine 3 cups ginger ale, 7 cups Stokely's Finest Grapefruit Juice, 1/4 cup Maraschino cherry juice. Sweeten to taste with light corn syrup. A sparkling taste treat... and good for you... when the grapefruit juice is Stokely's Finest.

TRY a Tomato Juice Frappe'

Combine 2 tablesp. lemon juice, 1/2 teasp. Worcestershire, 2 cups Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice. Half-freeze in refrigerator tray. Always peppy and refreshing... pure and wholesome... when it's Stokely's Finest.

Fix Yourself an ORANGE SMASH

Add 1 tablesp. lemon juice, 3 tablesp. light corn syrup to 2 1/2 cups Stokely's Finest Orange Juice. Carbonate in Sparklet bottle; shake. 'S wonderful, when you choose juice that's so-o-o luscious and fresh-tasting... Stokely's Finest.

Finest START FOR BREAKFAST, TOO!

Enjoy one of Stokely's Finest Citrus Juices every morning. Your grocer now has all you want.

Your family will love Stokely's Finest. There's a choice for every taste: Grapefruit Juice, at its delicious best; Orange Juice, healthful and refreshing; and "Citrusip", a thrilling, new blend of the two. Stokely's Finest are pure, natural juices... carefully pressed from selected, tree-ripened fruit... canned only at the peak of their delicious flavor.

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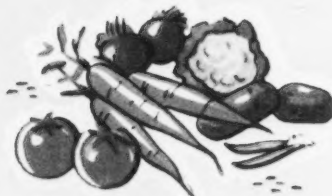


CERTICIDE 5% D.D.T. VARNISH

Developed to apply DDT by brush on screens, floors, garbage pails, any surfaces hard to cover with a spray, or where DDT might rub off. It is a clear, odourless varnish that also prevents rust. One application keeps killing flies, cockroaches, mosquitoes, etc. for several weeks.



FOR UNSPOILED VEGETABLES, DUST WITH



ROTENONE GARDEN GUARD*

This is a modern, double-action derris dust, containing rotenone and other ingredients toxic to both sucking and chewing garden insects. Non-poisonous to humans, it is particularly suitable for vegetables and edible plants. Dust every 10 days, after plants are 3-4 inches high.



FOR SUMMER COMFORT, USE



TANTOO* REPELLENT CREAM

The first repellent to give effective protection against black flies as well as mosquitoes, gnats, and other annoying insects on the beach, in the garden, when fishing, or out-of-doors. Also prevents sunburn and aids a natural tan. Rub cream into skin. One application lasts 4-6 hours no unpleasant odor.



NEW ALL-PURPOSE SPRAYER



HYDRAULIC-AEROSOL SPRAYER

A revolutionary, new, all-purpose, pump-type hand sprayer. It is ideal for applying DDT Household Spray, disinfectants, deodorants or garden sprays. A short, easy stroke projects a fine, billowy spray as far as eight feet. Fits right onto 16-oz. screw-top can. Sprayer, complete with container, \$1.85.



GARDENERS! Save dollars and disappointment with this book:



"Modern Pest Control for the Garden and Home" is a 48-page garden handbook, which describes and illustrates common types of insect pests and fungus diseases normally found in Canada, together with instructions on how to control them. Written by one of Canada's leading entomologists, and fully illustrated. Get a copy from your Green Cross dealer, or send 10¢, covering postage and mailing, to Green Cross Insecticides, 2875 Centre Street, Montreal 22, Que.

*Reg'd trade-mark

FOR MODERN PEST CONTROL, LOOK FOR

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THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY LIMITED
THE GREENHOUSE INDUSTRIES CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Green is for Awakening

Continued from page 5

telephoned. That she was sure of. She had never found it necessary to forgive her mother. She had simply managed to forget her. She would have said that she'd forgotten Amy too, but apparently she hadn't.

Standing tall and straight in her dark blue tailored suit, Judith felt a slight shiver run over her and she suddenly hated the depressing thinned-out Sunday afternoon look of Fifty-seventh Street. Even the sunlight seemed pinched and wan. And never before had the realization come to her so starkly that no success on earth could erase the memories of a lonely unhappy childhood. There had always been a hollow place inside her that she'd shied away from and left unexplored. But she'd always known that it was there.

Turning from the street, she forced herself to read her concert notices posted outside Carnegie: *Benefit Performance . . . Sunday Aft . . . Judith Neilson . . . Contralto.* But the posters brought

no glow of triumph. Reading them seemed rather to increase the distance between herself and Amy. Yet there must, she thought, be some special bit of happiness that she might recall to Amy to ease the tension of this meeting after 10 long years. But so many painful memories lay between them!

Perhaps, she told herself nervously, Amy would find a graceful way to bridge the gap; for Amy throughout their childhood had been the gay one, the bright and shining one, the family drawing-card; while she had been merely the other Neilson girl. Two years older than Amy, but totally eclipsed by her, she had found an early refuge in rainbow-colored dreams, exactly as a rabbit finds refuge in a briar patch. Shy and awkward, she had suffered from comparison with Amy; but always in her secret dreaming she was the lovely Neilson girl with the great wide world before her to be conquered by a song. She was the golden-throated one. There had even been a day when she had dared to think her mother might believe it too; a day when she had dared to hope that her dreaming had taken on reality. But the day had ended in shame and heartbreak. She could see it all now, feel the sting of it now, as though it had happened yesterday instead of that warm bright day near the end of June when Aunt Marianne had come for a visit. Her mother had been upstairs, pinning Amy into the pale blue angel's costume she would wear in the school operetta. Amy

was to sing her part for Aunt Marianne and Judith was to play for her.

Aunt Marianne was wearing a new green suit that day, and never in all her life had Judith seen anything so beautiful. When she looked at the suit she thought of budding leaves in springtime, soft grey-green curling leaves. She thought of sunlight and rain on flowers. She wanted to say that to Aunt Marianne, she wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked, but she couldn't because Aunt Marianne was so religious she thought it sinful to praise things out loud. One time when she and Amy had been staying overnight with Aunt Marianne, she'd been unable to eat her dinner for gazing at the peach meringue that stood waiting on the sideboard. She hadn't known that Aunt Marianne was watching, but when the time came for dessert Aunt Marianne said sternly that since Judith had looked at the peach meringue with gluttonous eyes and since gluttony was a sin, Judith would have baked apple for dessert . . . She had never forgotten, and she looked away now from Aunt Marianne's new suit.

With all her heart she hoped that Aunt Marianne would take good care of it because on some future closet-cleaning day the suit might come to her; but it never would in all the world if Aunt Marianne were to guess how sinfully much she loved it.

It was strange, she thought, about Aunt Marianne. Most people who were always telling others what the Bible said and what God expected of them, were sort of queer to look at. But Aunt Marianne wasn't. She wore the most beautiful clothes and she kept a maid to wait on her in her beautiful house. She was small and dark with eyes that seemed at times to burn in her face. If she wasn't *fanatic*, Mama said, she could have been beautiful herself. No

one could be truly beautiful, Mama said, who found everybody sinful but herself. Mama, Judith felt a bit uneasily, though she was never unfair to anyone, was a little bit unfair in that, because Aunt Marianne was really good to them. Every spring and fall, for example, when she bought herself new clothes, she had closet-cleaning time for Judith and Amy.

Judith glanced once more at the new green suit, then resolutely turned her eyes away. She wouldn't look again. Not even once!

"I could sing some of the parts for you, Aunt Marianne," she said, "until Amy comes down. Then you would know the story."

Aunt Marianne nodded and Judith's fingers ran over the keys. She knew all the parts by heart, she had played them

Born Much Too Soon

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS



The dentist has goldfish,
The doctor a sandpile,
There are trips every week to the Zoo;

At Sunday school they
Model camels in clay—
Why can't I be young again too?

Tuesday the square dancing
Broke into such prancing
That everyone laughed till they fell down;
When I went to school
To sit still was the rule,
And the wildest excitement a spell-down.

The children's library
Has bought a canary,
On Friday fifth grade has a Fair,
In geography class
They wear skirts made of grass
And stick paper flowers in their hair.

When I was a child
Only children ran wild,
Father's laws we were blamed for not knowing;
But now it's transparent
The fault's with the parent—
today.
Our children win coming and going.



Kids' "hangout"

You can't keep youngsters out of the kitchen . . . so why not give them a corner all their own!

A private snack-bar, located just inside the back door, featuring jumbo jars of their favourite after-school treats. Of course, this is going to invite traffic. But your good Gold Seal Congoleum rug

can take any amount of coming and going! With its wear layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand . . . Gold Seal Congoleum is lastingly pretty, and it cleans up bright as new with the swish of a damp cloth. Just remember! For all-round economy that only real Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can give . . . look for this seal. It carries the famous money-back guarantee of satisfaction! You'll be surprised how much quality you can buy for so little money.



Get Ready to Play . . .



For descriptions and prices
see page 35

No. 1970. Try this three-piece playsuit in pink and white candy-stripe seersucker. The asymmetrical bodice knots at the left shoulder, the full skirt fastens at the back. Matching shorts (not shown) are front-pleated, button at the side.

No. 1965. This set, of bathing suit and beach coat, is designed for riotous color such as black jersey or bengaline, teamed with multicolored beach coat. The dart-fitted bra is worn with or without cable cord halter; trunks button at back. Both are jersey-lined.

No. 1976. There's a little more coverage in this two-piece playsuit, with ruffled neckline to be worn either on or off shoulder style. Shorts are cut in four sections (back closing), and the dirndl skirt gathers to a wide waistband.

No. 1974. The easiest of all playdresses to wear. It's tucked at the waistline, has a four-section flaring skirt, and buttons down the front. Front and back darts give a smooth fit to the shorts.

No. 1993. You'll need at least one set of culottes, bra and jacket. The culottes have front pleats, the jacket is basque-fitted, and the back-buttoned bra (not shown) is darted for good fit.

TOOKE



SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1869



For a Lovely Wedding . . .



FOR THE FIRST time in many long years luxurious summer fabrics are here again, in romantic colors and fine weaves in keeping with full sweeping skirts, rustling bustles, long trains and overskirts! These four styles are designed for the bride-to-be who has dreamed of beautiful and individual frocks for herself and her attendants.

No. 1983 is a romantic and lovely picture frock for a rustling fabric—pastel taffeta or embroidered organza. The very full skirt shows a bit of embroidery below the hem (and exquisite embroidery is back again!), the large bustle is held in place with a stay! Basque bodice, snugly fitted, has a square neckline.

For descriptions and prices see opposite page.

No. 1932 is svelte, sophisticated, 1947! You might have the bodice top in a pastel lamé (very new for summer weddings!) with harmonizing pastel skirt in bengaline or plain taffeta.

No. 1949, for the smallest attendant, has a square-necked bodice pointing into a very full skirt. Make it of the same fabric as No. 1983 or 1932, but in a different color . . . and the little flower girl will steal the show—temporarily.

No. 1973, for the bride, is a princess-style frock cut in six sections, with sash ends forming a large soft bow at the back. Its classic lines, sweeping into a train, show off a heavy rich fabric to the very best advantage.

Are you in the know?



How can a gal ask a boy out?

- ☐ "Let's have a coke"
- ☐ "Meet me at the movies"
- ☐ Invite him to your home.

He's shy about a date? Here's how you can make the bid, gracefully: Corral your femme friend and her joe . . . invite them (and your shy guy) for a platter or ping-pong session at your home. There's safety in foursomes, and no need to be self-conscious. And too, you're bluish proof if you use Quest, the powder deodorant, with your sanitary pad. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing and destroys odours completely.



Do you choose the colours of your clothes—

- ☐ To copy your gal pal
- ☐ To suit your colour-type
- ☐ Because they're hi-fashion

A colour that's becoming for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own colour-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. Sotoo, (on "calendar" days) is the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's dainty, adjustable, washable, and fits snugly without binding.



The local Chamber of Commerce, which answers around 2,000 enquiries a month in the busy season, agrees with hotelmen that about 70% of the letters nowadays come from the lady in the case. She talks right out about the wedding date and the prices and the kind of room they want (mostly with view and double bed) and often ends up on a rollicking note like, "We'll be seeing you." Or the Big Executive's secretary writes for red roses and all the trimmings in the Bridal Suite. Since bridal suites are a rare commodity, this year the largest hotel is building two new floors of 'em—high over the Gardens and the Falls. One mother not only wrote for the reservations but came right along on the honeymoon recently.

So the bride and groom arrive. By car, by train, by streetcar across the bridge, by boat plus bus. And they're wearing everything from going-away outfits out of the smartest shops to slacks and shorts.

Once they're here they become a part of the saga of honeymoon town.

There's the hand-holding, everywhere, all the time.

"Claim they brought that back from overseas—the Veterans," grunted one old-time hackman, "because they had to hang onto each other in the blackout. But that's nonsense. Honeymooners been holding hands here since I was a nipper. Only they used to wait more for dark nights, in those days."

Then there's that dazed and daffy coma in which so many of them wander around. One immigration inspector illustrated it.

"Like this young couple I had the other day. We'd finished with 'em in the goldfish bowl here and told them everything was okay. So y'know what? They leave their car parked on the bridge, keys in and all, and start walking hand in hand up the incline and away toward the hotel. Had to haul 'em back and almost put 'em in it. Darned if I wasn't worried they'd drift right into the river."

One of the cab drivers told us about it too.

"Been driving horses and cars around

✦ Continued on page 97

Pattern descriptions

1981—Junior misses' and misses' one-piece evening dress. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 6 1/2 of 35", 39" or 41". Bow: 1 yard of 2" wide. Embroidered or lace edging: 2 1/2 of 7 1/2" width. Price, 25c.

1982—Misses' and women's two-piece evening dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, top: 1 1/2 of 35"; 1 1/4 of 39" or 41". Skirt: 3 1/2 of 39"; 3 1/2 of 41"; 2 1/2 of 54". Price, 25c.

1949—Children's and girls' one-piece party dress. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 4 of 35"; 3 1/2 of 39" or 41". Beading: 4 of 5/8". Ribbon and bows: 4 1/2 of 1/2". Price, 25c.

1973—Misses' and women's bridal dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 8 1/2 of 39"; 8 1/2 of 41"; 6 1/2 of 50". Price, 25c.

1970—Junior misses' and misses' play suit and skirt. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 4 1/4 of 35"; 4 1/4 of 39" or 41" lengthwise striped material. Price, 25c.

1963—Junior misses' and misses' bathing suit and beach coat. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, bathing suit: 1 1/2 of 35"; 1 1/2 of 39"; 1 1/4 of 41". Lining: 7/8 of 34". Coat: 3 1/4 of 35"; 2 1/4 of 39" or 2 1/4 of 41" lengthwise striped or plain material. Price, 25c.

1976—Junior misses' and misses' play suit and skirt. Simple to make. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 4 1/4 of 35"; 3 3/4 of 39" or 3 3/4 of 41" lengthwise striped or plain material. Rickrack: 4 1/2 yards. Price, 25c.

1974—Junior misses' and misses' tennis or play dress and shorts. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 1/2 of 35"; 3 1/2 of 39"; 3 1/2 of 41". Price, 25c.

1993—Misses' and women's culottes, bra and jacket. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, jacket: 1 1/2 of 35"; 1 1/2 of 39"; 1 of 34". Bra and culottes: 4 1/2 of 35"; 3 3/4 of 39". Price, 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 461 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Are you in the know?



Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ With a shiny nose
- ☐ Without benefit of bangles
- ☐ In a pastel dress

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple pastels photograph best. You can be at your best

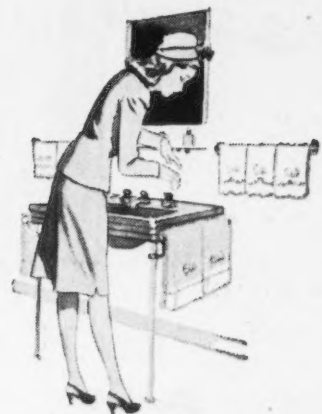
even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. For Kotex' special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so smoothly; comfortably! Be the picture of poise, with Kotex!



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ Her competition
- ☐ Boogie-Woogie
- ☐ The Three D's

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—drones who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! And take care too, (at certain times) to know the right answer for your sanitary protection needs. Kotex—of course! Because you get extra protection with Kotex exclusive safety centre. You're at ease because Kotex banishes embarrassment.



Which would you use?

- ☐ The guest towels
- ☐ The Turkish towels
- ☐ The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the guest towels—not the family's! Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has lasting softness. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. You can depend on Kotex to put chafing trouble on the double.

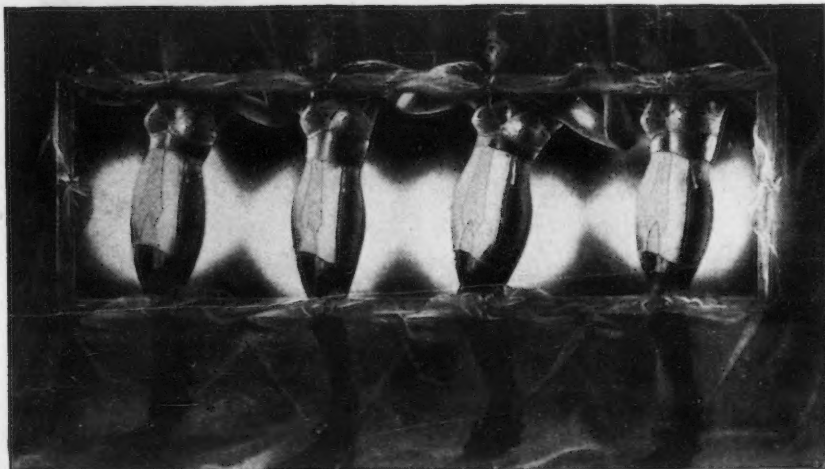


More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

★ T.M.Reg.

Four in One

PROPORTIONED GIRDLES



FOUR FIGURES—all different, but with one common factor... the waist line! This new Nature's Rival "Proportioned" girdle is available in four variations of each waist size to *really* give control with comfort at and below the waist line. The secret is in the varying hip measurements and varying lengths you may choose from to suit your proportions.

Your corsetiere can fit you, simply, quickly... with her tape measure! Ask her for Nature's Rival "Proportioned" girdles—and be sure to include a Nature's Rival *bra* to complete your comfort.

NATURE'S RIVAL *Parisian*

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*Cheering
as the hand
of friendship*

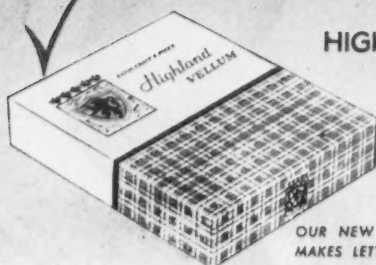


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HIGHLAND WRITING PAPERS

Highland Writing Papers express the ultimate in personal stationery. The Highland group of papers now includes Highland Vellum, Highland Ripple and Highland Deckle

OUR NEW BOOKLET "IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS" MAKES LETTER WRITING EASY. SEND 10c FOR A COPY.

Fashion Shorts

from New York



By Glenwear Blouse



Sparkling white crepe is slated for summer success! Above, in a dressmaker blouse, yoked in lace, its neckline shirred, the cap sleeves cuffed. And left, a classic number with finely tucked bib and crisp johnny collar.

IF YOU'VE a faraway look these May days, chances are you're thinking of your summer vacation. Wherever you're bound, you'll be happy with linen sandals and matching carry-all bag (to tote your bathing suit and sun lotion).

Just now, however, the weather's perfect for a very special two-piece faille dress. Be original and pass up black for warm brown. To wear with printed crepe sandals and cause comment.

Half siren, half saint. A baby doll opera pump with a removable anklet strap. Strap off, it's demure; strap on, sophisticated. Adds spice to your spring-into-summer wardrobe.

Warm week ends in the country you'll wear a denim play dress. Special feature: the roomy pockets in the skirt. Built for a would-be gardener who needs storage space for trowel and shears.

Be air-conditioned in a striped cotton two-piecer with all the dressmaker details of a woollen suit. Cutaway jackets or peplums. With long shirt sleeves popular.

Adding to your suit wardrobe? Choose a buttery wool in "white sand"—the current excitement. It pairs off wonderfully with a dark skirt. And fits into your July and August program.

Coat of the season is a swinging shortie. In the color of the season—whipped-cream white. It's equally at home with slacks or formals.

On the other hand, there's no law against a pink topper. It's just as adaptable to navy, black and brown as white is. As a matter of fact, the pink-and-brown duo has been a happy discovery, this spring of '47.

Taffeta plaid adds a perky touch. As a saucy bow on a little derby bowler. As a flippant bustle on a dress. Buy a few yards. Trimming—like charity—begins at home!

Love that blouse! Especially with a quilted bib. Gives that custom look to inexpensive rayon.

With a navy bolero suit, nothing so jaunty as a striped wool jersey blouse. Sound investment because you'll wear it with slacks this summer.

Crisp as a spring breeze is the piqué dickey. On the scene every spring to do yeoman service for suits. Now piqué gauntlets brighten the picture still more.

Batteries of buttons on everything. Mostly self-buttons, but shiny silver puts up a good front too. And for summer, gleaming jet to accent white.

Splashy prints usher in a newcomer in beachwear. The long patio dress—to be worn on the sand and under the stars. Motifs are imported from the lazy South Seas. You'll be a study in Technicolor.

Summer is i-cumen in, the old poet says. So is the hooded beach coat, we venture to add. Just the thing to conceal water-mussed hair and keep you attractive.

For ages, springtime jewellery honors have gone to creamy lustrous pearls. But there's a new contender in the field. Coral! Pinky, polished coral, ideal with your navies, blacks and whites.

It's still the shoulder-strap bag with tailored clothes. But with the new longer look. Longer than it's wide. In rich red saddle leather to accent grey and navy. +



*Does he admire
your hair?*

What a joy it is to have hair that is always "just so"... always ready for a date. And how easy it is with the help of Danderine.

Danderine removes the dulling film that makes hair appear drab and lifeless. Adds a beautiful sheen that sets your hair dancing with sparkling highlights.

And notice how Danderine helps remove every particle of loose dandruff. Get Danderine today...:

Danderine

MEN, TOO, LIKE DANDERINE
IT FIGHTS LOOSE DANDRUFF

*To wear
with
an air*

adorna
Jewellery

EARRINGS \$3.75
BROOCH \$9.50
BROOCH \$10.50

Superbly Fashioned

Each exquisite piece styled with deft artistry... each skillfully wrought in gold-filled and finely finished... That's the beauty of Adorna jewellery!

Honeymoon Town

Continued from page 11

the Inn) and watch the plying of the ferryboat with its terrified freight of adventurers, one moment gliding swiftly down the stream in the round of an eddy, the next lifted up by a boiling wave, as if it were tossed up from the scoop of a giant's cataract—to trace the rainbows, etc.—is amusement and occupation enough to draw the mind from one's earthly cares."

No wonder the rush of tightrope and stilt walking, barrel and rubber-ball riding, dare-devil swimming and ice-cake frolicking that spread over and around the Falls in the next 150 years didn't seem out of the way to these stern pioneers of tourism.

Edward VII—for whom a performer named Blondin walked a tightrope over the Falls in 1860 with a man on his back, in the glow of bonfires—was one of a long line of poets, priests, kings, foreign bigwigs and Hollywood stars who have made the pilgrimage. There have been soldiers of three wars encamped nearby, carnivals and honkeytonks with five-legged calves and bearded ladies, barrel riders and oarsmen; festivals on the ice bridge in winter and songwriters and movie-makers and stunt wedding promoters in summer. All to give way in our time, to the quiet charm and dignity of the Parks and the Oakes Gardens Theatre, and the U. S.-Canadian Rainbow Bridge.

The main thing is the honeymooners got there first. Ahead of the railroads (even the horse-drawn ones); ahead of Brock's Monument or Brock himself, and the power plants and the landscape gardeners and the souvenir shops. They staked their claim, and today they practically run the roost.

Nobody knows quite why Niagara became, specifically, the international romance rendezvous.

Honeymooners who come back—like a pair who recently spent their sixty-seventh anniversary there—say it was the fashionable bridal resort of their day. It was highly accessible, even in stage-coach and carriage times. And it was as essential to your social standing to see Niagara then as it is to know the Hit-Tune-of-the-Week or read the popular best seller now. A publicity man working for the Niagara Bridge Commission recently stopped honeymooners on the Rainbow Bridge all one summer and asked them "why Niagara?" Half of them said, "Because Mother and Dad came here," and the other half, "Because everybody does."

A hotelman who has watched them from the mauve decade of the old Clifton House with its dollar-and-a-half-a-day American plan (three whopping meals with room) and champagne at 50 cents a bottle, said, "Y'know why I think they come here? They're looking for something in nature big and overwhelming enough to stack up against their own experience of falling in love for keeps; and Niagara Falls is the only background that can compare with emotion on the atomic level!"

Hotels and tourist places figure that from 20 to as high as 50% of their guests are honeymooners. And when you realize that more than two million tourists come to look at the Falls each year, that indicates a sizeable number of Middle-Aislers.

Continued on page 35

Holds Better!



Keep your hair always smooth, chic and lovely with wonderful HOLD-BOB bobby pins. They're invisible in the hair, strong yet flexible, gentle as a lover's embrace. Rounded-for-safety ends won't catch hair, because they slide in smoothly. And Hold-Bob pins stay in more securely, feel better, look smarter.

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SMOOTH
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Made in Canada by Gaylord Products of Canada, Ltd., St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. ... formerly known as The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada (1940) Ltd

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REG. IN CANADA

...they're feminine
...they're delicate

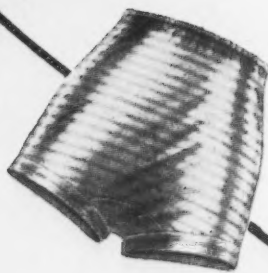


they're

ALMONDIZED*

Beautyskin
LINGERIE

*Pat. Process



SUPERIOR SILK MILLS LTD., PRESCOTT, ONTARIO

1-47

Add or Subtract!

Summer-minted numbers that have their own subtle mathematics solve the office-and-holidays question . . . add up to a trousseau with a future! These young casuals, Canadian-designed, and light-and-dark mixables that vary with the time, the place and the girl!

CHOOSE a number—a smart young one, from 15 to 20 plus—and you'll find her looking at summer clothes with a sharp eye.

She's out after clean-cut fashions that flatter and feature her best lines. Anything that makes clutter . . . eats up time and money in upkeep . . . is out!

The answer to getting the most out of summer is in quick-change sets that can be juggled around to make several outfits. "Capsule wardrobes" they call 'em; week-end wardrobes . . . packable travellers . . . and so on. We call them wonderful!

Here, and on the preceding page, see how it's done.

In the Pink

Because pink is this summer's favorite flatterer, we start with the four-piece striped chambray set shown on the opening page.

Next comes the black bengaline dress, which is on casual lines, softly gathered at the front skirt. It's an office-to-date

style that looks well on a hot summer day . . . is indispensable for the holiday week ends . . . won't wilt or show city soot.

Starting to Add

A natural follow-up is achieved with the long-sleeved rose blouse, a rayon spun, and black bengaline shorts. This rosy shade is much deeper than the pink of the chambray, but it's in the same tone.

As you see it photographed, it's a perfect lazy-summertime change from the bra-and-shorts idea. The blouse, paired with the black dress, adds up to a slick jumper for dark days in the city. Slim-waisted gals will wind the rose cummerbund around for extra color.

For a nice solid-and-stripe act, the blouse is worn with either the shorts or skirt of the chambray set.

And, still doing arithmetic, the black bengaline shorts make a vivid and bold foil for the chambray jacket or bra.



STARK WHITE, in a crisp-cut beach coat, that goes well with sand and sky and white sails. And it does a lot for a golden brown suntan!



PRINTED POPLIN, pre-shrunk and vat-dyed, splashes bright blues and yellows, Hawaiian motif, against outdoor background.



Garments by Murray Bowen

High Percentage

That's the forecast for the new beach coats with the dandified collars, good wide and roomy shoulders, and strong seaming!

Large patch-pockets carry most of one's beach needs . . . and the side seams are slit up just like a man's shirt, giving the coats a free, swinging air.

Mostly, they'll be worn over swim-and sun-suits, doing a complete cover-up. But you'll be wearing them too with slacks and straight-cut skirts . . . quite likely with summer cotton evening dresses! They're important news. The two shown here, one in dead white, the other in a print motif, are both washable and colorfast, and in firm-bodied fabrics that place them in the same class as summer lightweight coats.

Your Watching Brief

You've heard it before . . . read the labels! Fashions speak for themselves . . . but your money is wasted on clothes that shrink and lose color. And if you buy with an eye to fashion arithmetic you're on your way to a good summer! +

BLACK IS MAGIC in bengaline, with white-icing stitching on a round neckline and cap sleeves. A summer packable for work or play.



A LONG-LIMBED EFFECT is gained in a black and rose set, which by means of its cummerbund does nice midriff slimming and trimming.



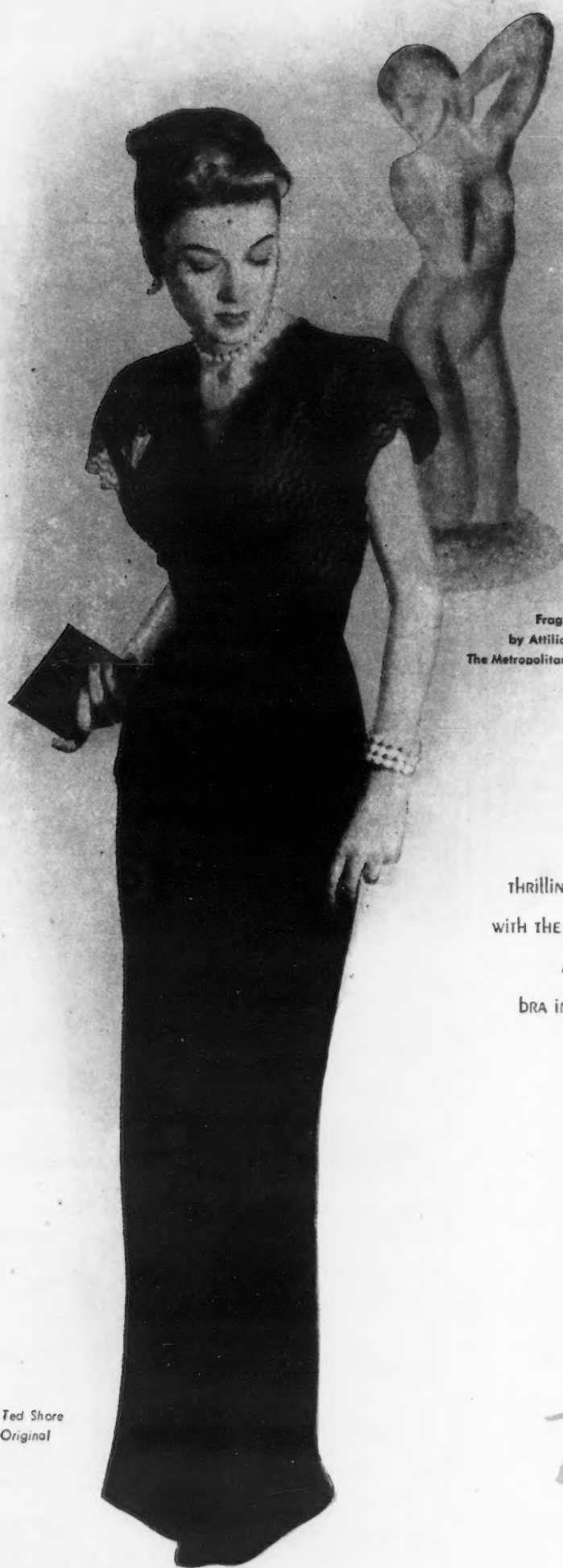
FOR A COOLISH DAY, and dull sky, the black dress and rose blouse quick-change to a wide-sleeved jumper. You could add the cummerbund!

A lady's delight knows
no bounds when she
finds Orient* nylons —
so clear, so sheer,
so completely in
keeping with lovely
Spring fashions.



*C. S. P. Ltd. Trademark

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS



Fragilina
by Attilio Piccirilli
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

thrilling new beauty for your figure...
with the firm flattery of a FLEXEES girdle...
and the lovely lift of a FLEXAIRE
BRA in the new PULCHRA Design.

© Ted Shore
Original

FIGURES in
flexees



FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

*reg. trademark

Chatelaine Fashions



By Murray Bowen

SUMMERTIME . . . on windblown decks . . . sun and fun with pink and white candy-striped chambray doing fashion arithmetic! Four items, an Eisenhower jacket, ballerina skirt, bra and shorts, add up to trim brevities that can be subtracted and divided according to how—and to what degree—their wearer likes her sun-soaking! And, extra attraction, they're color-fast and washable!

"Sometimes Mary's coffee is
— not so good . . .



but June's is always swell!"



June knows why Mary's coffee is sometimes disappointing! She knows that roaster-freshness is easily destroyed! So, she never takes chances like Mary! June *always* buys coffee in the *vacuum-packed metal can* because it is *always* roaster-fresh as the day it was packed! The *vacuum-packed metal can* is the *only* container that seals out *all* air and *all* light indefinitely!

Roaster-fresh
as the day
it was packed!



in CANS!

"NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN"
AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, Montreal • Hamilton • Toronto • Vancouver

Beautify Canada by beautifying your community
CLEAN UP • PAINT UP • PLANT UP



True—young couples like fun, dancing and dining out. The wife's budgeted earnings should pay the check.

contributions to the community chest, Red Cross and so on.

The amount shown as savings in the family budget is what is set aside for the future security of the Ewart family. This is to be used to provide protection against such contingencies as death, sickness, unemployment and old age. Out of these savings will be paid the premiums on Bill's life insurance and his accident and sickness policy. It will be used to cover payments on an annuity for Bill and Mary for their old age and also to build up a fund for other emergencies.

The amount in Mary's budget is likely to be used for an altogether different purpose. Probably it will go to buy many things which otherwise they could not afford. With this extra money they will be able not only to make their future home more beautiful, more complete, but to buy equipment which will help to reduce family expenditures later on when Mary has no job and when there will be three to keep on one salary. For example, if they have the money to buy an electric washing machine they will be able to save laundry bills. If Mary can buy a sewing machine and learns to make some of her clothes, many clothing dollars will be saved, and there will be extra money for other things. If they can buy a vacuum cleaner and an electric waxer they will not have to pay as much to a cleaning woman. If they can afford to have an electric refrigerator they will be able to make many savings in food costs.

If two salaries are causing your family purse to bulge, do not let too many dollars slip through your fingers for fleeting pleasures. Rather use this extra money to get those things which will bring satisfaction and security for years to come.



A proper budget for husband and wife during their joint earning period can make possible a substantial investment in home and furnishings.

DRAIN WOULDN'T
HAVE STOPPED UP
IF SHE USED
GILLETT'S



SHE'LL USE IT NOW
AND I'LL CLEAR UP
FAST!

When trusty
Gillett's Lye
"goes into
action" on
stubborn
grease-clogged
drains—presto!
drain runs free.
Easy as A B C
—all you do is
shake in Gillett's Lye full-strength.



Gillett's Lye is a handy helper in lots of clean-up jobs—keeps toilet bowls sparkling white, scours out laundry tubs. Get some today.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

GILLETT'S LYE



Here are the
**SAME VITAMINS YOU GET
FROM COD-LIVER OIL . . .**

But without fishy after-taste.

You . . . or the children . . . can actually chew ONE-A-DAY brand Vitamin A and D Tablets as if they were candies.

It is because the A and D vitamins are in the form of concentrates heavily sugar-coated, that these tablets are pleasant to take and have no fishy after-taste. Yet each ONE-A-DAY brand Tablet contains as much vitamins A and D as 1½ teaspoonfuls of standard cod-liver oil.

Everyone . . . at this time of the year . . . needs a full supply of A and D vitamins. If you do not get enough from your diet . . . and many do not . . . you can make up by taking ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin A and D Tablets. Note the moderate prices for prescription quality.

**ONE-A-DAY
BRAND
VITAMIN
A AND D
TABLETS**

30 TABLETS \$.60

90 TABLETS \$1.35

180 TABLETS \$2.50

Average dose: one
per day.

Fan Fare...

Odd Man Out

The intransigent James Mason, who does not hesitate to deliver himself of candid opinions on the state of the British cinema in general and the quality of his films in particular, has declared "Odd Man Out" the best picture of his career. While it is not deserving of quite so unqualified a recommendation as Mr. Mason gives it, without doubt it achieves a pitch of intensity and mood of realism that have not been seen to as great degree since "The Informer."

Like its prototype, "Odd Man Out," from the novel by F. J. Green, involves an Irish background, a resistance band and a manhunt. In this instance it is the leader of the organization, played by James Mason, who is mercilessly hunted for killing a man in a holdup in which he was himself wounded. As he painfully attempts to stumble his way back to the house of the girl who loves him, even the elements pursue him in as bleak a night of rain, snow and fog as was ever conjured up by a perspiring prop man.

Throughout the picture Carol Reed, England's brilliant young director,



develops a quickening sense of tragedy that smashes to Wagnerian climax at the end. You may find the allegory cloudy, and the discussions of materialism, love and religion tedious; on the other hand, the realism of the episodes and the masterly characterization may leave you too shattered to care. And you'll pay special attention to the lovely new Irish star, Kathleen Ryan.



The Farmer's Daughter

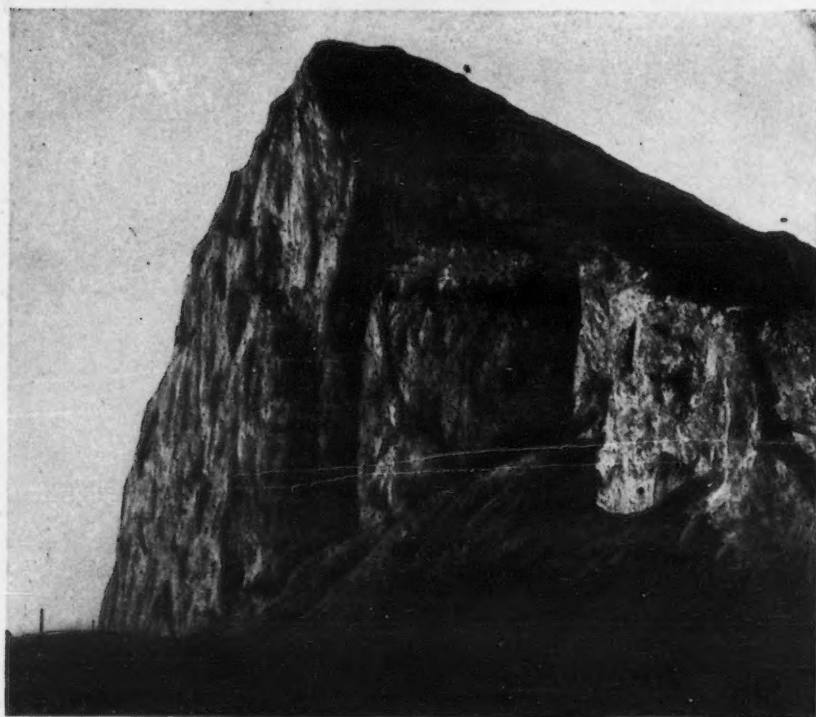
The agrarian miss is comely Loretta Young. When she takes a job as maid in the home of matriarch Ethel Barrymore, whose son is (Congressman) Joseph Cotten, you know that the cycful from Minnesota is going to beat off the competition of newspaperwoman Rose Hobart and wind up in the best they-live-happily-ever-after tradition. However, there's so much bright comedy in the picture that you don't get a chance to notice the circles under Cinderella's eyes.

The plot is spun around a fanciful political situation that takes a swipe at fascism. A special election has to be held when the senior Congressman in the state dies. Cotten and his party back an old machine warhorse, who is heckled so effectively by the maid at a nominating rally that the opposition party decides to run her as their candidate. The incidence of political activity among housemaids being what it is, you may find this somewhat unbelievable, but, remember, romantic comedy is not required to be taken seriously.



*Cream of Wheat and Chef Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



Symbol of Security

EVEN in the time of the ancient Greeks, the Rock of Gibraltar was associated in men's minds with strength, security and impregnable protection. So it was a natural thing that this great rock should come to symbolize, centuries later, the company founded in strength and security and dedicated to providing financial protection for family life.

The Prudential conducts its business in such a way as to provide life insurance at the lowest possible cost consistent with safety and security. Prudential policies in their various forms have continually been modernized, to fit changing needs and circumstances. Over 23 million persons own Prudential life insurance, in one form or another, providing over 25 billion dollars in financial protection for their families. And more than 22,000 friendly, neighborly Prudential representatives throughout the United States and Canada devote their special knowledge and experience to helping millions of people with their life insurance planning.

Yes, The Prudential has the strength of Gibraltar, and exists primarily to provide you and families like yours with financial protection which is safe and sure.

*You will enjoy the Prudential Family Hour—every Sunday afternoon over CFRB Toronto and CKAC Montreal
And the Jack Berch Show—Every afternoon, Mondays through Fridays, over CBL Toronto and CBM Montreal*



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A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES

Young Couple on Two Pay Envelopes



by Lillian D. Millar

BILL and Mary Ewart, after searching for months, found the house which fulfilled all their dreams. Bill's salary, after income tax and other deductions, was \$40 a week. Mary's was \$22. On their combined income of \$62 a week they could well afford the \$60 a month upkeep costs of their new home. But when 18 months later their baby boy arrived and Mary no longer had her job, it became clear that, even though Bill had had a raise in salary, they could not pay \$60 a month for housing. They were faced with two alternatives, either to rent part of the house or to sell it and get a place they could afford. Neither of these prospects appealed to them. Certainly they did not want to share their house with strangers. And after getting their lovely new home furnished and settled to their liking, it was not strange that they were unhappy and even resentful at the thought of having to give it up and to move to a cheaper and less attractive place.

To pay more than they can afford for housing because they have two substantial pay envelopes coming in, is only one of the many temptations to which modern newweds may succumb. To buy a car on the strength of their united income is another. It is true that the latter expense is not so difficult to adjust as shelter costs, for a car can be sold more readily than a house if the wife has to give up her job. But the young couples are not likely to get what they paid for it, and they will have lost part of their capital. Moreover they will have formed habits which may be unpleasant to break. Everyone knows how easy it is to get used to a car and how glum and discontented one is likely to feel if it has to be sold.

For a newly married couple to establish their standard of living on the basis of their combined salaries is to court trouble. Once fixed expenditures have been assumed, it is a difficult and disheartening task to adjust them down-

ward, and when habits have been formed they are hard to break. It is better to base living costs on the salary of the husband and to regard what the wife earns as temporary extra income. If from the start the husband assumes responsibility for normal family expenditures, there will be no major upheaval in living standards when the wife stops working.

In the accompanying panel we show how Bill and Mary Ewart might have planned their spending to avoid the predicament in which they found themselves. You will notice that Bill's salary is budgeted to cover all ordinary family expenses just as though Mary did not have a job. This is the family budget. What Mary earns is used for those expenses which are incurred because she is working and to get extra things which they could not otherwise afford. Let us consider separately each item in the budget.

You will see that all food costs have been put into the family budget with the exception of \$1.75 for Mary's lunches, an expense which is incurred because she is working and which will disappear when she gives up her job.



When the wife stops working and her savings are used up, the family budget, planned solely on husband's income, must be firmly based.

Here's a practical guide for this year's bride and groom who are both wage-earners. Future success and financial happiness may well depend on how they apportion spendings and savings now.

The largest single item in the Ewarts' family budget is the amount for shelter. It is generally considered that shelter costs, which include cost of fuel and light, should not take more than 25% of the family's permanent income. With existing conditions it may be impossible to find accommodation at this rate. Under these circumstances it is better to get rented quarters, to regard it as a temporary arrangement only and to plan to move to a cheaper place at the first opportunity. If compelled to pay more than 25% of the husband's income, it is not wise for a couple to bind themselves to such a long-term contract as the purchase of a house entails. Therefore, instead of buying an expensive house, Bill and Mary acted more wisely in taking an apartment for which they had to pay \$50 a month (an average of about \$11.55 a week). While this is more than they should ordinarily pay, it is the best they can do with present-day prices. In the meantime they are keeping the money they had saved until they can find a house they like at a price which fits their pocketbook.

In the family budget we have allowed \$3 for clothing. This amount covers cost

domestic help which may be needed because Mary herself is away all day.

Into "personal care" goes the amount which can be afforded for such items as cosmetics, shaving supplies, toilet soaps and accessories, etc., and for hairdresser and barber. This has been put at \$1.25 in the family budget and an extra 50c. a week for Mary while she is working. Transportation costs are streetcar or bus fares, railway fares and upkeep costs of a car. For the Ewarts this item is put at \$1.50 in the family budget and \$1 in Mary's budget.

For budget purposes the term "recreation" is very broad and includes entertaining, amusements and sports, hobbies and handicrafts, reading material except technical and educational, tobacco and liquor, radio, vacations, recreational eating, fees and other expenses of clubs or societies except professional or trade associations, cost of motoring and amounts paid to baby-sitters. In the family budget we show \$3 to cover normal expenditures for such items. In Mary's budget is another \$2 a week to provide extra fun and good times in their early days of married life.

In a budget the amount for "health"

	Family Budget BILL	Extra Income MARY
Net weekly income (after income tax and other deductions)	\$40.00	\$22.00
Food	6.50	
Lunches	2.00	1.75
Shelter	11.55	
Light	.50	
Clothing	3.00	1.50
Furnishings & equipment	2.00	5.00
Household operation	2.00	2.00
Personal care	1.25	.50
Transportation	1.50	1.00
Recreation	3.00	2.00
Health	1.25	
Gifts	.75	.35
Church and charities	1.20	.65
Savings	3.50	7.25
	\$40.00	\$22.00

In the first column is the regular family budget which is based on the husband's income. In the second column is a budget for wife's earnings which are regarded as temporary extra income. If family budget is based on husband's earnings, there will be no major upheaval when wife stops working.

of Bill's clothes and the clothing Mary would need if she were at home all day. The \$1.50 in Mary's budget is for extra clothes she has to have because she is going to an office every day.

The \$2 for household furnishings and equipment in the family budget is what the Ewarts' might normally spend for furniture, curtains, kitchen equipment and all other things they need for the house. The \$5 in Mary's budget is to get extra things which they could not afford if Mary did not have her job.

Under household operation we show \$2 in the family budget. This is to cover the operating costs of a home, such as telephone, ice, soaps and other cleaning materials, laundry, broom, mops, domestic help, etc. The amount shown in Mary's budget is for extras, such as heavier laundry bills and more frequent

covers cost of medical, hospital, surgical and dental services, cost of medicines, etc. We have assumed that when first they were married Bill and Mary subscribed to one of the medical and hospitalization plans. Thus by paying a certain amount each month they have provided for medical and hospital expenses, and their whole budget will not be upset when Junior arrives or if a serious illness comes.

The 75c a week for gifts shown in the family budget will provide a fund out of which to pay for Christmas gifts or to buy a present when a birthday or wedding comes along. An extra 35c for such gifts has been put into Mary's budget. Likewise the \$1.20 shown under "church and charities" covers regular church collections and also builds up a fund out of which to pay annual con-

Here are
some of the
fine "extras"
you get
with an
EKCO
Pressure
Cooker...



they'll make a world
of difference in your
meal-making!

EXTRA SAFETY The Safety Release is under the special Safety Bridge on the cooking cover of the Ekco. If you should forget your Ekco over high heat, the contents may overflow—but they won't splatter!

EXTRA EASE You'll open and close your Ekco just by twirling a knob on the cover—there's nothing to pull or tug. Yet the cover can't be removed while there's any pressure in the cooker!

EXTRA SPEED Your eyes will really pop when you see how quickly the Ekco cooks all manner of delicious dishes. Imagine having a hearty beef stew ready in 15 minutes . . . potatoes in 8 minutes . . . carrots in 3 minutes.



EXTRA USES You'll cook AND serve in your Ekco Pressure Cooker. A quick change of covers and it's a sparkling serving dish . . . the perfect way to serve food hot and keep it hot at the table.



the EKCO pressure cooker



EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY (CANADA) Ltd.
MONTREAL 30, QUEBEC

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Pending Design Rd. 1945

Strange Women in Our Midst

Chatelaine begins a series of articles dealing with the little-known life of racial groups who have remained outside the main stream of this country's thought and activity. Somewhere in Canada they are your neighbors — on the next street or the next concession line, or sharing citizenship with you in the larger community of the Dominion. You should know them.



A bride and her mother busy with details. Every item of the trousseau is brought to the temple and hung on clotheslines for guests' inspection. Ceremony, feast occupy whole day.



Temple scenes. Above: Mrs. Ishar Sing Banns shows her young relative how to drape and wear her sari. A squatting Sikh watches.

The mound of rose silk, with its symbolic motifs, is the altar before which a Sikh mother and her children prostrate themselves.

In stocking feet Mrs. Banns Mehan Singh with son and daughters stand reverently for a moment before making obeisance. They wear their Sunday-best for the service.





On Sunday devout families arrive at the Sikh temple before dawn and stay until the evening benediction. At noon the women cluster in the basement kitchen to prepare their traditional dishes of curries and rotis—the latter a pancake-like unleavened bread, shown above. (See Housekeeping pages for recipes.)

Photographs by
Claud P. Dettloff

THE TOWERING Sikh, shoulders flung back, black turbanned head high, bearded chin thrust out defiantly at the world in general, stalked along with the early spring sun glinting on his mahogany face.

A few paces behind, a bowed and humble figure pattered along in his shadow, striving to keep the distance always the same. She was wearing a cloth coat such as a Canadian woman might wear, but wrapped about her head and shoulders was a concealing veil of silk.

Her head was held modestly down so that the veil fell over her dusky forehead and down almost to her nose. Her eyes were fixed on the sidewalk ahead of her hurrying feet, but sometimes, like brown flashes of light, they darted quick, inquisitive glances at people on the street around her.

Striding proudly beside his father was a man child,

about five years of age, his head also held high in a bright yellow turban that allowed a few black curls to escape at his neck.

In the second rank the mother held the hand of a curly-haired girl about a year younger than the boy, her little head covered modestly with a rose-colored veil. She didn't stalk or stride, but huddled shyly against the skirt of her mother's coat as she hurried to keep up with the procession.

This quartet as it took the air might have been in Lahore, in India's Punjab province. But this was in our own Vancouver.

Just after the turn of the century a band of immigrating Hindus disembarked at the British Columbia port. Although a few women arrived with them, the majority did not come until after the First World War. Numbers of children have been born on Canadian soil since then.

But this trek halfway round the world is as if it never happened, for these Indian women. Mentally as well as physically they walk paces behind their men. Only a few of the younger ones speak English. When they leave their homes it is to go only to the Sikh temple to pray. In their houses they still, most of the time, wear the flowing, graceful saris. Their food is the blistering, pungent curries and pancake-like rotis of their native land.

Some of them have never had a conversation with a Canadian woman, and few, with the exception of the daughters who attend Canadian schools, have friends among their western neighbors.

Hindu women, like their men, have no vote in B. C., and they take no part whatever in the life of their chilly adopted country, so different from their homeland. By recent legislation, however, they are eligible for Canadian citizenship. ♦ *Cont'd on page 52*

The Hindus on our West Coast by Margaret Ecker Francis

Juices of the tastier fresh-vegetables *in every delicious sip!*

• The bracing, zesty goodness of V-8* comes from a delicious combination of a whole garden of fresh vegetables.

It's the perfect start for breakfast and for every other meal because V-8's appetizing flavor makes other foods taste better.

Enjoy a big glassful of V-8 and you enjoy the healthful goodness of *eight vegetables!*

ASK FOR V-8 AT YOUR GROCER'S!



Juices of

- SPINACH • PARSLEY • LETTUCE
- BEETS • WATERCRESS
- TOMATOES • CELERY • CARROTS

Deliciously Combined

*V-8 is a trade-mark owned in Canada by Standard Brands Limited.



Helen Campbell's Page

NOW comes the Merry Month. We used to usher it in by scampering around a Maypole. Now I never see one—but anyway I'm past the scampering age. I'll celebrate by digging out a few dandelions. Come to think of it, the only really merry faces on May Day belong to the boys in the Income Tax Office.

You're going to be Queen of the May, mother, if you waken early enough to bake a pan of hot muffins for breakfast.

Object—matrimony: (for you not me). While not wanting to rush in where angels would fear to give advice, I'd like just to mention that the real sweetie-pies are the girls who can bake them.

It's summer when the electric heater is carried down to the basement and the electric breezemaker brought up. But maybe it's a little early yet in these parts.

Time now to whittle a few stakes to tie up the peony bush. While you're at it, how's about sharp-pointing enough for the tomatoes? That's if you can remember where you put them.

Fellow who heads the table foots the bills. So maybe you'd better pamper the brute, just a little. You might learn, for instance, how to cook the rainbow trout he brings home—and don't sniff too loudly if you have to clean them. Can't you look as though you believed his fish stories?

Try beets (this from me!) put through the grinder with the leftover pot roast. Add onions, of course, and seasonings. Could that be the Red Flannel Hash I've heard about? Whatever it is, it sounds awful—but you might like it. If you like beets—and some people do. Imagine!

Quote: The cow and the sow and the good laying hen have been the financial salvation of men. Unquote.

If you know beans you'll serve 'em often.

Green beans are grand slivered, cooked and served with hot French dressing. Sprinkle 'em with fine-minced onion. Call 'em Beans Piquante. Very frenchified.

Blessed if I can make a dish of pork and beans as good as I can dump out of a can. I'm glad too; let's me take the easy way and keeps my conscience unburdened.

Open the Door, Richard. I mean the oven door, after the roast or the cake or whatever comes out. And don't go shutting it before the oven cools off. You know why; keeps the surfaces cleaner and the atmosphere fresher within.

Bury canned pear halves under a gingerbread batter. Turn upside down and serve with sauce. Any kind you like; lemon's never far out of my mind. Custard's good too.

If your gentleman prefers blondes, make a white cake and use rhubarb and raisins for the under—later over—part. Two cupfuls of cut rhubarb and one half cupful of raisins should be about right. And you'll need sugar; rhubarb's such a sourpuss.

My mother was a wise woman. She never spoiled a good Saturday by "cleaning up the yard"; she called it Arbor Day, managed to have the neighboring youngsters notified and let it leak out that cookies would be served.

The more billing, the less cooing—after marriage, that is. 'Nuff sed?

My, my—what a lot of fancy fixin's they're showing for picnics. Pretty soon you won't dare just to butter some bread, slice the cold meat loaf, grab a bottle of pickles, empty the cooky tin, fill the vacuum bottle and let's go—

stopping on the way for a dozen bananas. Me, I like a picnic to be painless—before, at and after.

Of course, if you bring your nifty grill, do a spot of cooking and wash the dishes afterward it's all right by me. But if there's any pointed remarks about division of labor, let me tell you I'd have happily cracked the shell of an egg on the nearest stone and lifted my hand to grasp the circulating sandwiches. All right, all right, what if I did eat three hot hamburgers? I could have eaten three cold eggs.

There are folks who can't enjoy their vittles without their feet under a table. I'm pro-picnic, aren't you?

Noses go up all round me when I say you can serve asparagus in more ways than plain, buttered. But I do say it—and let the fish and chips fall where they may! You can put it on toast, thin down mushroom soup with a little of the liquid and pour over it. And it's good.

A cupful of leftover asparagus—if you ever have such a thing—is the starting point for a fine three-egg soufflé. Well, maybe you start with the eggs, but you know what I mean.

Speaking of soufflés reminds me to remind you that a soufflé calls for some pretty accurate timing. It waits for no man. If there's any waiting to be done, you do it, my friends. But it's worth it.

Sweets for the sweet: Put dates, raisins and a few nuts through the food chopper. Add orange juice and a little grated rind. Form into balls and roll in fruit sugar or fine granulated. Or leave out the nuts, chop 'em and use to coat.

So you don't like bread pudding. Maybe if you added some chocolate chips you'd change your mind. Maybe.

When the cherries are ripe, if the robins haven't eaten them, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful to the batter for a dozen muffins.

Want a new pie? Mix rhubarb and strawberries; call it Rhu-berry.

New! So bewitching...
it's dangerous!

Woodbury Fiesta

Here and now . . . new
spark, new verve, new color!
Your skin glows alive with
Woodbury Fiesta Powder.
High-spirited shade . . .
reckless with beauty.
Break your date with the
humdrum—today,
meet Fiesta!

Lasting cling!
Color-freshness!
And film-of-velvet
softness—
that's Fiesta!

*Esther
Williams
starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Fiesta"*

That rosy-sparkle on her skin?
It's yours . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.

**YOUR MATCHING MAKE-UP—
FIESTA LIPSTICK AND ROUGE!**
Rich true red on your lips! Fresh,
rosy glow for your cheeks. Wear
Fiesta Lipstick and Rouge with
Fiesta Film-Finish Powder. All three
styled by Hollywood experts
for perfect color-harmony.

Woodbury Film-Finish Powder in Fiesta
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Woodbury film-finish Powder

Your Wedding Portrait

by Adele White



Ashley
& Crippen

YOU may laugh at your baby picture; you may chuckle or wince at the group photograph taken on graduation day, but there's no time for comedy—no place for error—in the portrait of you on your wedding day. It must be a truly lovely likeness—a record of you in your finest hour.

Here are some pointers to be noted, to help you help the photographer. He wants to do a good job too!

Have it taken before the ceremony. As you'll want your gown, your hair, headdress and bouquet to look band-box fresh, it's wise to arrange for your photograph to be taken before the wedding. Your hairdresser, or a friend with nimble fingers and a keen eye for detail, should be on hand to make the last-minute touch-up; to be sure no stray wisps of hair show up against the whiteness of your veil, thus spoiling the effect of smooth perfection.

Don't rush the cameraman. No matter how hectic the last few hours before you go centre-aisling, set aside at least half an hour for your picture. The photographer will want to experiment with different poses, lighting effects and background. He'll want to catch your face and figure at the most flattering angles. It's very frustrating for the artist in him to do justice to a bride who is all of a flutter, who hasn't time to pose. Remember that this photograph will be on record for a long time.

Make it a close-up: A three-quarter-length picture (as shown above) will be a more intimate study of you than a full-length one. If you want to show off your wedding gown, ask the photographer to take a second pose—standing up with your dress and your train swirling around you in a graceful sweep.

A medium-sized bouquet, or even a small one, is smarter than a huge armful of flowers, and it looks much better in a wedding picture. Photographers almost give up in despair when they see a bride hiding behind a yard-wide bouquet.

No rouge or lipstick: Before applying make-up it's best to consult the cameraman. Some types of photographic film make red turn out almost black—which gives an unnatural theatrical tone to lips and cheeks. And no powder, please! A shiny complexion seems to point up more interesting highlights in the face, as the camera sees it. Mascara and eye shadow, however, can be worn to emphasize the depth and size of the eyes.

A plain background. Avoid a cluttered background. If the picture is taken in your own living room, remove all ornaments and pictures from the wall behind you. A light-colored wall or shiny window draperies without pattern will give an effect of smooth simplicity and will not detract from the central theme of the photograph—which is you.

the 100th. Anniversary OF M^cCLARY

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Hundreds of thousands of "McClary" products have served Canadian homes since the day in 1847 young John McClary began making kitchen ware in London, Ontario. Each year since then has brought further experience in designing and making products which will best serve Canadian housewives. And because of this background of long experience, Canadian home-makers will find greater value in every 1947 GSW and "McClary" product.



GENERAL STEEL WARES
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McCLARY STOVES • FURNACES • REFRIGERATORS

AIR CONDITIONING UNITS

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The gang loved her. She was everybody's idea of the perfect stepmother. She might even . . . if it weren't for *have been Cella's that secret pact with Mom*

Illustrated by Machtey

by Chesley Kahmann



The Bargain

Cella was dummy first thing. Adrienne paused by her chair, whispering, "If Aggie wants to go out, I'm here, you know — it's all right."

THE THREE of them went into the dining room. Cella, 15, and her father's hostess for two full years, sat straight and tall at the foot of the table where her mother had sat up to the day of her dying. She unfolded her napkin, eyes down for the moment it took to say, silently, "God bless our family and our food." Which was what mother had always said, secretly, because what you blessed, blessed you back again, she'd said.

Father thought saying grace was for when the minister dined with you, so that was the way it always had been and still was, outwardly.

"And bless mother!" Cella added.

She always added that because she knew that mother was no more dead than anything, and blessing her would help her along her way, whatever it was. But tonight there was another reason. She needed mother's help tremendously.

"Bless mother!" she said again, this second time with something like a sob rolling around inside her. That was because of father's guest, Mrs. Caldwell, and because of what, suddenly, she knew was happening if it hadn't already happened. She added, desperately, "And please do some quick work for this family!" that being addressed directly to her mother, with no Deity in between.

Once mother had said, "Cella, we'll have a pact.

Whoever goes on first will be the other one's guardian angel. All right?" She'd made the guardian angel business very real as she'd streaked a gorgeous, whitish yellow onto her canvas, making the blazing light in the picture she was working on more and more brilliant. A guardian angel certainly had protective powers, and no mistake, she'd said. "For the whole family," she had added.

"But father doesn't believe all that," Cella had answered.

"Don't be so sure!" mother had said. "Anyhow, he's married to us, isn't he? So we've got to look out for him. Don't forget it, if you get the job."

But mother had gone on first, so she was the guardian angel. In her last minutes she had simply smiled, as if dying were nothing at all.

Cella remembered it all so well. She had stood there by the sofa where they had put her after the heart attack, really believing that something of great import would happen at mother's going. Mother would brush past her, clearly revealed in some strange way, let her know how it was to shed the body she had finished with. Let her know that the link she'd been so confident of did exist.

But mother had kept what it was like all to herself. Father, with tears falling down upon the hand he had been holding, had said, "Ann, Ann!" as if to call her

back. And he had stayed there alone, long after the doctor had had Aggie take her, Cella, from the room.

That night she had gone to bed and cried as she had never in all her life cried, and maybe never would again. And then, as if an arm had slipped around her, she had slept.

IN THE past two years, mother had popped up often, not as a person, but as a feeling, a presence, a deep knowing. A whiff of her would be there at breakfast, sometimes, or in the afternoon, any old time. Of an evening father would suddenly burst out with, "Oh, rabbidabble!" one of mother's made-up words, when he'd lost a piece of his paper, or when static had ruined his favorite radio program.

"Now, who put those words into my mouth?" he'd say. They'd even laugh. It sort of kept mother alive.

Once, a year ago, when Al Harris had asked her to the junior prom, she'd burst into the house with, "Mom!" for the moment forgetting. She'd plunked right down on the stairs, glad that Aggie, in the kitchen, hadn't heard. She remembered perfectly saying, there on the stairs, "Gee, Mom, do a little work on father, because I've just got to go!" Father, she had known, would immediately say she was too young.

Mother had been on the job, all right, because it hadn't been any trick at all. ♦ Continued on page 83

Summer's goodness and health

...treasured for your year 'round
enjoyment and nourishment



Look for the Red-and-White Label

SUMMER'S BRIGHT SUNSHINE works miracles in tomatoes! It brings them to a glowing, perfect red-ripeness, packs them with fine flavor, and loads them with nature's valuable vitamins. That's why nutrition experts say, "Tomatoes for health."

And it's tomatoes like these, the world's finest, specially grown from special seed, that are used for Campbell's Tomato Soup. It's tomatoes like these that make you say to yourself, when you taste Campbell's Tomato Soup—"This is mighty good." Yes, this soup's so good it has become Canada's favorite. For each spoonful brims with the taste of these fine tomatoes, perfectly blended and deftly seasoned to lure any appetite. Enjoy it often!

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Made by Campbell's in Canada



Love is Lightning

by Whitin Badger

HERE he was, sitting nonchalantly on a sapphire sofa in the Valeska salon. He was eyeing a blond model in scanty evening dress who was trailing up and down before a stout woman in tweeds. She had not seen Hank Weyland since the summer he and Gary finished college, but he was just as long and lean and diabolical as ever. In spite of his grey flannels he still had the look of being in uniform. He'd probably been a colonel. He was so poisonously successful at anything he tried. She had loathed him since the age of seven.

"Camilla Heyward!" he said, getting up and coming toward her with a slight limp. "Cam! It's swell to see you."

His grey eyes still had their trick of widening when he recognized you. If he felt any triumph because Gary was marrying somebody else he had the decency not to show it.

"Hello, Hank." She gave him her hand and smiled cordially, but she knew that he realized how she hated meeting him. She never had been able to fool him.

"You're looking very well," she said.

And suppose it had been Hank, she thought, Hank instead of Gary all these years. The idea was ridiculous, for if she'd ever loved Hank she would have died of an inferiority complex within a year.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she asked lightly as they sat down on the sapphire sofa. "I know you're to be an usher, but don't tell me Valeska's dreaming up something special for you to wear at Gary's wedding."

But lightness was not going to work. Although he was smiling, his eyes were grave and steady.

"I'm buying a present for someone," he said. "How about you?"

"Oh, just checking up on things." She waved a hand airily, determined to be light and casual even if he refused to play up. "The bridesmaid's dresses. And Aunt Edith thinks her gown should trail another two feet. And Muriel wants the wedding dress as tight as possible to show off her figure. And of course Valeska has her own ideas, and they're set in concrete."

"Of course," said Valeska, coming out of her dreaming room with a bolt of dull green satin under one arm. "But such lovely concrete." Her pale eyes

roved over them slowly. "I see you know each other well." She gestured languidly with a long narrow hand. "I will get rid of that ball of dubious English tweed. Then we can talk."

AS SHE drifted away toward the stout woman, Hank said, "So Gary's Aunt Edith is running the whole show. But of course she would. But how come the bride lets her get away with it?"

"Muriel hasn't anything or anybody."

"Poor lonely little werewolf."

"With only a small spot in that new musical show, I suppose she has to spend whatever she gets. So Aunt Edith's doing it all for her and Gary."

"Which means you're doing all the work. Good lord, Cam! Can't you even let the guy get married without holding his hand and dressing his bride? You're even worse than you used to be."

But she was not going to let him sting her into anger. "As Aunt Edith's secretary-companion," she said quietly, "I have to do most of the chores."

"Chores my elbow!" Hank said. He gave her the penetrating glance which always used to make her quail. "I'll bet you're going at it as if it were your own wedding."

"That would be ironic, wouldn't it?"

"It would be the stupidest, most masochistic, most indecent thing I could imagine." His voice had the old edge, the old driving, whipping power which had infuriated her years ago. In another moment she would have flared into anger or burst into tears, but just then Valeska came back.

"Now Mr. Weyland," Valeska said, "I believe you are next. What's it going to be—this time?"

"Don't give me away like that!" Hank grinned at her. "This time I want a wedding present. For Muriel Morne."

"You know Muriel?" Cam asked.

"Vaguely. I was engaged to her before I went overseas. Don't ask me why. The old urge to leave something nice behind you. But I introduced Gary to her, and while I was gone she decided he's a better bet."

"I assume," said Valeska, raising her pale eyes to her favorite chandelier, "that you never told her the far-flung sources of your income. But Mr. Gary Bracken

is rich enough." She blinked slowly. "This chandelier," she said happily, "is so grotesque I shall never feel the urge to design something to go with it. What could you have in mind?"

"A negligee," Hank said promptly.

"Really, Hank!" said Cam.

"I think it's very suitable," said Hank. "How about gold lace, Vera?"

"Not very subtle." Valeska blinked at the crystal chandelier.

"Okay. You think of something."

"You've grown very sophisticated, haven't you?" asked Cam.

"No, I've travelled some."

"It hasn't improved your disposition."

"Now don't start that old routine. Just because we used to fight like the devil, don't get the idea I can't have turned into a really sweet guy."

"I have thought," said Valeska. "Cream-peach chiffon and white monkey fur."

"Swell," said Hank.

"Terrible," said Cam. "Really, Hank, it's terrible."

"Don't be a dope, she'll love it."

"I think," said Valeska, "the negligee will satisfy everyone. Including Mr. Gary Bracken."

"You never thought of anything so good before," said Hank reproachfully.

"Today I am inspired," Valeska said languidly. "Now darling, stop stabbing Miss Heyward with your eyes and run along. She has a heavy heart and nothing to wear at the wedding."

"What!" Hank turned on Cam. "You mean you're just going to wear your old black bombazine? You're just going to tuck a nice stale frill of old lace in the neck and make it do?"

"Exactly."

"Because it doesn't matter what you wear. Because nobody will look at you anyway. Good lord, it's right out of one of those lousy books you used to read all day in your father's apple orchard. You read them by the ton."

"And you snatched them away, and read them aloud and mocked them. Yes, I remember. You were awfully cute."

"I was rotten," he said, his voice no longer jeering. "I suppose I was always too tough with you."

"Excuse me," Valeska murmured tactfully, drifting away toward her dreaming room. "I really am creative today. I must go and dream."

But Cam got up from the sofa. She wasn't going to tell Hank Weyland that she couldn't afford a gown for the wedding, that as soon as Gary was married she was going to leave Aunt Edith and would need what little money she had saved. She'd never been able to tell Hank anything, and for all his passion for probing for the truth he'd never discovered what she was really thinking or feeling.

"You weren't rotten at all," she said politely. "That is, no more so than any other little boy. Or big boy. And of course that isn't true. Any of it. Because you've always been quite the nastiest person I've ever known, and I can't think + Continued on page 60

It does happen sometimes, as Hank said. You'll be walking along some day, and all of a sudden your heart will turn over, and you'll say to yourself, "There's my guy!" Just like lightning!

Illustrated by Carl Robertz.



She could not move. She could only stand there, looking down and waiting for him to speak.

Your Shining Hour

by Evelyn Kelly

High fashion walks hand in hand with
bridal tradition in this memory-making
wedding scene . . . portrait frocks in petal
pastels, breath-taking, lovely . . . some-
thing to be remembered by!



WAITING FOR HER CUE,
and holding her nosegay
just so, our tiny flower girl
plays her part . . . all done
up in nylon marquisette,
almond blossom pink, over
matching taffeta petticoat.
And for a grown-up air in a
small frock, deep ruffles of
the same filmy new fabric!



THE BRIDESMAID, below, wears a hoop-skirted frock, straight from the early 1800's! It's in Queen's blue nylon marquisette, capeleted in Chantilly type lace. Layer upon layer of marquisette in the wide-haloed hat accents the frock.



THE MATRON OF HONOR is in a full-skirted nylon marquisette, yellow mist, with matching lace in its upper bodice, sleeves and skirt. Two large roses on her pale yellow hat strike a romantic note.

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER chooses grey-dawn nylon marquisette with very full bishop sleeves and sweeping pleated skirt. Huge pale pink roses, caught in the folds of her matching hat, pick up the floral pink of her dainty bouquet.



MEDIEVAL DESIGN . . . classic lines with attention to rich details . . . inspired this bridal frock of heavy lustrous rayon satin in shimmering white. Yards and yards of fabric in a full, gathered skirt lengthen into a dramatic long train. Fitted sleeves taper to a point at the wrist, and tiny self-buttons extend from throat to the point of basque bodice. Satin is shaped into a matching head-dress which is heavily encrusted with seed pearl beading, in same motif as the collar. And, drifting over it all, clouds of bridal veiling to complete an exquisite picture!

TRADITIONAL wedding formality is back . . . bridal veils and trains grow longer and longer . . . satins become richer and heavier . . . gossamer sheers again drift over rustling underskirts . . . and, just as naturally, large picture hats take a lovely and romantic place in this summer's bridal picture.

Here you see an ensemble for the bride and attendants — designs, colors, fabrics skillfully coordinated by a group of Canadian designers and artists who worked to a definite theme in "petal pastels," right from the fabric in the mills, to the last dewy flower in the bridal bouquets.

These petal pastels are all the pale tones you love: tints of azure blue, clear yellow, almond pink . . . and if you've seen an early morning sky, just before the dawn, you know our shade of grey!

Fabrics: For the bride, heavy white rayon satin, filmy tulle for her veil and train. For her attendants, sheer nylon marquisette in frocks, hats and gloves.

Hats: Picture hats are back again to flatter our faces, but with this 1947 difference: they're angelic haloes, worn well back on young faces. Here you see the new version, done in careful proportion with the frocks . . . matching in color and fabric.

Gloves: Even the gloves have been specially designed for our wedding scene! White satin for the

bride . . . lace ones for the bridesmaid, drawn up almost to the frock's lace capelet . . . fingerless marquisette gloves, lace-edged for the matron of honor . . . and for the bride's mother, short gloves in marquisette.

Jewellery: The bridesmaid wears a single strand of pearls . . . more than that would overpower the details in her frock. Three-stranded pearls look well with the plainer neckline on the matron of honor's dress. With the V-necked frock, the bride's mother wears a large brilliant pendant.

The flowers . . . bring the scene into complete harmony. For the bride, calla lilies. For the attendants, mauve stocks, Wedgwood-blue iris, mixed pansies, pale pink carnations, and mixed freesia, and all in arrangements that follow the lines of the frocks without detracting from the fashion features! Page 46 shows how the bride's bouquet tapers, so there is no mass of flowers to conflict with the full flow of her skirt.

And—a useful tip—if you rest your arms firmly against the hips, keep your fingers close together, curled round the holder, bridal bouquets won't tremble on that long progress down the aisle to the altar!

Co-operating with Chatelaine: Louis Berger—frocks; Peggy Anne—hats; Magda Lang—gloves and bridal headdress; Coro—jewellery; Professional Dressmaking and Designing Class, D.V.A.—child's dress; Harry Macdonald—bouquets.

What's the matter with Father?

He's *NOT* all Right!

If there is too much of "Mom's" influence apparent in the rising generation, the fault is probably not hers but her husband's. Parent business must be a partnership, yet conscious, responsible fatherhood is a rare phenomenon today, declares this father of two:

by Timothy Fraser

THE STERN FATHER was once a commonplace; you can look him up in 19th century literature and find him in a thousand different forms—with or without beards, cigars, fixations, prejudices—but always recognizable as a despot, by no means always benevolent, whose lightest word was law and whose children trembled at his frown. You can trace his influence still among your middle-aged friends who have no difficulty recalling Life with Father in the early years of this century.

Though he was often a fine rugged character, he wasn't exactly an admirable type. No one regrets the passing of the stern father from the scene. What one does regret, on looking seriously at family life today, is the lack of any suitable successor to him, for, in too many cases the male parent has become merely that man who earns money, pays the bills, and comes home evenings and week ends. A conscious, responsible fatherhood—in the way we think of a dedicated motherhood—is a rare phenomenon.

Speaking as a father myself, I think it's about time we examined our shortcomings. "Mom" has been taking a lot of blame lately, from the psychiatrists and other learned investigators, for what she has done to the rising generation. Yet she at least has been an active parent, and is it to be wondered at that things have gone off-balance when her partner in family matters refused to share responsibility?

I'm afraid that since the day when my first squalling new-born baby was handed to me to hold for a precious minute, I have made just about every mistake possible; which would simply be my own and my children's hard luck, to be passed over in private silence, if it weren't that so many fathers are making the same mistakes every day.

Whatever a man does in front of his children is liable to be imitated; which is as much as to say that whether he realizes it or not, he is continually setting them an example; and if he isn't careful to watch himself in moments of stress, it is more than likely to bounce back on him later on. For instance, here is what happened to my Timmy when he was five and his sister Betty was almost two.

We were at breakfast. I wanted a second cup of coffee, and took a poor view of having to wait while the baby was coaxed to swallow a spoonful of porridge. I protested loudly, was sorry, and forgot all about it . . . until Timmy re-enacted the scene a few mornings later.

"Why the devil don't you give me my milk?" he shouted at his mother, who was once again working on the porridge problem. "I haven't got all day!"

The words were mine; and except for the shrill piping of his voice, so was the tone. I won't easily forget the silence that drowned the room like a breaking wave, nor the look Jane gave me; a sick look, lasting no more than a second yet saying everything. I had to scold Timmy, of course; but even at that age it wasn't his idea of justice, nor mine either.

This bad business of setting a wrong example is matched by not setting a right one; which is something else again. For the simple reason that the children don't usually see so much of him, which gives him a sort of scarcity value, Dad sometimes has a distinct advantage over Mum, above all if the point to be got across has to do with a boy. And it is correspondingly unfortunate when he misses his chances; as I did, for instance, in the goings-on about my son's first air rifle.

I'd given it to him for his twelfth birthday—he'd spent weeks hinting most elaborately that nothing would please him so much, and that he'd lose face with the gang if he didn't get one; and when I handed it over, I made what I thought was a rather striking little speech about being careful never to point it at anybody, and to be sure the coast was clear before he fired it.

Timmy listened politely, and seemed to understand; but Jane, who is frankly timid and had been opposed to the thing all along, shook her head.

"You mark my words," she said. "He's going to get into trouble. Timmy's so highly strung and excitable he doesn't always know when to stop. Remember last year when he and Charlie Wilkes were playing Indians in the yard, and Timmy was going to scalp him with the carving knife? I think he would have done it too, if I hadn't heard Charlie scream in time and rushed out."

This attitude, and a fixed belief that a BB gun is at the very least as deadly as a hunting rifle, kept her permanently nervous from that moment until the great crisis; when Timmy shot the same accident-prone Charlie spang in the calf of his leg, and was

accused of having done it on purpose. Wilkes senior was waiting for me when I got back that night; and since he overtops and outweighs me by four inches and I don't know how many pounds, it wasn't a restful interview.

Afterward, when Charlie's father had been brought from the boiling point to a slow simmer and diplomatic relations between the families were resumed, I had my chance to do and say the right thing, and I missed it completely.

To begin with, I think it quite possible that Timmy blasted his chum, or at any rate was inclined to hope for such an accident, as a kind of subconscious reaction against his mother's constant cautioning, which he felt was in a fair way to make a sissy of him. "Gosh, dad," he said to me once, "Mum's a woman: she doesn't know the score . . ." and that should have shown me how to handle the situation. Because Timmy, firmly convinced that in the late war I had personally shot and killed half the German Army, was equally convinced I *did* know the score.

If I'd followed his lead through, everything would have been fine. I ought to have agreed that women were inclined to be a bit too cautious; but at the same time have made him see that there was nothing manly about being careless—a treatment which, with a little tact and common sense on my part, needn't have involved even the appearance of disloyalty to his mother.

What I actually did was lose my temper, scold Timmy roundly, take his gun away for a month, and forbid him to mention it until the sentence had expired. This, although he isn't given to salking, made him silent and resentful for the rest of the evening. It was all over the next day, so far as outward signs went; but I doubt if it's an exaggeration to say that such incidents *never* pass off altogether; for they leave a sort of psychological scar tissue, however slight, and this is cumulative, in layers to mark each hurt rebellion.

TAKING SIDES is one of the commonest and most serious mistakes a father can make; much more harmful than mere mishandling of a single incident. It is, or so I like to believe, among the few paternal faults I've managed to steer fairly clear of; but as you must have done yourself, I've seen horrifying numbers of examples.

One I find especially upsetting is the state of affairs in a family we know, with whom we're on good but not intimate terms. The husband is a moderately wealthy lawyer, and his wife is well educated, with taste and sense; so there seems no reason why they and their

four children shouldn't live harmoniously in their very attractive house. But the whole atmosphere is poisoned by a tension like an armed truce, which arises because of the father's blind partiality for his younger daughter; a girl of 10 who looks like one of those golden-haired Little Evans in the old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows—lovely, ringleted, and unbearably good.

That's where the resemblance ends, though; for Gertrude is a bully, a sneak, a whiner and an accomplished liar, who terrorizes her plain, slightly older sister and her small, round-headed and innocent twin brothers. She does it by arm twisting, blackmail, informing, and any other mean trick that occurs to her. Her mother is afraid of her, Gertie having learned that Daddy will always back her up, and that if mother scolds, a neat fib to Daddy will fix everything except mother's peace of mind.

That child has plenty of sound qualities, including a quick mind, and her mother could and would bring them out if it weren't for the father. Because of his favoritism, none of them has a chance to grow; but the bad ones flourish like weeds and nobody, least of all Gertrude herself, is really happy.

Although I have never played favorites—perhaps not so much from fairness as from quite honestly not knowing which of my two I love best—I have made a somewhat similar and very common mistake. I haven't always treated Tim and Betty consistently; and not only that, my policy has more than once run counter to Jane's, thus confusing and upsetting everyone but me.

THERE WAS a stage, for instance, when I considered her ideas of child upbringing nothing but new-fangled fads. Jane, a natural-born liberal with a mind open to everything she reads or hears from which she can learn to do her job better, had arrived at a workable compromise between the extreme progressive school and the stuffy hidebound approach.

On the other hand it never occurred to me that there might be such a middle road; and I either wanted Betty to sit prim and upright in her high chair, or when that phase swung like a pendulum to the other end of the scale, I didn't see why she shouldn't crown Timmy with a toy hammer whenever she felt inclined and he was too slow to duck.

At this point, by the way, I'd like to make it clear (if indeed it isn't already perfectly obvious) that one trouble with me as a father was my immaturity—that in one very literal sense, I wasn't much older than Betty and Timmy. It isn't being grown-up to swing from one exaggeration to the opposite, nor to be unable to discriminate and weigh the separate parts of a whole idea, such as the progressive-school emphasis on freedom of expression. It isn't mature to see things only in black or white, and never grey, nor any shade between. And if a father hasn't developed into a fully adult personality, as I hadn't, his children are going to suffer.

Mine did. It wasn't long before the bad effects of my chopping and changing, always in contradiction to Jane's calm stability, began to show up. She held them off for a while, by patiently trying to explain to Betty why Daddy had let her stay up until 10 o'clock one night last week just because she didn't want to go to bed, and had been so cross when she said the very same thing yesterday. Jane also did her best to interpret me to Timmy, who was baffled by being encouraged to join in our grown-up conversation after months of being told that children should be seen and not heard.

Unfortunately children are too simple and direct to be fooled by the weak kind of excuse which later in life they learn to accept, for working purposes at any rate; and neither of mine were convinced. Timmy took to blinking his eyes and stammering, and Betty reverted to the outgrown habit of wetting her bed.

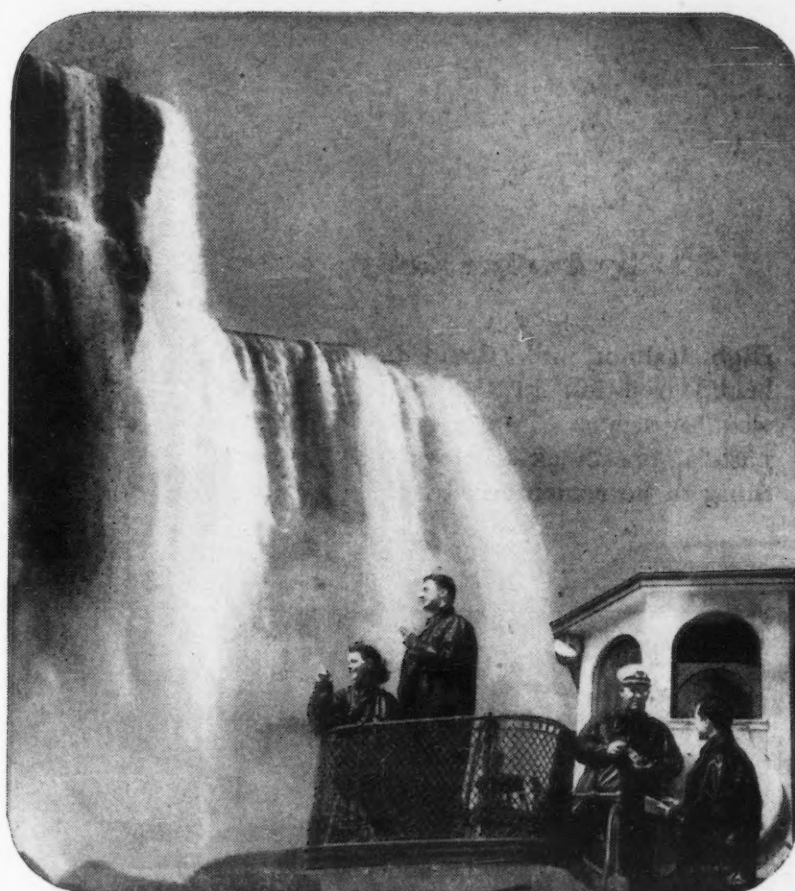
I didn't know then what these signs might mean, and I called in the family doctor to find out. He hardly looked at the children, once he'd finished a quick examination; but he asked me a great many questions which I thought were beside the point and even positively impertinent.

"Look, doctor," I said, "I'd like to know what's the matter with Timmy and Betty. I feel all right . . ."

He grinned. "I wouldn't + Continued on page 81

This is the story that begins where the social editors finish: "the bride and groom left on their honeymoon . . ." And where could we pick up the trail of a million newlyweds but at Niagara Falls? Lotta Dempsey reports on their dream world of today and yesteryear in . . .

Honeymoon Town



THE PERFECTLY normal-looking guest ahead of me in the corridor stopped suddenly and brushed the bellhop aside. Then he swept the girl with him up in his arms, staggered valiantly into the room and closed the door. For a moment there emerged a muffled sound of osculation and giggles, then the door opened. He beckoned the waiting boy with the bags and was fumbling for a tip as I paused at my own door farther along.

I guess I looked a little startled.

"Routine stuff," said my attendant, as he went about pulling up blinds, opening windows. "Just another big romantic type carrying his little bride over the threshold. They're always doing the craziest things, but you'll get used to it if you're going to be in Niagara Falls very long."

But you don't get used to it, any more than you get used to the deep-throated growl of 114 million gallons of water power spilling down that 162-foot drop outside your hotel windows every minute of the day and night. But you get very much absorbed in it—in the living legend of romance and new-wed enchantment that hangs like a bridal veil over this busy little border city.

For Niagara Falls is the world's most famous

honeymoon town. It's been building up the reputation since away back—1804, to be exact, when Jerome Bonaparte and his American bride, Elizabeth Patterson, arrived. She was the Baltimore girl Jerome fell in love with when he wandered up to the U. S. from French naval duty in the West Indies. Maybe he figured the Falls would condition his bride to the coming impact of brother Napoleon. Sadly, these earliest recorded honeymooners split up when they got home to France (the Emperor disapproved), and Jerome had to make a diplomatic match with the Princess of Wurtemberg, who, so far as anyone knows, never saw the Falls. Descendants of the first Mrs. Bonaparte still live around Baltimore.

It was a tough trip in those stagecoach days—from Buffalo "by a tedious progress through the forests." They took a "steep ladder communication" a couple of hundred feet down the face of the precipice to the very foot of the Falls. Then they crossed in a little ferry boat rowed by two "athletic men" and climbed another steep ladder up the other side to the long building, "a good Canadian tavern."

Those early love birds saw Niagara the hard way. Another record states: "To lean over the balustrade (of + Continued on page 33



Aunt Kristina

and the Monk Vladimir

I HAD quite forgotten the strange misty story of my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina and the monk called Vladimir until the other day when at last, after many years of silence, a letter from Finland reached us and completed the last chapter. And yet, perhaps it is not even now the ultimate finis, perhaps somewhere there is a deeper culmination, a more complete end. I don't know at all what I myself believe about things like that, but I have a friend who is certain that each thing born, each act done, is a part of a larger pattern. Perhaps—for so many things beyond our understanding are after all possible—what happened at the end was, really, the beginning.

I was a thin pale child of nine or ten the summer my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina wrote to my mother and requested that I spend part of my summer with her. Besides being my grandmother's sister she was also my mother's godmother, and those things mean more in Finland than they seem to mean here. So, somewhat reluctantly, my mother packed me off after June spent in the dry pine-wooded lake land of Karelian Isthmus—we have three months holidays from school in Finland to take full advantage of summer's short light—while she herself left for a spa in southern Poland.

It's a lovely train journey from the Isthmus to Sortavala, an ancient tribal settlement granted a town charter by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, and at the time I visited it, the intellectual and economic centre of the border Karelia regions and the seat for the Greek Orthodox church in Finland; now a haunted ruin in the Russian-occupied zone.

I was met at the station by Nikko and Tuomas, two elderly men in worn, faded livery, both with handlebar mustaches and fringes of grey hair about their ears. There, however, the resemblance ceased, for whereas Nikko was almost garrulously talkative, Tuomas hardly ever said a word.

Both came unhesitatingly to me, there on the wooden platform of the station, and Nikko, looking into my eyes, said, "Here, too, the look of fate,

see it, Tuomas-brother? None of them take care."

Tuomas grunted and I drew myself up, standing on my tiptoes to add to my height. Yet despite my indignation at being thus discussed I wondered what he meant.

We drove in the high Russian-type carriage up the rising cobbled streets. The late lilacs nodded over the tall grey fences edging the private homes; the scent of them is strong even now, years later.

The house was on the hillside, looking south over the town and the lake. It was of that peculiarly ornate architecture of the border that seemed to capture even in the wooden structures some of the Byzantine splendor with an added dash of Karelia primitive. But the towers and the terraces, carved balconies and pillars, were all wind and rain touched. The garden came, almost, through the windows and a little wild purple flower whose name I can't remember, grew out of every crack of the flagstone walks. It had a desolate air, this house of my Great-aunt Anna-Kristina.

She herself was a slender tall woman with a proud unself-conscious carriage and a pompadour of pure white hair. Her eyes were peculiarly light under their heavy drooping lids, perhaps, as is the case with seagoing men, because so much of the time they were fixed into the far distance. She was the first woman in that age of needlepoint, embroidery and industry, whom I saw sit with her hands still, sit for hours without an explanation or an apology for her idleness. I can see her still, in her straightbacked chair on the windward terrace, her long-fingered hands cupped loosely in her lap, her eyes on the horizon, and an almost sounding stillness holding her.

That first afternoon she waited for me in the vast hall, a still figure. I paused in the doorway and Tuomas and Nikko, carrying my things, stopped behind me. The pale green garden-diluted light poured through the doors opening into the hall and seemed to surround her with a shimmering aura. We moved simultaneously, I + Continued on page 54

by EVA-LIS WUORIO

Illustrated by Jack Bush

**"Too much pride . . . too little humility . . .
and a wrong answer on a summer night."**

**Wise old Nikko had it summed up so
clearly, so long ago**





The Black Sedan

by **Kalman Phillips**

Illustrated by Carl Bobertz.

HELLO, pretty eyes."

The large green eyes of the slim-shouldered girl at the desk slanted toward the young man with the crisp curly hair who had just opened the door to the handsomely appointed office. Another one. Would they never stop coming? Everyone seemed to have heard that Anthony Wayne had a new picture on the fire, and they all wanted to climb on the bandwagon. Linda recognized him as a man who had worked for them once as an assistant director. Rather good. But it was getting awfully late. Jim would be furious. "I'm afraid Mr. Wayne isn't seeing anyone else today, Mr. Martin."

The young man smiled. "He is if you let him."

She shrugged. He was right, she knew. Wayne would see almost anyone anytime. He wore himself to a frazzled edge interviewing young hopefuls. It was her job to shield him. Besides, Jim was probably chewing his nails by now. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be like that. Break down, won't you?"

She hesitated. Then she pressed the buzzer on the desk phone.

The producer's deep voice sounded a little tired. "Yes, Linda?"

"Bill Martin just came in. Do you want to see him?"

"Eh?" There was a short pause. "Oh, all right. Send him in."

Linda sighed. "Uh... Mr. Wayne."

"Yes?"

"Do I have to wait? It's past eight, and I had a dinner—"

"That late? I certainly lose track of time, don't I? Go on home, Linda."

"Thanks." Linda motioned the young man toward the big soundproofed door to the producer's office. She reached for her bag wearily. It had been a very long day, and she was tired.

The telephone rang. It was Jim Craig. He sounded irritated. "I see you're still there."

"I was just loaded with work, Jim."

"Me, I'm loaded with Martinis."

"You would be."

"I have to do something while I'm waiting. I can't just sit at the table and make faces at the waiter."

"Uh... Jim."

"What is it?"

"Would you mind very much if I didn't meet you tonight? I—I'm about at the end of my rope for today. I'd just like to go home, have a hot bath and crawl into bed."

There was a moment's silence. "Sure I mind, but I don't suppose I can do anything about it."

"You can be a little more pleasant."

"What do you expect? Lately you've been acting as though that job of yours means more to you than I do. Or is Anthony Wayne the attraction?"

"You're being difficult."

"I feel difficult."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get myself another date."

"Jim!"

"Good night, Linda. Just remember, Wayne and wolf both start with W." There was a click.

Linda hung up, irritated. Life would be so much simpler if there weren't always a man to worry about. Her warm bath and snug bed wouldn't be quite so cosy now with the thought floating around in the back of her mind that Jim might actually call some other girl. She locked her desk, slipped into her coat, took

her umbrella and went down the short flight of carpeted steps to the sidewalk.

It was still raining. Reflections of the traffic lights up and down the Sunset Strip gleamed in the wet streets. Most of the small highly individualized buildings in which the agents, independent producers and smart shops housed themselves were dark, but the palette of colored lights from the widely spaced restaurants and night clubs gave the avenue a peculiar aliveness in spite of the dismal downpour.

There was a lone drugstore still open on the next corner. Linda headed for it. A cheese sandwich and some good hot coffee took care of that empty feeling inside her. She put up the umbrella when she came out. Her apartment was almost a mile away in a small apartment hotel on the hill sloping down from the Strip, but Linda loved to walk in the rain, and she had too few opportunities to do so in California. She stepped into the street from the sidewalk.

Wheels squealed as a big black sedan lurched around the corner. They screamed at Linda's nerves, and, without looking, she scrambled back for the curb. Water from the spinning tires splattered her coat and stockings. The big sedan roared up the street and swung around the next corner.

LINDA STOOD on the curb, shakily surveying the damage the water had done to her clothes. Her heart was pounding, and her knees felt weak. These crazy drivers. Why, she—she might easily have been killed. She stood there for a moment, the rain drumming lightly on her umbrella, until her pulses slowed down a bit. Then, looking carefully to see that no other scatterbrained motorist was looming down around the corner, she crossed the street.

She walked slowly. She didn't feel quite so tired now. She was enjoying the freshness the rain gave to the night air, the emptiness of the streets, the brilliant patterns the lights made on the gleaming pavement. To be secretary to a man with the dynamic energy of Anthony Wayne required almost that she be married to her job. Linda needed these walks home by herself to recapture a bit of her own individuality. Jim didn't like her working there. He thought it took too much of her away from him. But Linda loved her

job—loved the excitement of it. Everything an independent producer did was a new adventure. And Linda was part of it, wrapped in the glowing tail of the rising comet that was Anthony Wayne. In three years he'd come from nowhere to a point where he represented a serious threat to the big studios.

Linda paused cautiously at a corner. The traffic light had changed, but a big sedan was approaching. It slowed for the signal, and Linda stepped into the street. She was halfway across before she realized with a shock that the sedan wasn't stopping. It was picking up speed, its bumper with its huge bumper guards heading straight for her.

A scream choked in Linda's throat. She ran. The sedan swerved toward her. Linda leaped for the curb and sprawled on the sidewalk. The wheels of the car brushed the curb and bounced. Then it was gone, down the street, out of sight around a corner.

Linda got up. She picked up her umbrella and put it over her again automatically. Her heart was thumping painfully, and her throat felt tight and choked up. She could feel herself trembling violently. But worst of all was that cold prickly feeling running up her spine. It didn't make sense. There was no rhyme or reason to it. But it wasn't an accident. It had been the same black sedan. Linda had difficulty swallowing. Someone was trying to kill her.

THE THOUGHT was so shocking that Linda stood stock-still for a moment. Terrified suddenly, she looked quickly around her. A few people had just emerged from the restaurant across the street. Linda almost gasped with relief. The men opened umbrellas, and the group started walking in the direction she wanted to go.

Linda followed as closely as she dared without attracting attention. The trembling in her legs had gone, but she still felt shaky. She paused at each corner, not crossing until she was sure there were no cars within a block of her. When she came to the corner of her side street, she turned and almost ran toward the haven of her apartment building.

She stopped short suddenly, chilled inside. That car parked near the entrance... the black sedan with the huge bumper guards. A wave of pure terror swept through her. It was the same sedan, waiting for her—waiting to kill her.

Panic blotted out all reason. Linda turned and ran... ran away from the black sedan and the darkness, toward the light on the Strip. Her heel caught and she stumbled once, almost sprawling, but she didn't stop running. A taxi was waiting near the entrance to one of the restaurants. Linda opened the door, got in and slammed it behind her.

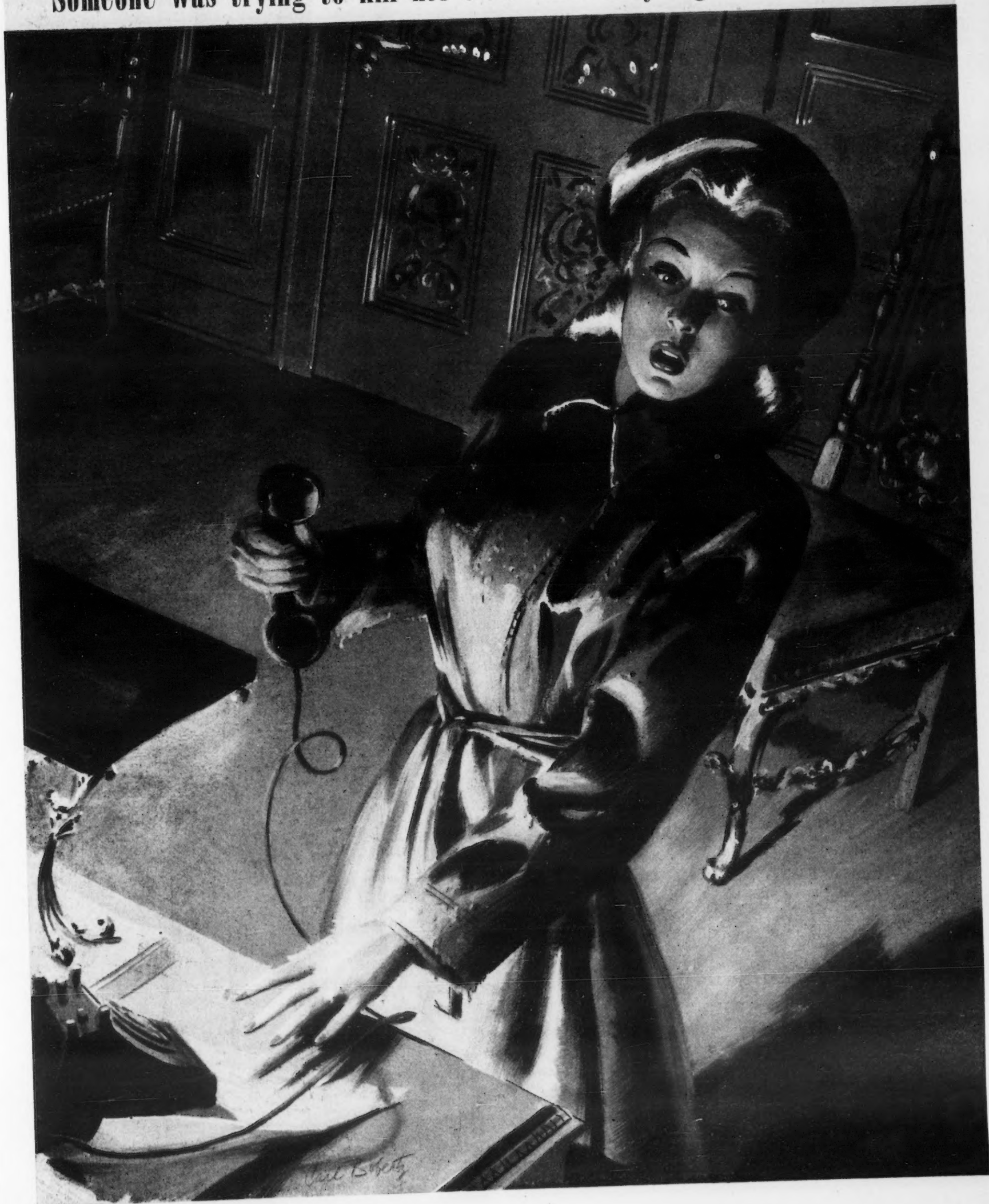
The taxi driver looked over his shoulder. "Where to, lady?"

"The Hurricane... in Beverly Hills. And please hurry!"

It wasn't until they had pulled away from the curb that she found the courage to turn and look back through the rear window. Her stomach shuddered. The big black sedan was just rounding the corner, nosing into the Strip. + Continued on page 76.

The room swayed dizzily and then was still again, as she looked at the thing lying next to the chair.

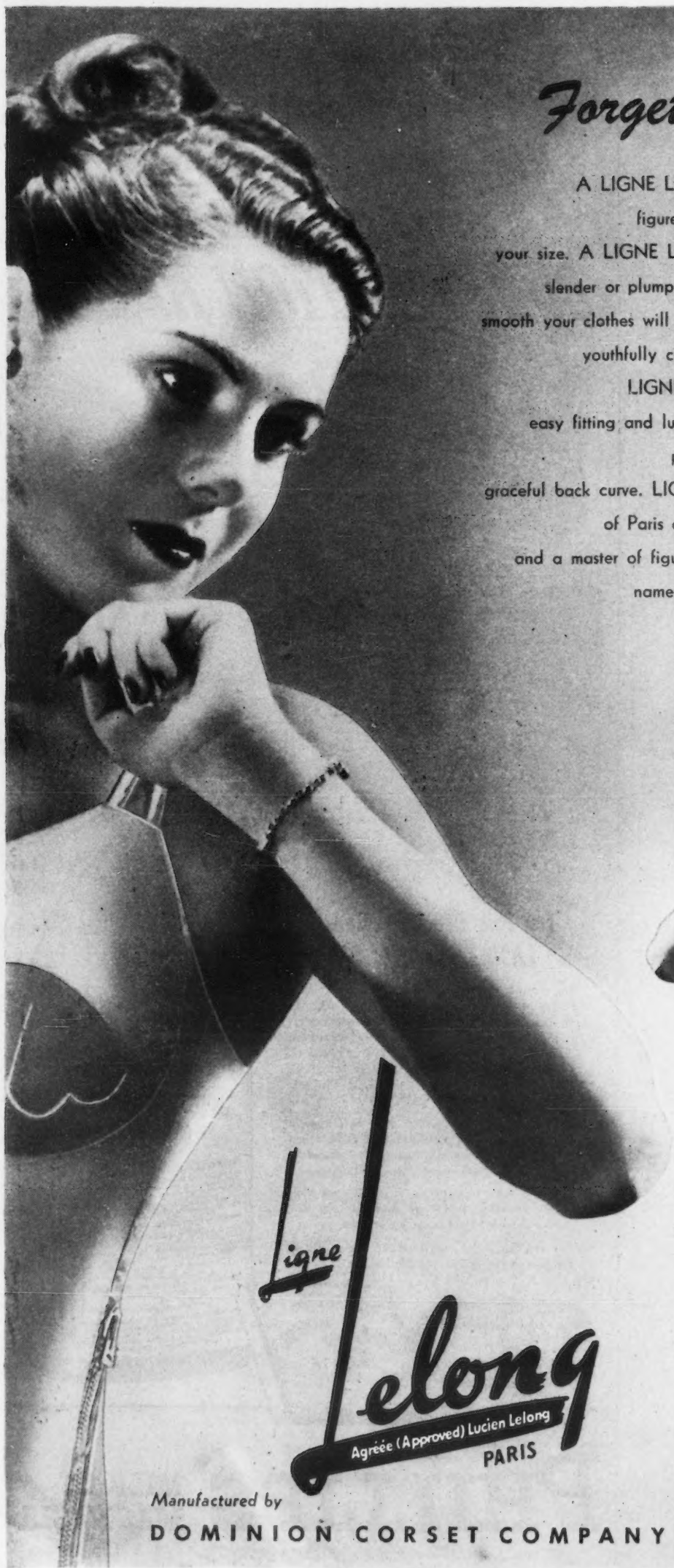
Someone was trying to kill her . . . that rainy night in Hollywood



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PERFORMANCE

WEDAY AFT 230

JUDITH
NEILSON

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Jones

GREEN

is for awakening

by Mildred North Slater

JUDITH NEILSON'S cool grey eyes belied her inner nervousness as she waited outside Carnegie Hall for her sister Amy. Amy had flown to New York with her popular husband, Marty Torrington, leader of the sweetest maddest swing band in the country, and they'd been interviewed at their Waldorf suite. Their two charming children had remained at home in Hollywood with Mrs. Torrington's mother. His wife, Marty Torrington revealed, was the sister of the well-known Judith Neilson of the Metropolitan and concert stage. Neilson, however, had been unavailable at her Sutton Place apartment.

Judith had read the full reports in the paper and smiled to herself. Her mother, she'd thought, must take it as a consolation prize of sorts that Amy had achieved vicarious fame through her husband, even though Amy herself had failed so woefully to achieve it.

The rotogravure section of the week-end papers had carried pictures of the Torringtons. Judith had glanced at Amy's face, quickly put the paper down, and at length gone back to it again. And a strange and unexpected thing had happened to her then. She had caught, or imagined that she'd caught, an almost haunting wistfulness in Amy's smiling eyes; and her heart had responded with a yearning that bewildered and surprised her. Giving way to a sudden impulse, she had telephoned to Amy; but now she found herself wondering, doubting the wisdom of her call. If her mother had come to New York with Amy, she certainly would not have + Continued on page 39

She knew now why she had waited when she wanted to run away. "Amy," she whispered, as her sister pinned the violets on her coat.

Illustrated by John Jones



Portrait of a Fussy Lady...

CAN you imagine what dandruff could do to the health of your scalp and the looks of your lovely hair? Those ugly flakes! Those embarrassing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful... a wonderful precaution against dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions.

No Fuss... No Bother

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow

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How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quick flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

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Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF DANDRUFF...

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword



THAT lavender-and-old-lace romance which will capture your imagination on page 8 comes from one of the busiest typewriters in Canada. It belongs to Eva-Lis Wuorio, pictured above in a withdrawn and critical-eyed pose which, as everyone who knows her will testify, is another case of camera deception. For Eva-Lis, feature writer of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, fiction-producer extraordinary in her spare time (from 12 midnight to noon next day), is a friendly, warm-hearted person, anything but remote from the subject in hand, and intimately part of the world she lives in.

Eva-Lis writes as easily as most of us fry eggs. Ideas for stories pop into her head from here, there, and the last person she lunched with. A casual episode, a neighbor's *contretemps* with the grocer, a remark overheard on the bus, is enough to set her mental machinery going. Sometimes she delves into experiences and memories of her own, as in our Chatelaine story of "Aunt Kristina and the Monk Vladimir." How much of the romantic situation is true, Eva-Lis refuses to say, but there was indeed a great-aunt Anna Kristina in her family; she lived in the Finnish town facing the harbor and the great golden domes of the island monastery; and Eva-Lis did make the trip one summer from her native city of Vipuri to stay in the lonely quiet house with its tangled garden. Two or three years later she came to Canada, to finish her education and growing-up here, and to cultivate a talent for observation, interpretation and hard work that is placing her close to the front rank of young Canadian writers.

Dr. William E. Blatz, who conducts Chatelaine's Child Training department, has been making the headlines again. Frustration, he told the American Academy of Pediatrics in Pittsburgh, was a prime requisite for emotional and intellectual development; without it, none of us would be getting anywhere. In the March issue of Chatelaine, you will remember, he said the same thing: a child's wants "grow out of his experiences and obviously his wants, desires, goals and wishes outgrow his attainments. This basic frustration is the root of his emotional life. All emotions stem from frustration. Without frustration there would be no intellectual growth. The child is frustrated, strives to



and Footnotes

overcome this obstacle in order to attain his goal. Thus he learns, he increases his skill, he adds to his repertoire of behavior."

With our own learned authority backing us up, it surely isn't too bold to muse on the degree and kind of frustrations to which the Doctor himself was subjected, and which were obviously necessary to his rapid rise to world-wide eminence in the field of psychology. A Blatz program for any week or month in a year's calendar would leave an inadequately frustrated person limp. In addition to his university lectures and regular supervision of the Toronto Institute of Child Study, he finds time to produce books (seven so far) and contribute monthly to Chatelaine; recently he has made trips throughout Ontario to speak to groups of parents, teachers and public health nurses on behalf of the adult-education movement; attended a Chicago conference on child development and research; and participated in the Canadian Psychological Association's annual meeting in Ottawa. In June he will travel to Colorado to give a two weeks' course; for the rest of the summer he will be devoting his whole attention to the University of Michigan's summer school for teachers.

He will, it seems, see little of his favorite spot: his fine big farm in the rolling Caledon landscape. That, we'd say, must be a frustration of the first order.



Bridal Business. Our meditative golden-haired bride on the cover wears a magnificent dress of white satin, its bodice enriched with a plastron of lace picked out with seed pearls. Murray Hamburger, New York's young designer who specializes in wedding clothes, made it up for Chatelaine's use. The headdress, using the same lace and pearls in coronet shape, bears another expert's signature: Peg Fischer . . . Then on pages 12 and 13 you'll see the dazzling result of more of such interesting behind-the-scenes collaboration, in this case entirely Canadian. Louis Berger found time to design the dresses for bride, mother, bridesmaid, matron of honor, in spite of his busy days as Assistant Deputy Administrator, WPTB, for Ontario's women's, misses' and children's wear trade. Peggy Anne (Jaffey), smart, young, vivacious, sat up far into the night designing the hats that harmonize. Angela Lang of Kitchener styled the bridal headdress and the pastel gloves. Harry MacDonald worked feverishly for days to achieve just the right shape, size and colors in the bouquets. And the flower girl's frock was made by one of the student veterans (female) in the professional dress-making and designing class at the Toronto Rehabilitation Centre, DVA, under the supervision of Miss Sarah Murdock, the instructor. Put all these skills and talents together and you have our Chatelaine wedding procession, beautiful and memory-making.



A New Day . . .
Bright and Gay

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*Internationally famous Canadian, star of stage,
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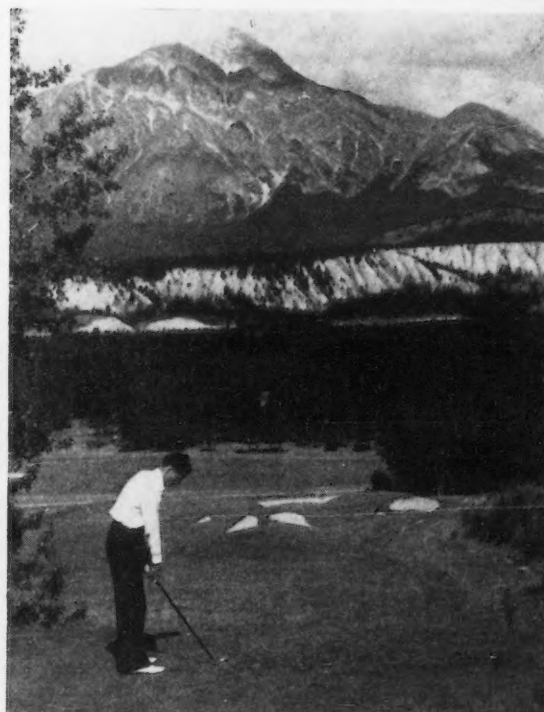
Parker "51"



HE WANTED trout that would really give him a work-out. He got 'em. They're waiting for you, too, in the cold, clear lakes and streams of Jasper National Park.



HE WANTED a world of his own. He found it. A horse and a few hours' canter on the Sawdust Trail unfold new scenic wonders in Jasper National Park.



HE WANTED golf on a championship course. He got it at Jasper Park Lodge. It's yours, too—plus unforgettable scenery, whether you're a par-buster or not.



Both followed the RAIL TRAIL to JASPER... in the Canadian Rockies



SHE WANTED high adventure, the discovery of Jasper on a mountain pony. Above timberline she found new vistas of this marvellous region.



SHE WANTED camera shots. She got them. And you'll get them at Jasper—mountains, glaciers, wild-life, flowers—new friends, too!



SHE WANTED to swim, dance and enjoy the happy informality of Jasper Park Lodge. All this can be yours on a Canadian Rockies RAIL TRAIL vacation.

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